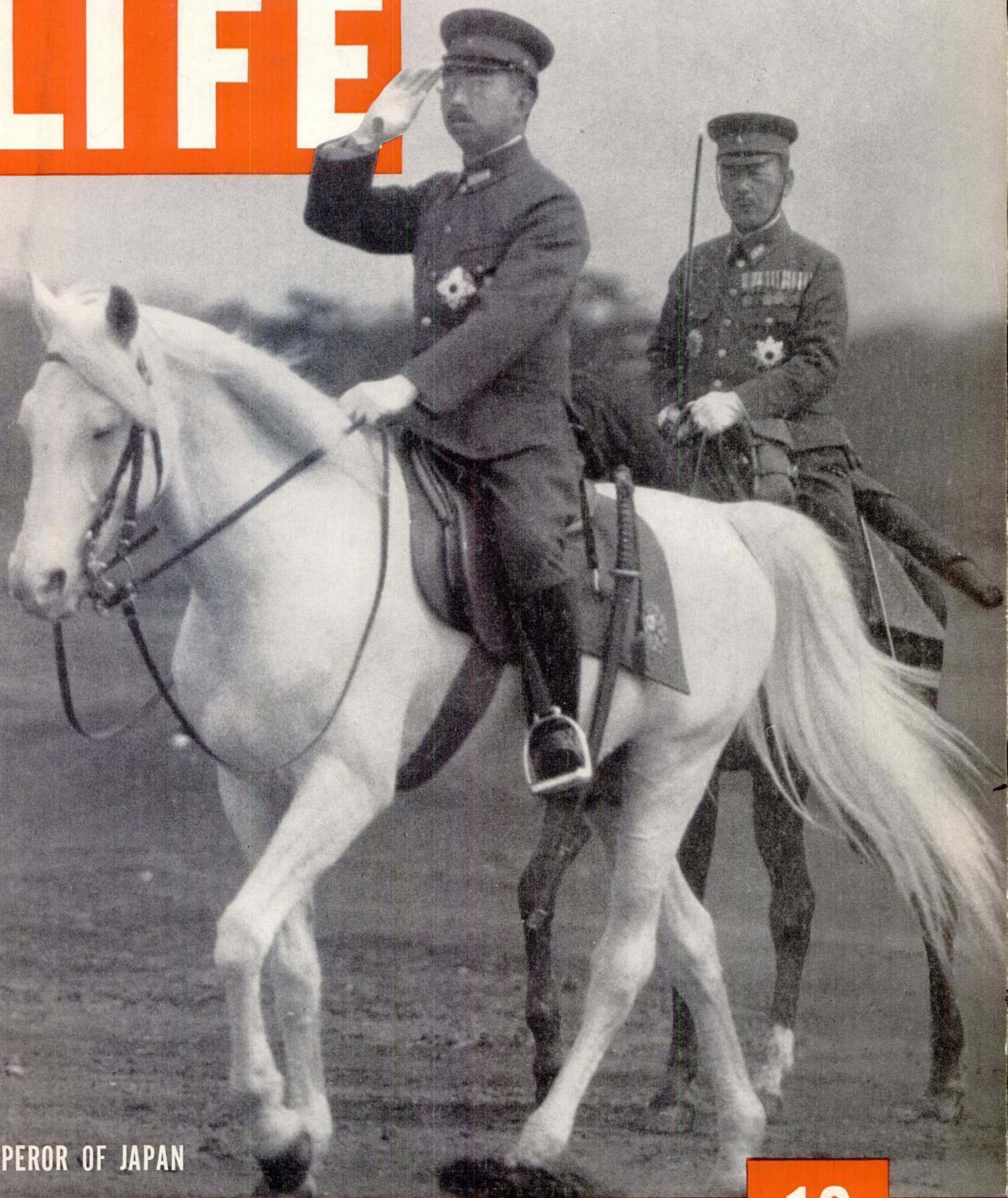


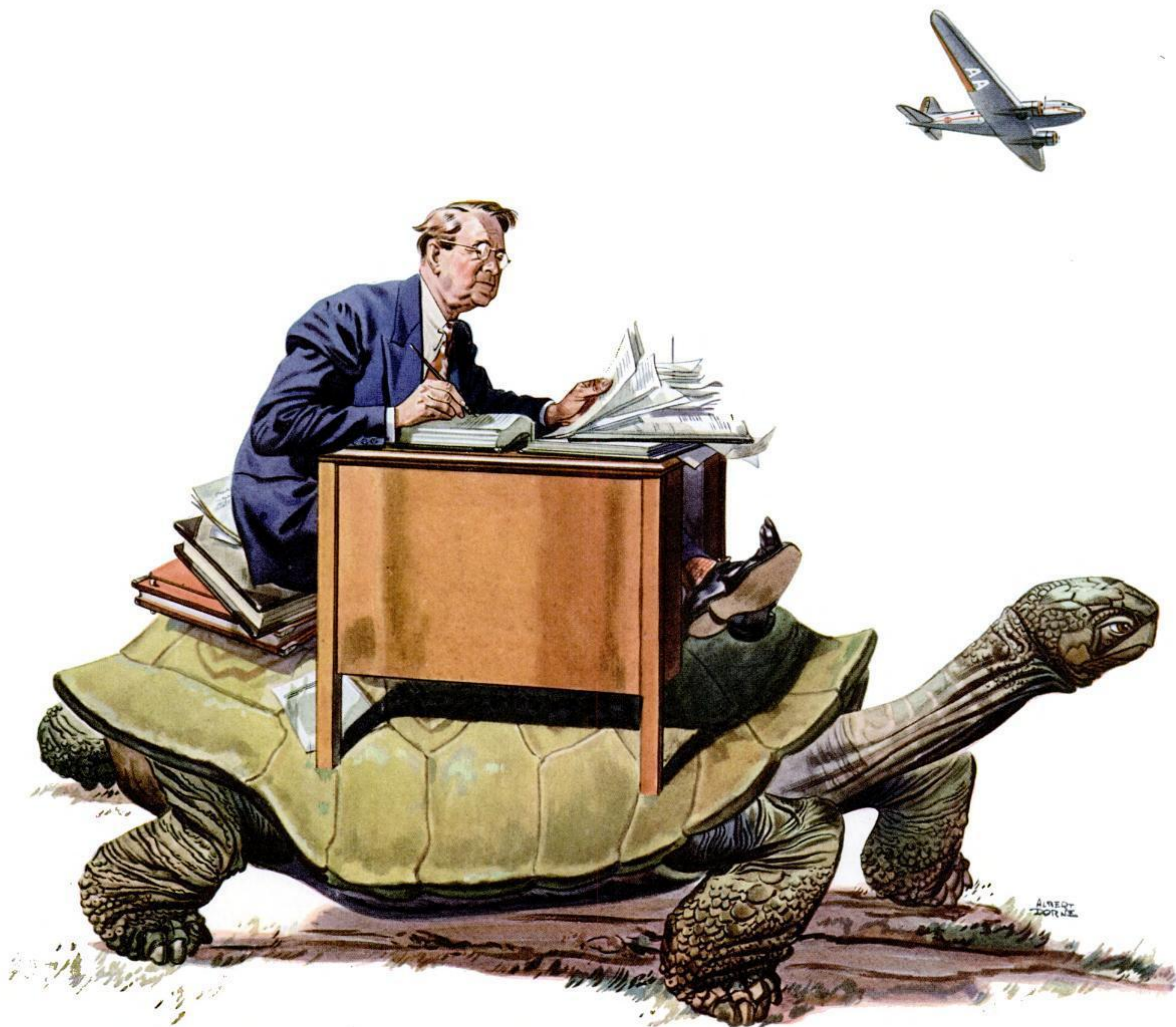
LIFE



EMPEROR OF JAPAN

JUNE 10, 1940

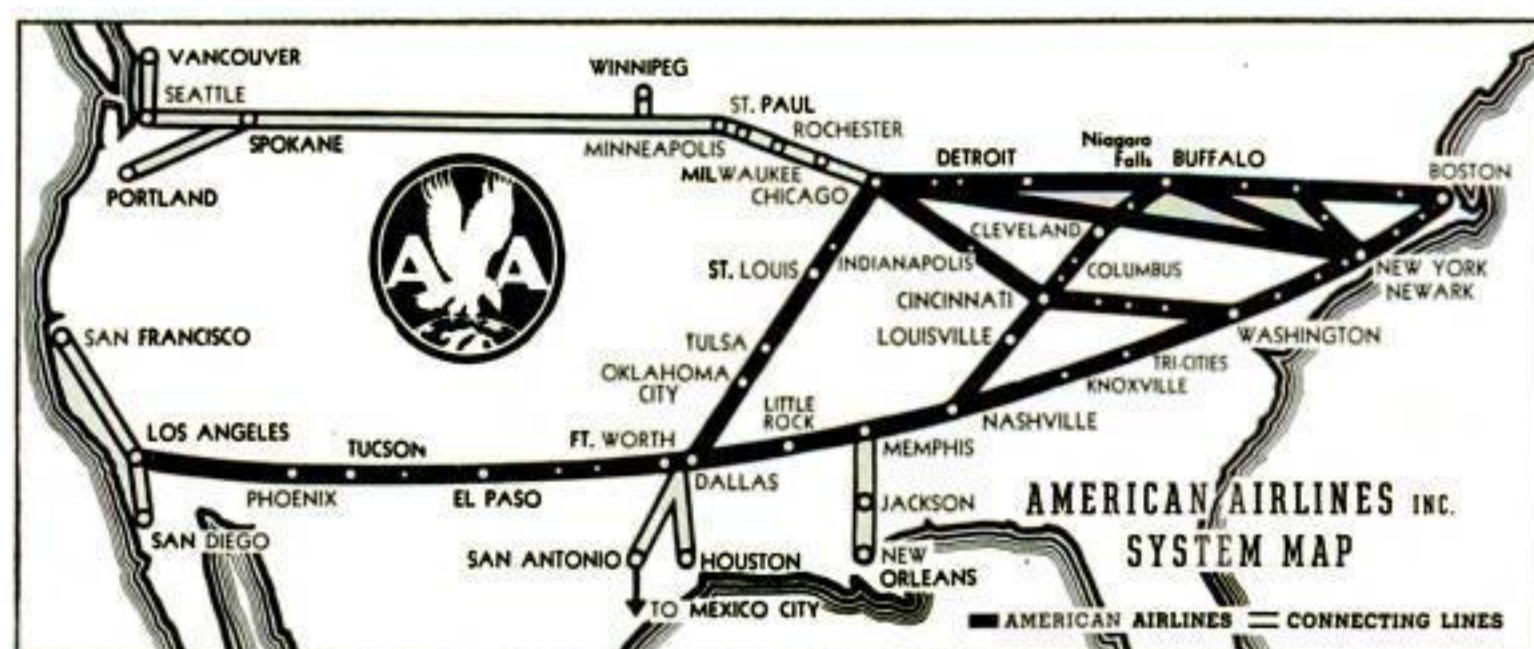
10 CENTS



YOU DON'T HAVE TO "WORK YOUR WAY" WHEN YOU GO BY *Flagship!*

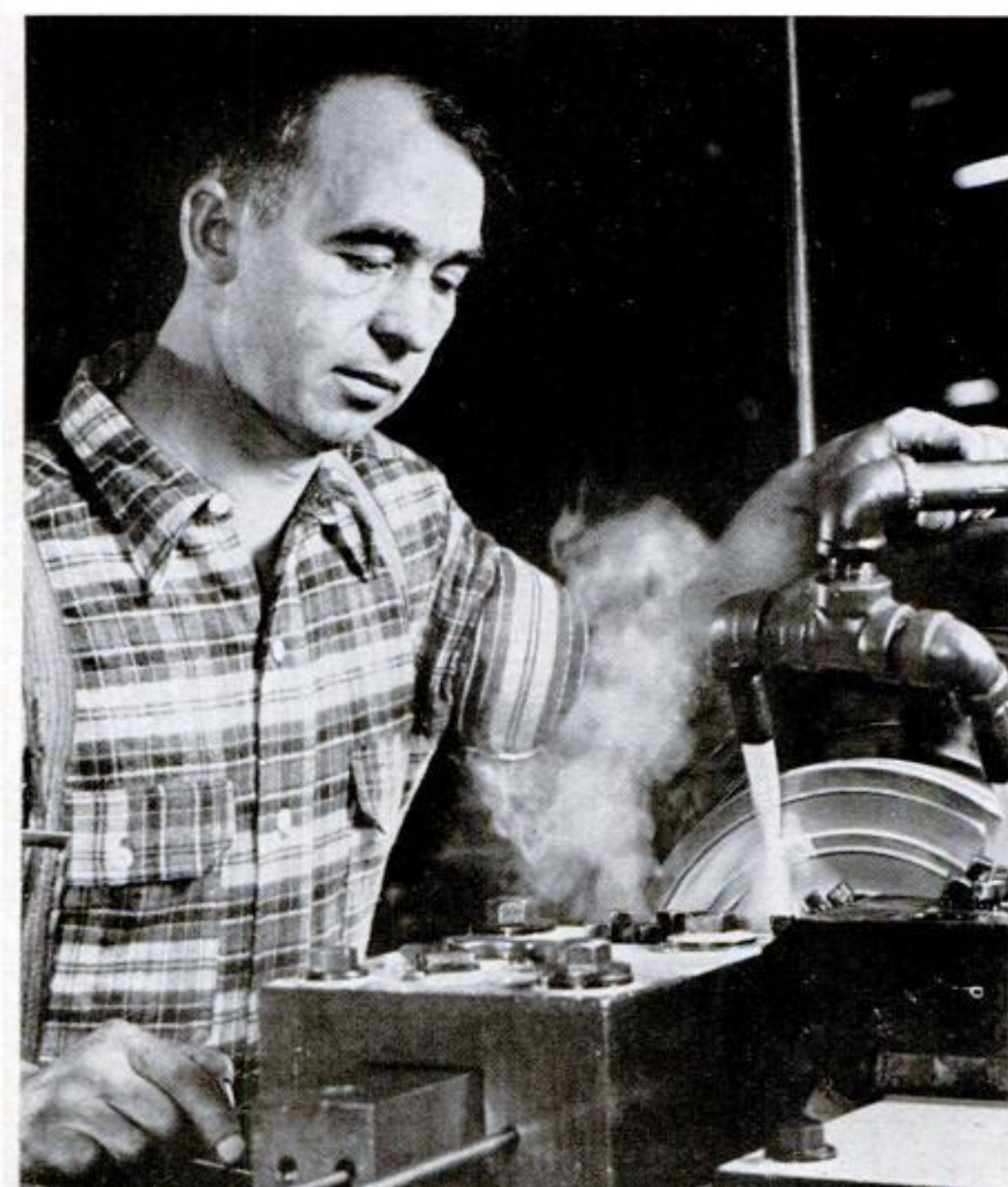
WHEN traveling in a Flagship you *can* work if you want to. Air travel is conducive to reading, writing and study. However, the average trip is over so quickly, what is the need to "take the office along"? Actually, you are saving time and expediting your business in a most modern, efficient manner.

Then, too, what a treat it is to relax and rest and enjoy a respite from the hustle and bustle on the earth. Try it on your next trip. For reservations, call your Travel Agent or the nearest American Airlines office.

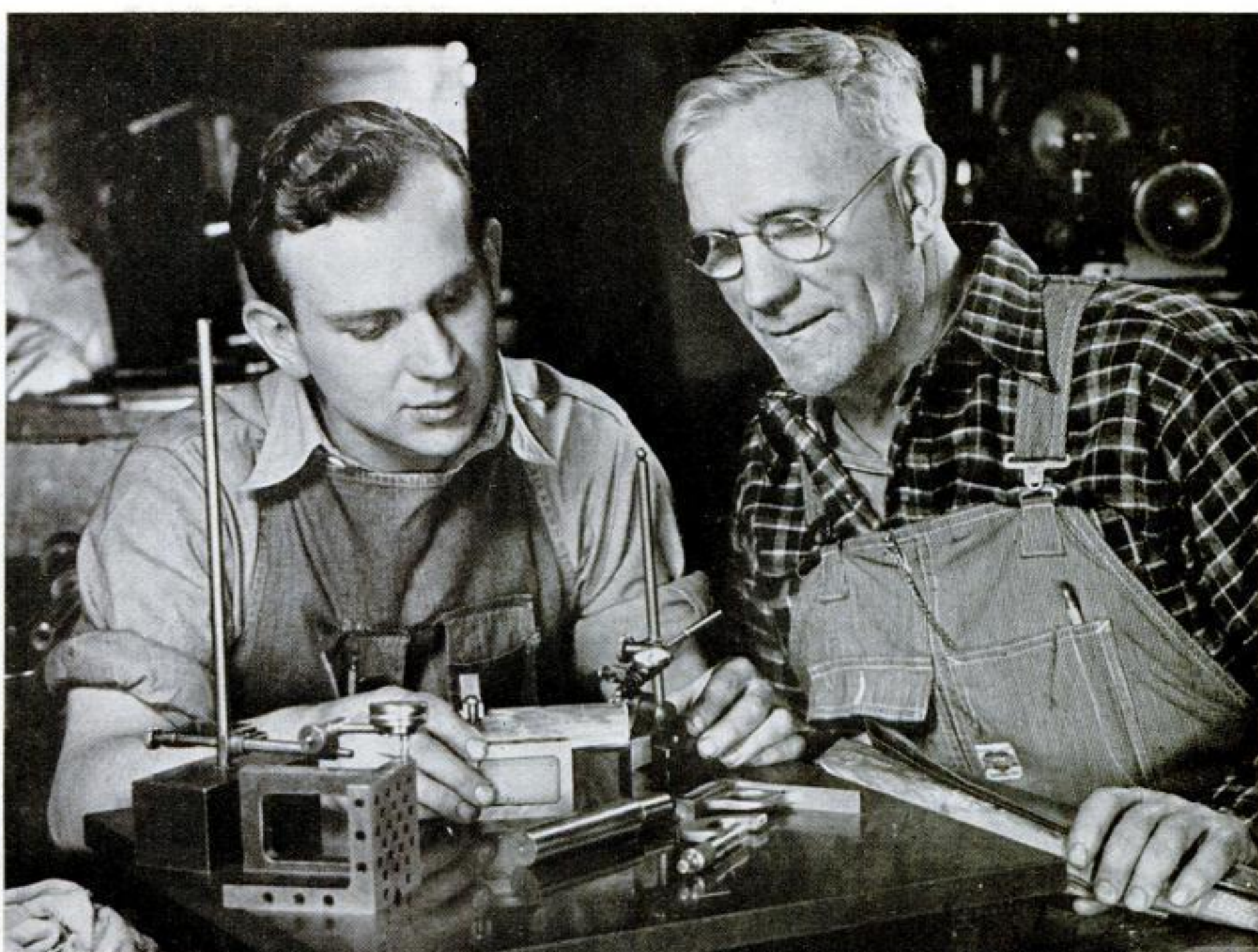


AMERICAN AIRLINES *Inc.*

ROUTE OF THE FLAGSHIPS



On his Studebaker job 18 years—A. B. Meisner, an expert at machining Studebaker flywheels.



Above you see one of the many Studebaker father and son teams—the Ahlgrims. Studebaker workmen average 42 years of age, over 11 years on their Studebaker jobs.



STUDEBAKER SCORES GREATEST GAS ECONOMY VICTORY OF 1940

In this year's Gilmore-Yosemite Sweepstakes, Studebaker's three great cars captured the first three places and decisively defeated all other cars. With expert drivers and Studebaker's low-extra-cost overdrive, the Studebaker Champion averaged 29.19 miles per gallon, the Studebaker Commander 24.72 miles per gallon, the Studebaker President 23.40 miles per gallon. These were official A.A.A. performances.

Craftsmen who build "for keeps" assure you big savings in a Studebaker

You spend less for mechanical upkeep... and you get more when you finally trade-in your car

ONE of the first differences you notice between driving a Studebaker and other cars is the sound, solid, reassuring "feel" that every Studebaker has.

The reason for this is the exceptional care that Studebaker's master craftsmen take during every step of building a Studebaker. No job is ever rushed.

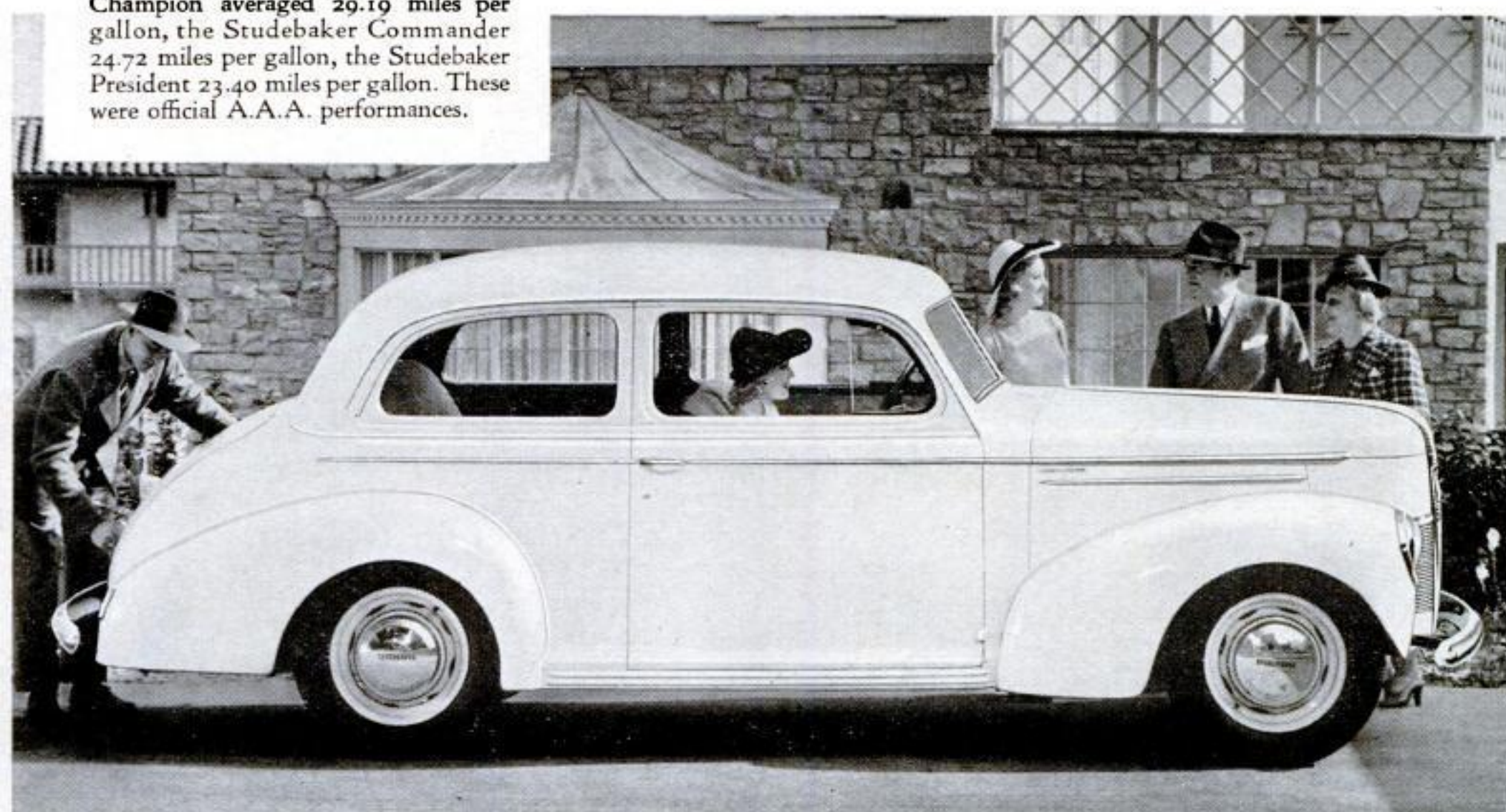
Moreover, nothing but the finest of materials goes

into any Studebaker—and this is just as true of upholstery fabrics as it is of metals.

No transients are employed. Only workmen who have put in long years successfully building Studebakers are allowed to man the machines and assembly lines. Apprentices are often employees' sons.

This care is worth real money to you in the savings you enjoy on mechanical upkeep in a Studebaker. Your Studebaker Champion, Commander or President serves you faithfully day after day without costly lay-ups. And then, when you're finally ready for a new car, your Studebaker's sound condition gets you a top allowance.

Behind the superior craftsmanship in every Studebaker are vast, modernly equipped plants, great research and engineering laboratories, an 800-acre million-dollar proving ground—all devoted to assuring you the most motor car satisfaction for the least money.



Swing to Studebaker smartness! Champion Club sedan illustrated, \$700 delivered at factory—including planar suspension, finest hydraulic shock absorbers, variable ratio steering, non-slam door latches, other indispensables.

PRICED ON A LEVEL WITH THE 3 OTHER
LARGE-SELLING LOWEST PRICE CARS

\$660

for a Studebaker
Champion coupe
delivered at fac-
tory, South Bend,
Indiana. See your
local Studebaker
dealer. Low down
payment—easy
C.I.T. terms.

This One



F6SR-NSS-UBYU

Voted most likely to succeed



And remember, anyone may have halitosis. You might be offending at this very moment without realizing it. That's the insidious thing about it.

Why Gamble?

Take the sensible and delightful precaution regularly followed by so many men who are "going places." Use Listerine Antiseptic night and morning and before appointments. Its antiseptic and deodorant effect is simply amazing.

Halts Mouth Fermentation Odors

Some cases of halitosis (bad breath) are due to systemic conditions. But usually, say some authorities, it is due to the fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth.

Listerine Antiseptic halts such fermentation and quickly overcomes the odors it causes. Your breath becomes sweeter, purer, more agreeable, and less likely to offend. Keep this wonderful antiseptic and deodorant in home and office, and carry it with you when you travel—it pays.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

**Before all engagements,
use LISTERINE to combat
halitosis (BAD BREATH)**

A Big Handicap

If you want to get ahead... if you want to be welcome to those you do business with, guard against halitosis* (bad breath). At its worst it may keep you out of things, impair your contacts, jeopardize your business relations. Merely its presence can stamp you as a careless and objectionable person.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

Perfect Timing

Sirs:

I have just heard over the air the flash announcing the appointment of Maxime Weygand as commander in chief of the Allied armies. I hasten to extend heartiest congratulations on LIFE's perfect timing of its May 20 issue, which places M. Weygand's picture on its cover and includes a masterful Close-Up of the new commander in chief by Major George Fielding Elliot.

FRANK MADSON JR.

Wichita, Kan.

Sirs:

Major Eliot's article on General Weygand was indeed excellent.

My home is in Beirut, Syria where our house is adjacent to General Weygand's in the suburbs of the city. My parents know the general fairly well, as do my two younger sisters, but in a different sense. Several times one of the general's servants has come to the door and informed the latter that they are making too much noise and the general is resting.

HOWARD LEAVITT

Hanover, N. H.

Phooey Party

Sirs:

Phooey on the Pasadena sorority (LIFE, May 20). By the looks of the girls and judging by their actions I guess that the natives in Africa are more civilized.

And this deal about swearing on the Bible that one member won't steal another's man is down and out sacrilegious.

F. E. MURPHY

Minneapolis, Minn.

Sirs:

The secret initiation among the girls of Pasadena Junior College is a sign of increasing decadence among the societies of our colleges. First, there were competitions of eating live fish and



MEDIEVAL MIXTURE

mice; now this one inaugurated pretentious ceremony of eating snails and worms. And giving shampoos (see picture) of molasses and raw eggs!

Molasses and raw eggs mixed together and allowed to dry will form a hard, rocky substance (used during medieval masonry as admixture of mortar for joining stones) which, it would seem, would be impossible to remove from the hair without injury to the scalp.

DOROTHY TEXEL

Wausau, Wis.

● As LIFE reported, even six washings did not get the vile stuff out of one girl's hair—ED.

He's Nauseated Too

Sirs:

Just to get the record straight, I would like to correct an item in Noel F. Busch's piece, "Laurence & Vivien" (LIFE, May 20). Gushed Mr. Busch:

"Olivier says: 'I don't suppose there ever was a couple so much in love.'"

"Vivien Leigh says: 'Our love affair has been simply the most divine fairy tale, hasn't it?'"

The italics are Mr. Busch's—the nausea is mine.

That any adult in his or her right

(continued on p. 4)

ESSLEY

THE

Completely Satisfactory

SHIRTS

with the original
Trubenized* Collar

\$1.65 to \$2.50

FOR Fathers DAY

Give the rich benefits of the
original Trubenized* Collar!

- always remains neat, charming and unruffled.
- never needs starch

Found only on Essley Shirts

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

ESSLEY

SHIRT COMPANY

EMPIRE STATE BUILDING • NEW YORK

YOU CAN TALK
ALL YOU WANT TO
ABOUT BLOW-OUTS
...I STILL SAY *SKIDS*
ARE WORSE

BUT LISTEN,
A *BLOW-OUT*
GIVES NO WARNING
...YOU CAN'T STOP
...YOU CAN'T STEER

Why Argue?

New Goodrich Tire
protects you against
both skids and
blow-outs

(Reading Time: 1 Minute 15 Seconds)

WHAT do you think? Are blow-outs worse than skids?—or skids worse than blow-outs? No matter what side of the fence you're on you're bound to admit that *both* are dangerous.

Yes, and figures prove it, too! Thousands are actually killed or injured in skid and blow-out accidents every year. And it's figures like these that demonstrate all too clearly why you need the extra protection of Goodrich Safety Silvertown tires. For remember, Silvertowns are the *only* tires with the famous Life-Saver Tread and the new Golden Ply—two exclusive Goodrich features that give you *maximum* protection against *both* skids and blow-outs.

With the constant sweeping action of a wind-shield wiper, the Life-Saver Tread goes to work on a wet road. It sweeps the water right and left from under the tire—actually leaves a track so dry you can light a match on it. That's why Silvertowns give you the quickest non-skid stops you've ever had!

It's true—the first time you stop on a wet pavement you'll actually *feel* the greater skid protection of the Life-Saver Tread. And at the same time that other great safety feature, the Golden Ply, is working to give you extra protection against high speed



blow-outs. Yes, the new, improved Golden Ply is resisting the terrific blow-out causing heat that is generated inside all tires at today's high speeds.

Why waste your breath arguing about skids and blow-outs when you may be risking your life riding on tires that do not give you protection? Get Silvertowns now. You'll find you can get them easily if you wish on the liberal Budget Plan available at Goodrich Silvertown Stores and many Goodrich Dealers.

★ ★ ★

Miniature Reproduction of Your License Plate on A Key Chain



ONLY 10 CENTS for this smart handy reproduction of your own license plate on a key chain. Drive in to your nearest Goodrich Dealer or Goodrich Silvertown Store and ask them to get one for you. There's no obligation. Just 10 cents to cover cost of handling.



LIFE-SAVER TREAD SKID PROTECTION
GOLDEN PLY BLOW-OUT PROTECTION

The new Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown

DON'T MISS JIMMIE LYNCH'S DEATH DODGERS AT THE GOODRICH ARENA . . . N. Y. WORLD'S FAIR



*His salary was
\$50 a week*

~but what a wonderful thing
he did for his family...with a
single policy!



Copyright 1940 by The Union Central Life Insurance Company

A SINGLE UNIT OF MULTIPLE PROTECTION can produce that remarkable return from a small investment because it is planned to provide money every month, as the family needs it, rather than in a lump sum. The Multiple Protection Plan expands its support during the vital years while the children are growing up, effects a saving later when the need for it is lessened. You can arrange for Multiple Protection to pay \$50, \$75, \$100, or up to \$1,000 a month, according to your requirements and budget. For complete information, without obligation, write Dept. B-15, Cincinnati, O.

THE UNION CENTRAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.

~ A \$400,000,000 INSTITUTION...FOUNDED IN 1867 ~

*His family gets
\$100 every month
for 20 years*

—a guaranteed income to pay inescapable expenses until his children are grown.

*After that,
his wife will get
\$10,000 cash*

... or a monthly income for her independence all the remaining years of her life.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS (continued)

mind could utter such banal, fatuous treacle as is credited to Miss Leigh and myself is incredible. Mr. Busch is only reprinting a libel that was previously invented by an interviewer mired in the goo of her own rhetoric. Mr. Busch should get thirty lashes for compounding this felony.

LAURENCE OLIVIER

New York, N. Y.

● In quoting Mr. Olivier's opinion of his feelings for Miss Leigh and Miss Leigh's opinion of her feelings for Mr. Olivier from a published interview, Mr. Busch tried to convey a reaction similar to that expressed above by Mr. Olivier. LIFE is glad to accept Mr. Olivier's disavowal of the remarks in question.—ED.

Busch Classic

Sirs:

Everything in the May 20 issue is up to LIFE's usual standard but Noel F. Busch's "Laurence & Vivien" is a classic.

Don't let the war and the maps crowd articles like his out of LIFE. But don't omit the war and the maps.

JAMES E. MAC LANE

Drexel Hill, Pa.

Boothe's Best Phrase

Sirs:

The year's most praiseworthy phrase comes from Clare Boothe, in Brussels, in your issue of May 20: "... in this brave new world of Hitler's, the sun often sets at dawn."

BRADLEY MARKOLF

Portland, Me.

Thanks for Snakes

Sirs:

On behalf of the Bloomfield Reptile Society of Bloomfield, N. J., I should like to thank you for your article on snakes in the May 20 issue of LIFE. Not only is the subject matter accurate and free from the usual prejudice, but the color photographs are among the most excellent we have ever seen.

JACK R. STALEY

Schenectady, N. Y.

Sirs:

From a bivouac of the 1st Field Artillery, on Army maneuvers southwest of Alexandria, La. I write to thank you kindly for your pictures of snakes. First, the article settled conclusively the argument that has been raging for the past two weeks over the genuineness of the four coral snakes found in and about our camp sites. They were unmistakably genuine. Second, when a snake was found at regimental headquarters this morning, calls for the latest copy of LIFE resounded through the camp and we promptly made identification of the diamondback rattler.

LAWRENCE B. BIXBY

1st Field Artillery
6th Division
Alexandria, La.

Blacksnake Legends

Sirs:

The "legend" that the blacksnake has powers of "charming" and will chase people is no legend as you flatly stated in LIFE, May 20.

Inspecting trees near Lakeville, Conn. in 1926 I approached a clump of birches in the middle of a field, saw a rabbit on the ground there, and was astounded that he did not run until I came within 10 ft. of him.

Standing there I became aware of a swishing noise behind me and turned to behold an 8-ft. blacksnake gliding rapidly toward me. You may be sure I did not stay to argue.

E. R. MILES

Calais, Me.

(continued on p. 6)

Cool Shaves

"K. O." razor sting
and irritation!



Why put up with stinging, irritating
shaves? Why take punishment when
Ingram's soothing lather offers you
quick and cool relief?

You'll cheer at the first
touch of Ingram's! For
Ingram's luxury lather is
COOL—planned COOL
—to help condition your
face for shaving. Ingram's
takes the fight from the
toughest beard.



Cleanly and swiftly your
razor glides through those
generous clouds of lather.
You shave clean, close
and comfortable. And all
the while you feel that
special, soothing, Ingram's
COOLNESS.



No lotion needed. Your face looks
smoother, more attractive, fresher—and
stays that way for hours. Get Ingram's
at your druggist's, today. Tube or jar, it's
the same economical cream.

**INGRAM'S
SHAVING CREAM**

— IN TUBE OR JAR —

ONLY CHEVROLET'S STEERING COLUMN GEARSHIFT IS 80% AUTOMATIC!



We call it the "Exclusive Vacuum-Power Shift" . . . because a hidden vacuum cylinder supplies 80% of the shifting effort *automatically* when you touch the lever . . . because the lever itself is *shorter*, adding still further to simple, easy gearshifting . . . and because only Chevrolet has it!

"CHEVROLET'S First Again!"

Eye It..
Try It..
Buy It!

\$659

MASTER 85
BUSINESS COUPE

Other models slightly higher

All models priced at Flint, Mich. Transportation based on rail rates, state and local taxes (if any), optional equipment and accessories—extra. Prices subject to change without notice.

CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION
General Motors Sales Corporation
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Copyrighted material



"...THAT'S WHERE WE'LL GO!"



When you choose to drink good beer or ale only in taverns that are clean, inviting and law-abiding, you add to your own enjoyment.

And you do something else—you help the Brewing Industry protect *your right* to drink good beer and ale.

The great majority of America's hundreds of thousands of retail beer establishments are decent, respectable places.

There are bound to be, however, a few wilful "black sheep" retailers who permit anti-social conditions.

To eliminate these objectionable establishments, the Brewing Industry has instituted a "clean-up or close-up" program, cooperating with law enforcement officers.

This program is now in effect in a number of states, and is being extended. *We want you to know about it.*

Write for an interesting *free* booklet. United Brewers Industrial Foundation, Dept. A15, 21 East 40th Street, New York, N. Y.

HERE...MR. TAX COLLECTOR, \$1,000,000 A DAY, EVERY DAY. Last year, beer and ale contributed more than \$400,000,000 in taxes—Federal, State and local—to help pay the costs of government. Who else would pay these taxes if there were no beer or ale?



BEER... A BEVERAGE OF MODERATION FOR THE NATION

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

Sirs:

Of all the tops in "boners"—I fear you've pulled the prize one about the blacksnake!

You state: "Legends that it eats rattlesnakes, charms birds... are all untrue." My, oh my! Fifteen thousand farmers right here in Ohio can tell you instantly that THEY DO charm birds!

W. G. FOUNTAINE

Columbus, Ohio

● Even 15,000 farmers can be wrong (see letter below).—ED.

Sirs:

The belief that snakes charm their prey into inactivity is as widespread as the equally erroneous belief that snakes pursue and attack.

Stories of birds fluttering about a snake seemingly unable to resist the "fascination" are accurate only so far as the observation goes. Birds brooding a nest of eggs or young are fired with unusual courage to defend that nest and to chase off any intruders.

As for animals who refuse to move even in the face of great danger, this is the commonest phenomenon of all. I have frequently come very close to stepping on rabbits in the field, rabbits who refused to move even after they had become aware of my presence. On such occasions no snake was conveniently at hand to blame for holding the animal rooted to the spot, nor do I claim to have powers of fascination myself!

The "attack stories" have a small element of truth. Snakes are curious. Once a coachwhip snake in Texas followed a man for a considerable distance. This snake would approach very closely until the observer turned and ran toward it when it invariably beat a very hasty retreat. As soon as the man resumed his march in the other direction the snake would continue to follow him.

CARL F. KAUFFELD,
Curator of Reptiles

Staten Island Zoological Society
Staten Island, N. Y.

New-Style Car

Sirs:

In the May 20 issue of LIFE, page 41, concerning the new Hill railroad car you say, "the new Hill cars have been making test runs hitched behind awkward old-style cars."

Between the old Pullman and the locomotive it seems to me that if you look closely you see a new stainless steel car.

ALSTON T. HORTON
Providence, R. I.



● There certainly is (see cut). It is a stainless-steel coach built for Santa Fe by Budd Manufacturing Co.—ED.

113 Rings

Sirs:

Though I have never contemplated the possibilities of the art of smoke-ring blowing as a profession I do believe the erstwhile "champion" you lauded (LIFE, May 20) is a comparative dub. If 27 rings is the best Mr. Pichel can do he had better get a new trainer. I have on several occasions blown between 60 and 80 rings on one puff of an ordinary cigaret. My best mark is 113 rings.

WATTIE HASKELL

Clarion, Pa.

Never before!

The first tooth brush ever
GUARANTEED 6 MONTHS

It took a revolutionary development... Pro-phy-lac-tic's new tempering process U. S. Pat. Re. 21,197... to produce the New Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush—with bristles so enormously improved that we dare to guarantee it unconditionally for 6 full months! There are no strings to the offer... no "buts" or "ifs." Use this new brush as many times a day as you like. If it doesn't give you complete satisfaction throughout the entire six months' period, we will gladly replace it!

Ask at any drug counter for this finer quality tooth brush with the famous Pro-phy-lac-tic tuft. You'll recognize it instantly in the new crystal-clear, sanitary container, which is sealed at the factory for your protection.

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., Florence, Mass.



Let's Go America!

Straight to the Gate by "The Direct Route"

It's all there waiting for you . . . \$155,000,000 of splendor—and something more.

A new spirit; the spirit of the carnival, gay, light, lively.

So there's twice the inducement to see this spectacular Fair! Plan to go. Straight to the gate by Pennsylvania Railroad's "Direct Route" is the best way, as you can easily see here.

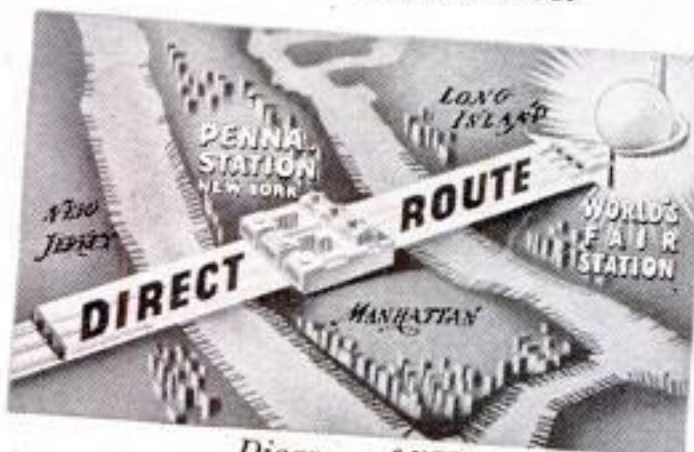


Diagram of "The Direct Route"

As your Pennsylvania train from the West or South glides smoothly into Pennsylvania Station, New York, you merely step to a waiting electric train . . . in 10 minutes, for 10 cents, you're at the Fair. No hot weather travel over crowded highways . . . no big-city driving . . . no parking worries. You're free of responsibility from beginning to end!

Observation Car, Broadway Limited



And how grand your beginning is! You can relax in a private room of your own, amid the newest Pullman innovations, if you take *The Luxury Fleet*—enjoy the modern at surprisingly little cost. Or settle down in a soft-upholstered reclining seat in an air-conditioned *Luxury Coach*—available on nearly all of Pennsylvania's great East-West fleet.



Smart Diner of *The Trail Blazer*

Your direct route is through a land made sacred by history and tradition. Philadelphia, with its Liberty Bell, Valley Forge and Revolutionary War shrines. Or you can see Washington, and Niagara Falls—as tickets from the Midwest and West are good to these interesting places at *no extra cost*. Take in gay Atlantic City—it's a quick, inexpensive side trip.

So plan to go to the Fair—by "The Direct Route." Your travel agent or Pennsylvania Railroad Ticket Agent can lay out an exciting itinerary costing very, very little.

See how low fares are!

Examples of Coach Fares to New York

	One-Way	Round-Trip
From Chicago . . .	\$18.20	\$27.25
From St. Louis . . .	21.15	31.75
From Indianapolis . . .	16.25	24.35
From Cincinnati . . .	15.05	22.55
From Cleveland . . .	11.45	17.15
From Pittsburgh . . .	8.80	14.10

Round-Trip Tickets good 60 Days

STILL LOWER FARES on week-end Excursions from Detroit, Dayton, Cincinnati and intermediate points; also on 1-day and week-end Excursions from Philadelphia, Washington, Pittsburgh and nearby points. Practically all trains carry coaches.

ASK ABOUT LOW PULLMAN FARES

Let your Ticket or Travel Agent give you all the facts about new bargain all-expense tours to the World's Fair.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

DIRECT ROUTE TO THE WORLD'S FAIR...STATION ON FAIR GROUNDS

SEE TWO FAIRS FOR ONE FARE! Grand Circle Tours. Both coasts, both Fairs (San Francisco as well as New York) . . . from your home station and back again . . . \$90 in Coaches, \$135 in Pullmans, plus Pullman charge. A bargain!



SEE "RAILROADS ON PARADE" at the New York World's Fair . . . the big show in the Railroads' Building. Early engines as well as the latest streamliners operate under their own power.
SEE MAGIC MOVIES at the Pennsylvania Railroad Exhibit, San Francisco World's Fair. Motion pictures in 3 dimensions.



TAKE "THE TRAIL BLAZER"—17-hour de luxe all-coach train—Chicago to New York at low coach fares. Observation Car, Radio, Club Lounge, New Coaches with big washrooms, modern Diner, Low-priced Meals; Reserved Seats.

GRANDMA CALLED IT SINFUL



IN MY DAY we women couldn't do much about those bristles on the manly chin that scraped like sin. But nowadays any woman's a fool to put up with one of those human porcupines. Which reminds me, my dear, Margie has picked the most delightful young man—always so well groomed—he must shave twice a day—yet his skin's never the least bit irritated looking. It's what Margie calls a Barbasol Face.



YOUR OWN WIFE or sweetheart would be a lot happier, too, if you got yourself a Barbasol Face. Barbasol not only gives you the cleanest, smoothest, sweetest shave you ever had—its beneficial oils protect your skin from razor irritation while you shave—and leaves it feeling softer, smoother, and fresher after you shave. That's why Barbasol has changed the shaving habits of a nation. (Your druggist sells Barbasol in three sizes, 25¢, 50¢, 75¢. Five Barbasol Blades, 15¢.)



For modern shaving—
No Brush—No Lather—No Rub-in

FROM LIFE'S CORRESPONDENTS

General of Tanks

Berlin

The devastating success of the German Panzer divisions in Flanders crowns the career of a soldier who has lavished years of energy and devotion upon them. Heinz Guderian, General of Tanks, Commander in Chief of all mechanized armored units, is the most colorful general of the German Army.

On March 12, 1938, standing on top of the heaviest tank, he was the first German soldier to cross the Austrian border by land. The same year he was also made chief of all fast troops. But it was not until last year that Guderian achieved fame—the result of his brilliant work in the Polish campaign. The far-reaching success of the armored divisions was masterly, and proved his superb strategy. He is credited with the successful crossing of the River Brahe, where he later destroyed three divisions and one brigade. He took part in the encirclement maneuver at Tuchler Heide, whence he rushed his tanks down in swift attack, crashed through the Vistula defense over the Narew onto



GENERAL HEINZ GUDERIAN

Wyszków. The attack almost failed, however, and Guderian himself, heedless of his own safety, rushed right up front and got in a precarious situation. He was untangled in the nick of time and pushed on toward Brest Litovsk.

When Guderian was a young cadet, technical troops were regarded as lowest in the Army. Guderian did pioneer work, particularly developing the tank as an operative factor rather than a complementary factor for infantry.

He wrote many books on the subject (especially *Look Out! Tanks!*), with the basic motto: "Bigger and better tanks are our only chance to win the next war." He writes: "Where tanks are is the front. Tanks, as such, simply are the weapons. Wherever in future wars the battle will be fought, tank troops will play the decisive role."

Born 54 years ago at Colom-Weichsel, he is typical Pomeranian of medium height, stocky, with heavy-set features and a little mustache. Energetic, dynamic, he can be dubbed the Blücher of Tanks, always there where the action is the thickest. A ruthless driver of tremendous force, he is nonetheless friendly with his men, who respect and love him at the same time. Watching their safety during the campaign in Poland, he ordered the tanks to drive in an L-like position around the resting men nights until 12, when he himself knocked off for a few hours. At 4 a. m. he would tear like a ball of lightning through

(continued on p. 11)



"Here comes Daddy, right on time!"

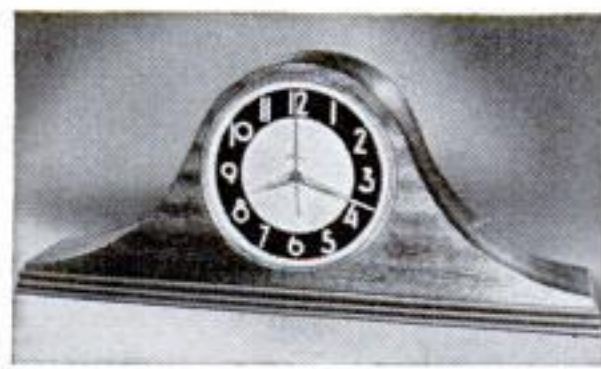
• "I always know when to look for Daddy—now that we have those new Telechron electric clocks. Before, I just had to guess what time it was. When I grow up, I'll have Telechron electric clocks in my house!"



SECRETARY is a popular alarm clock in a handsome brown plastic case. Priced at only **\$3.95**. In ivory colored case, it is **\$4.50**. **Cordial**, the same design with luminous numerals and hands, costs **\$1** more. Telechron is the most famous name in the electric clock field.



VIRGINIAN is a novel design in a wood case with a fluted base. Priced at **\$5.95**. **Colonnade**, the same design with alarm, is **\$6.95**. All Telechron clocks are powered by the famous self-starting Telechron motor, sealed in oil for quietness and long life.

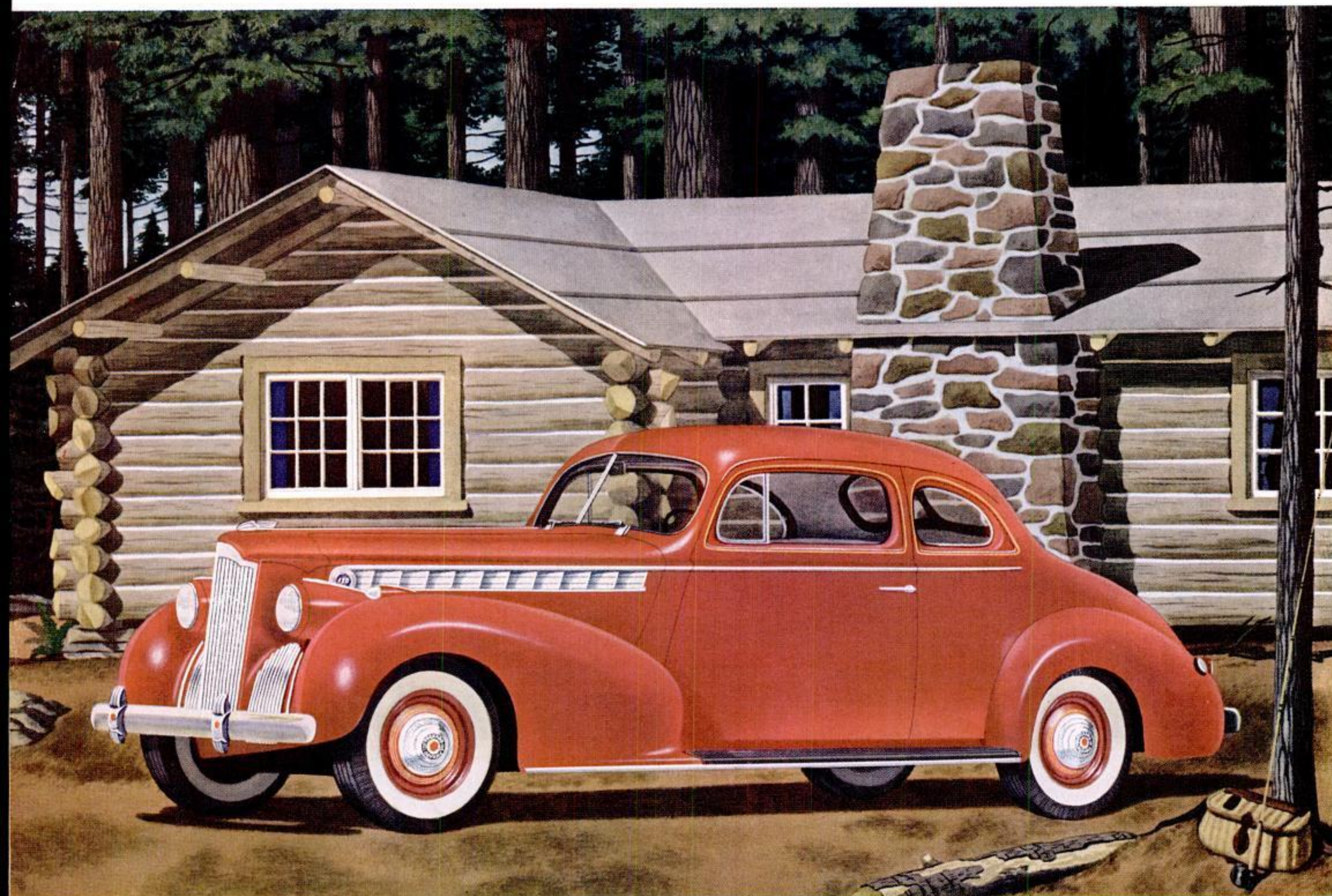


BARRINGTON is a new tambour design in wood with a darker wood base. This graceful clock will lend new beauty to a mantel or living room table. Priced at **\$9.95**. Telechron clocks, priced from **\$2.95** to **\$17.50**, are sold by leading dealers throughout the country.

WARREN TELECHRON COMPANY
Ashland, Massachusetts
IN CANADA: THE CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC CO.
A Telechron clock in every room provides a complete synchronized timekeeping system—like the Telechron systems that keep time so efficiently for schools, hotels, hospitals and public buildings.

Telechron
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

**SELF-STARTING
ELECTRIC CLOCKS**



Illustrated: Packard One-Twenty Business Coupe, \$1038* (white sidewall tires extra)



Choose a car as you choose a friend!

NO other eight we know of has such winning ways. No other eight has quite the same ability to make warm and loyal friends.

This, because the Packard 120's unique qualities parallel those which men instinctively seek in the lasting friendships they make. Qualities to be admired and esteemed. For your car, like a friend, must win your complete confidence.

And recognition of this crops up in your first chat with the first member of the One-Twenty's loyal family you meet. He will pull out all the stops in his praises of this great Packard's stunning appearance, flashing pick-

up, and the luxurious feel of "riding on air" which its *extra length* provides.

And he will tell you tall but *true* tales of the mileage his car spins from gasoline and oil. If he has had his car long enough for any of the commoner service operations—he will confide happily that One-Twenty service charges are right in line with those of *much smaller and cheaper cars!*

Such enthusiasm is worth looking into, so drive this Packard 120 *yourself!* Note its eager answer to your half-formed wish. Its stirring tempo when you give it the gun . . . its "sixth sense" in its noiseless drift through

traffic. And when you've done all this, compare this truly fine car with *any other eight!* Chances are dollars to dimes, on the record of 1940, you'll choose a Packard One-Twenty!

PACKARD 120

\$1038

AND UP. Packard 110, \$867 and up. Packard 120, \$1038 and up. Packard Super-8 160, \$1524 and up. Packard Custom Super-8 180, \$2243 to \$6300. *All prices delivered in Detroit, State taxes extra.

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

Mr. and Mrs. Walter N. Colbath live in Highland Park, Illinois. They entertain often, and especially like to have guests in for dinner. "Wine with the meal has become a custom with us," Mrs. Colbath says. "I simply put an extra glass at each place, then serve red Claret or pale Hock wine with my main course. Our friends tell me they never knew food could taste as delicious as it does with wine."



Mr. Gerald Wilson (above center) of Jackson, Michigan, writes: "I notice that more and more of my friends nowadays choose a moderate beverage like wine. Sherry gets the call most frequently at my house. It's an especially good man's drink, served alone or with cocktail snacks."



From hosts and hostesses everywhere comes word

"So many people now prefer *Wine*"

Folks report more and more of their guests appreciate an opportunity to stay on the moderate side

It has amazed people who entertain a lot. Today at almost every party they notice increasing numbers of their guests prefer wine. Rapidly, in almost every city and town, the custom of wine serving has swept into vogue.

Popular hosts and hostesses believe there is a reason for it. So many people, they discover, like to be moderate when

they relax and enjoy themselves. And that's one thing about wine — it's a leisurely kind of beverage, a natural part of more gracious, more considerate hospitality.

Men and women find they prefer to sip wine slowly. To linger, as a connoisseur does, over the delicate bouquet, the subtle satisfying taste.

And serving wine because it makes for an easier, more enjoyable evening, people notice it is surprisingly inexpensive. The reasonable price of good wine, many report, is a welcome help in balancing the entertainment budget.

Why don't you try offering your guests an opportunity to choose wine? Nothing is easier, for discriminating hosts and hostesses in America serve their wines very simply today. Some suggestions, to start with, are printed at the left.

This advertisement printed by the wine growers of California, acting through the Wine Advisory Board, 85 Second Street, San Francisco

All you need to know to Serve Wine

There are many varieties, but only two main types of wine . . . (1) Wines made "dry" (not sweet) especially to serve with meals, called *table wines*; (2) Wines for use with the dessert course or refreshments, called *sweet wines* . . .

With your dinner — served in portions about half the size of a water goblet, try: **Burgundy**, which is red, full flavored — the perfect complement to roast of beef, steak, turkey **Sauterne**, which is golden, slightly sweet — grand with chicken, fish, any mildly flavored main dish

At the appetizer hour, with dessert, or in the afternoon or evening (usually served in cocktail size glasses) try: **Sherry**, which is amber, mellow yet piquant — the ideal before-dinner wine with appetizers **Muscatel**, which is the color of old gold, rich, sweet with the distinctive flavor of Muscat grapes

THE WINES OF CALIFORNIA

In the most discriminating households the good wines of our own country are usually served today. Actually more than 9 in every 10 Americans who serve wine choose wines grown here. The wines of California, for example, are grown to strict standards of quality. You will find them true to type. Well developed. Inexpensive.

Mrs. Loughton T. Smith of Dallas, Texas, is a popular and gracious hostess. She says: "These sunny afternoons I like to have guests drop in at my house. I usually bring out sandwiches or cakes and a wine like Sauterne. It's appreciated by everyone these days."



Be Considerate
— Serve Wine



WHAT'S A FIVE-LETTER WORD
MEANING HOSIERY QUALITY

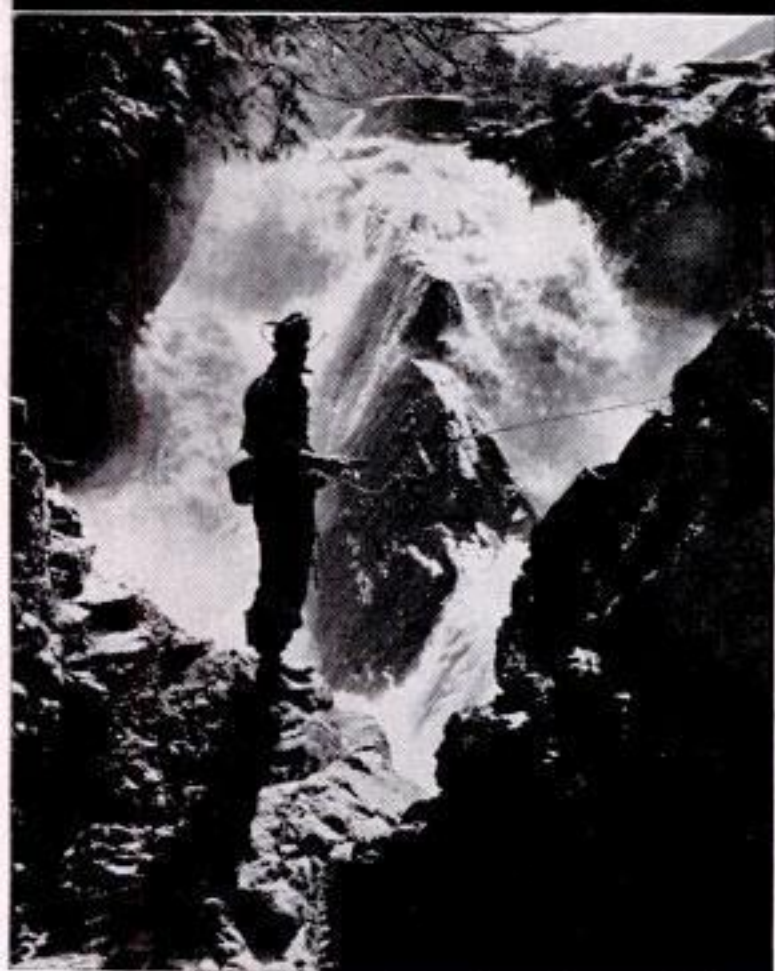
HERE IT IS
AT YOUR FINGERTIPS
M-O-J-U-D

★
Every pair made with loving
care...to bring you glamour,
beauty, extra wear. Preferred
by millions of women...
Sold by over 6,000 stores,
coast to coast. 79c to \$1.35

MOJUD
the dependable
HOSIERY

TRADE MARKS REGISTERED. COPYRIGHT, 1940
MOCK, JUDSON, VOHRINGER CO. OF N.Y., INC.

TOUGH TO MISS A SHOT
LIKE THIS...



No need to ever miss getting a sharp, detail revealing picture. Just stop "guessing" at exposure. Instead, use a WESTON Exposure Meter every time you use your camera. Quickly point this compact device at the scene, and it tells just how to set your lens and shutter for perfect exposure results. Simple in use, the WESTON can be used with all still or movie cameras, and all film including color. Make sure all your pictures are correctly exposed from now on. See the WESTON at your dealer's today, or write for literature. Weston Electrical Instrument Corporation, 630 Frelinghuysen Avenue, Newark, N. J.

WESTON
master
EXPOSURE
METER



INSURES PERFECT PICTURES WITH YOUR CAMERA

FROM LIFE'S CORRESPONDENTS

(continued)

the ranks of standing tanks, shouting, "Up, boys, up and at 'em!"

Rumblin tanks are an incentive to his ideas. He develops his best plans standing in the tank's hatch, beaming with joy at his own advancing divisions. His tanks are the biggest and strongest, equipped with wireless equipment so that he can give orders on the run. His favored tactic is to advance, then withdraw with the enemy rushing on, then close in on all sides, dealing the death blow. This tactic is not always applied. His inventive nimble mind stores many odd and brilliant maneuvers.

JOHN D. FISHER

Paris Whispers

Paris (by cable)

The collective mind of Paris is as sensitive these days as a barometer. Everybody in Paris knows from hour to hour just how everything is going. How do they know it? They don't know it from the papers—the papers don't say anything much except that the Germans are about where they got to yesterday and that France is such a wonderful country full of such wonderful soldiers who fight like wildcats and angels that it should be perfectly obvious to anybody that the Germans can't get any farther. On the record, that ought not to make everybody as cheerful as they are today, for instance.

They don't get the news from the politicians either. Most of the politicians don't know where the front is and for a time plenty of people at General Headquarters were in the same fix. The front staggers about like a drunkard. And anyway what General Headquarters knows they don't broadcast to *tout Paris*. So it isn't from any official sources that Paris gets what it calls its *renseignements*—which is French for the dope. Paris gets its information about what France has been doing all day, all night, the way a woman gets hers about what her husband has been up to. You know how a woman says, the split second her husband walks in the door, before he's got his hat off even, "Well, so things have been going better at the office." And he says: "My God, how did you know?" And she says: "Because I know you so well, darling."

That is how Paris, the wife, knows what is happening to Paris, the husband. All the smiles or frowns on the politicians' faces when they leave their offices; the way military mustaches droop or bristle at midnight; the inflections of well-known voices saying nothing on the radio, on the telephones; the way important people walk in the street; the way ministry doors are slammed; by the significant silences of a great race of talkers; by a thousand little downward-percolating uncensorable gestures and indications, that contagious climate of a mood spreads from the top of Paris to the bottom—from clerk to doorman, to domestic, to waiter, to policeman, to taxi driver, to the people—so that the people of Paris know from hour to hour how the fate of France is going. Love may be blind to the faults but it is seldom blind to the physical condition of the beloved. This explains the

"Since I put him on PARD,
my Spaniel's
been in
Excellent
Health!"

Says
Miss Jeanne Jacques
of Detroit

A certified statement
from Miss Jeanne Jacques,
Detroit, Michigan

"Six months ago my Cocker Spaniel, Poochie, suffered from a severe skin ailment. We tried just everything, but his condition failed to improve. Then, a neighbor suggested that we try Pard—and I certainly am glad we did! Within a month Poochie's skin healed completely and ever since

then Poochie won't touch anything but Pard. And thanks to Pard, his health has been excellent!"

The facts of this case history were sworn to before me on April 20th, 1940—Walter C. Rath, Notary Public.

In all, Pard has weaned 290 dogs at Swift's Research Kennels. While on Pard, none ever experienced any of the common ailments caused by hit-or-miss feeding!

In the dog world—excessive shedding, listlessness, dietary skin irritation, and nervousness are widespread complaints. Leading veterinarians say that these and many other common ailments are, in the

main, due to faulty feeding. And when not attended to, they sometimes develop into far more serious disorders!

But here's reassuring news from Pard's Generation Feeding Study. 5 successive generations of registered dogs have been raised *exclusively* on Pard without a single diet-caused complaint. All matured in sturdy, vigorous health—conformed well to the standards of their breeds.

Such a splendid health record points to the benefits *your own dog* can derive from a regular Pard diet. Start him on Pard *now*—he'll love this nutritionally balanced ration!



Playful . . . peppy . . . that's the way Pard-fed dogs at Swift's Research Kennels are and have always been! Pard'll keep your dog in tip-top condition, too!

PARD . . . SWIFT'S NUTRITIONALLY
BALANCED DOG FOOD





CONSTANCE MOORE
SOON TO APPEAR IN THE
NEW UNIVERSAL PICTURE
"LA CONGA NIGHTS"



IT'S FUN TO RIDE A BIKE

Vacations always present problems...where to go, how to go, what to use for money. This year solve *your* problems the easy way...go by bike. Visit restful, rural scenes, build up health, enjoy happy companionship...the economical way! Get *your* bike today. For tour suggestions, write American Youth Hostels, Northfield, Mass.

CYCLE TRADES OF AMERICA, Inc.
Chanin Building, New York City

Keep Trim...Keep Slim...Keep Cycling!

FROM LIFE'S CORRESPONDENTS

(continued)

most curious phenomenon of these last few days in Paris: how fear can grip the city in an icy chill at midnight and then how calm can reign in every cellar and garret by midday, and there has been no new communique and nothing new in the papers.

This is a calm day. Paris breathes confidence as gently as a child who has fallen asleep after a nightmare. Of course Weygand has a lot to do with it. The people are sure that he has got what it takes and what Hitler can't stop. One funny thing about people is the way they all go around saying, "What we need are young leaders; the world needs young men with vision to get us out of this mess," and then they rush off and get Churchill and Pétain and Weygand whose combined ages, if you put them end to end, would take you back to the time of Louis XIV. Anyway, the old men, like the old senators who were always getting Rome out of fixes, have cheered up the young men of France and England.

But although everybody in Paris is feeling better about the chances of their getting away with it, nobody is happy at the moment—absolutely nobody who is not really sound asleep or drunk because they are all wondering all the time what some people wonder at odd moments in America: why the Germans haven't given Paris and London the works. Everybody in Paris and London knows that if they haven't been badly bombed it's not because Hitler admires the contents of the Louvre or has a sentimental attachment for 10 Downing Street, anyway not since Chamberlain left. So although I report to you tonight that Paris is calm, that the stamp market is still flourishing on the Avenue Marigny and the bookstalls are open on the *rive gauche*, there is still no dancing in the streets.

CLARE BOOTHE

Censored

Paris

(The woes of a foreign correspondent, trying to work under wartime censorship, are reflected every day in cables from LIFE correspondents. Following are two cables received on successive days last week from LIFE's Paris office. They are attempts to answer questions cabled from New York.)

CABLE 350

(Here four words censored.) It is flatly denied here that Germans fuel their motorized columns by air, and the French reveal a cute, simple trick that has played hob with such columns. It consists in evacuating gas-station proprietors, dumping all available sugar into their gas tanks, which reportedly dissolves in the gas invisibly but gums up motors if seized and used.

No figures are obtainable here on the flame-throwing distances of German 70-ton tanks, but it is admitted they're very effective and had a large share in the Ninth Army's break. (Here 15 lines censored.)

Information Ministry and censorship announce they're staying, come

...including
Your Father

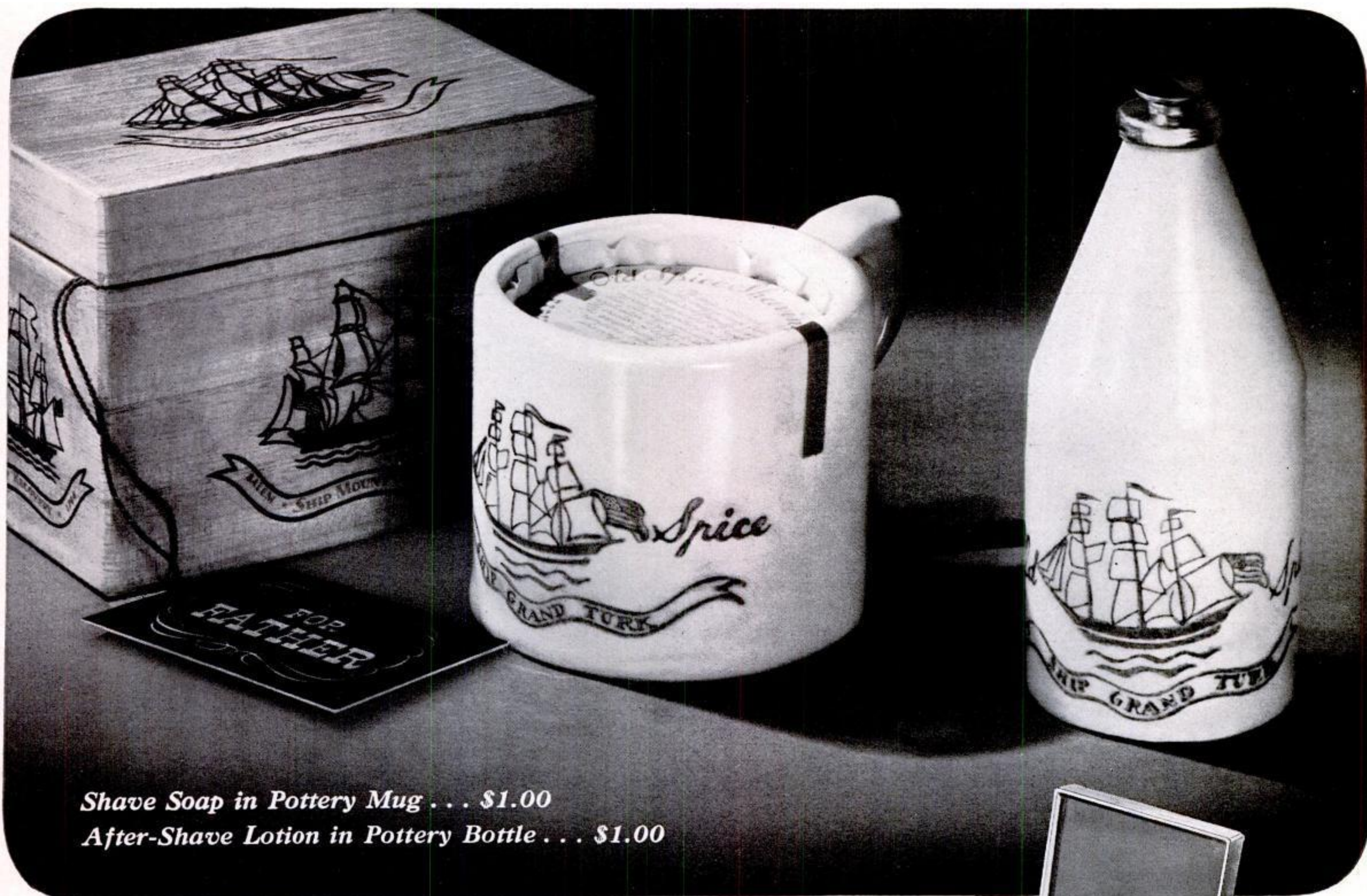
There's a Cohama Cravat for every father who ever wore a tie. Whether he's a business man or a sportsman; a stay-at-home or a stepper-out, you'll find *his* ties under a Cohama label. Look for it!

at better men's wear **\$1**
and department stores

1412 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

Cohama Cravats

Every Father HAS HIS DAY...



Shave Soap in Pottery Mug . . . \$1.00

After-Shave Lotion in Pottery Bottle . . . \$1.00

ON JUNE 16TH GIVE HIM **EARLY AMERICAN** *Old Spice* Men's Toiletries*

Life with Father brings THE DAY when he at last is on the receiving end. It's lots more fun for Father if he gets the things he really wants. Early American Old Spice shave requisites are his idea of the perfect gift. The quality ingredients, invigorating Old Spice scent, and soothing effect on the skin, will give him day-after-day satisfaction. The handsome pottery containers and red-lined chests of wood-veneer are decorated with authentic reproductions of historic trading ships.



Contains Old Spice
Shave Soap (in mug),
Talcum and After-
Shave Lotion. \$2.75



Contains Old Spice
Shave Soap (in pottery
mug) and After-Shave
Lotion . . . \$2.00

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. by SHULTON, INC., 630 FIFTH AVENUE • ROCKEFELLER CENTER, NEW YORK

"Why not dress him like a girl and be done with it!"

A father-in-law learns some present-day hints on child care



1. FATHER-IN-LAW: Now look: I know you wanted a girl. But you got a boy! Come to your senses and treat him like one!

MARY: Who says I'm treating him like anything else?



3. FATHER-IN-LAW: I still call it nonsense.

MARY: Look . . . my doctor specializes in baby care. He says a baby's system is the most delicate thing on earth. *Everything* a baby gets should be made *especially* for him . . . even a *special* laxative!



5. FATHER-IN-LAW: Um...sounds reasonable.

MARY: Certainly! That's why I always have FLETCHER'S CASTORIA handy. It's made *ONLY* for infants and children . . . hasn't a single "adult" drug. So it's mild enough for the tiniest system. You couldn't ask for a safer, more effective laxative.



2. FATHER-IN-LAW: Don't make me laugh! You've got enough SPECIAL gadgets for that child to open a drug store.

MARY: Why, of course I use special things! Name me a mother who doesn't!



4. FATHER-IN-LAW: A special laxative, too? Good night!

MARY: It's logical, isn't it? You wouldn't dream of giving an infant the same foods you eat. Then why give him a grown-up's laxative?



6. FATHER-IN-LAW: Sounds good so far . . . but will he take it?

MARY: Just watch! It'll do your heart good to see him go for the wonderful taste of Fletcher's Castoria . . . I wouldn't know what to do without a bottle of it in the house!

Chas. H. Fletcher

CASTORIA

The modern — SAFE — laxative made especially for children

FROM LIFE'S CORRESPONDENTS

(continued)

hell or high water—to celebrate which they've canceled all passes for journalists, who have to start all over again filling out triplicate forms and quintuplicate photographs to get new ones. (Here 24 lines censored.)

Low-flying German planes this morning wafted over Paris leaflets of which copies are not available, but which reportedly on good authority read: "Parisians, don't be afraid of bombs! Paris will be spared for the glory of Hitler."

The French are doing a very serious cleanup of Fifth Columnists. Doubtful prefects, mayors, stationmasters, etc. are falling like ripe corn. (Here 12 lines censored.)

On general strategy, hard-boiled observers here more and more believe Germany's main goal is England, and by invasion not merely bombardment. (Here five lines censored.) Meanwhile I am enormously impressed each morning looking from the Quai Voltaire to see a park-department employe quietly sowing.

CABLE 353

Since we have been completely stopped in repeated efforts to send data on popular, well-considered Weygand, it is time wasted to attempt to send anything on unpopular, juggled Corap, and even more hopeless to attempt to collect or send any opinion on Corap's share of the blame, since not one single detail of the Ninth Army's break is permitted to be known in Paris—only the fact itself in Reynaud's speech—and all else is obscured in strict silence.

Answers to all other queries killed by the censors in slaughtered Cable 350. Gosh!

JOHN NEILL

"Pass, Majesty!"

Cairo

This is a true story. It happened when General Weygand reviewed the Allied troops in Egypt last winter.

After the parade, one of the British Military Police N.C.O.'s approached his superior officer and the following conversation ensued:

The N.C.O.: "Sir, I 'ope I done right, sir."

The officer: "Well, Smith, what did you do?"

N.C.O.: "Well, sir, it was like this. I was on duty at the far inclosure with orders that no one not in possession of a ticket or a sticker was to henter. After the parade had started, sir, a car drove hup, sir, with two Egyptian gentlemen inside and wanted to pass in. 'Hi,' I says, 'where's your sticker?' They says they ain't got no sticker. 'Well, you can't henter then,' I says. And then one of the gents says, 'And do you know who I am?' And I says I don't. And he says, 'Well, I'm the King of Egypt.' And I takes another look, and Gawblimy, sir, it was the King. I 'opes I did right."

Officer: "Well, what did you do?" The N.C.O.: "I salutes 'im, sir, and I gives him a bow and I waves me arm and I says, 'Pass, Majesty.'"

MORLEY LISTER

It's New! SPORT SHIRT SENSATION OF CALIFORNIA



THE BLOCK-BILT GRIPPER

"no-button" sport shirt

Every man who sees it wants one—and no wonder! No more button bother. The Gripper fasteners are flat, neat, laundry-proof. Easy going "in-and-out" style in washable Crown Tested rayon—keeps its color and shape indefinitely. Small, medium, large. Colors: Sierra green, Coronado tan, Pacific blue.... **\$2.95**

You'll Want One for Week Ends & Holidays If your dealer can't supply you, send \$2.95 direct to H. & L. Block.

The Gripper will make good, or we will

MAIL COUPON
H. & L. Block, 1563 Mission St., San Francisco
Please send me . . . GRIPPER SPORT SHIRTS
Size Colors
Enclosed find check ☐ money order ☐ send C.O.D. ☐
Name
Address
City State

"HEADACHE? not now!"



"I've Joined the Snap Back Club!"

STANBACK gives you speedy relief from headache and nerve strain due to headache. You will also like the quick relief STANBACK gives from neuralgia and muscular aches. STANBACK won't leave you jittery!

For trial package, send 10c coin or stamps to Dept. 1, Stanback Co., Ltd., Salisbury, N. C., U. S. A.

Snap Back with **STANBACK!**

at drug stores
10¢ & 25¢



MILLIONS
USED
YEARLY!

Follow package directions. For frequent headaches, see a doctor.



Get a Fram Now! Guaranteed to Cut Oil bills—Repair bills, too!

Your new summer oil need never get dirty—not since the invention of the FRAM. More than that—a FRAM ends costly engine trouble caused by dirty oil. It keeps the inside of the engine clean, preventing the accumulation of sludge which dirties up new oil almost as soon as you put it in.

Here's the reason. A FRAM is more than an oil filter. It does more than strain out dirt, carbon, abrasives and sludge. Because of the patented chemical treatment of its filtering element, it impedes the formation of harmful acids and other corrosive chemicals which develop in even the best

oil in normal motor operation. A FRAM keeps oil chemically clean, physically clean, visibly clean.

Read FRAM's guarantee. Remember that a FRAM actually costs you nothing; oil savings more than pay for it. Then drive in where you see the authorized dealer sign pictured at the lower right. Drive out with a FRAM—and with the need for frequent and costly oil changes behind you forever.

Only \$7.50 for most popular cars: If you own a Ford, Mercury, Chevrolet, Chrysler, DeSoto, Dodge or Plymouth, there's a special FRAM of Adequate capacity designed for these cars, complete with Fullflex lines and welded brackets, for only \$7.50. Adequate capacity means lower ultimate cost. It means that a FRAM will clean oil cleaner, faster and longer than smaller, lower-priced units. Ask your dealer.

FRAM CORPORATION, PROVIDENCE, R. I.
(Formerly Fleming Mfg. Co.)

Factories: E. Providence, R. I., and Ann Arbor, Mich.
Canadian Distributors: J. C. Adams Co., Ltd., Toronto
England: Simmonds Aeroaccessories Ltd., London
France: Etablissements A. Guiot, Paris

Ask about the new Fram Product

FRAM CRANK CASE HYDRO-VENT

USING DONALDSON VALVE

1. Keeps water out of the oil;
2. Improves filter performance;
3. Keeps engine (not exhaust) fumes out of the car.

THE DIP-STICK TELLS THE STORY

The patented Fram Dip-Stick puts an end to guesswork about the condition of your oil. When you can't read the word "CLEAN" through the film of oil on the stick, it's time to change your oil, install a FRAM and get rid of the need for frequent oil changes; or, if your car is FRAM equipped; it's time to change your cartridge.



FRAM

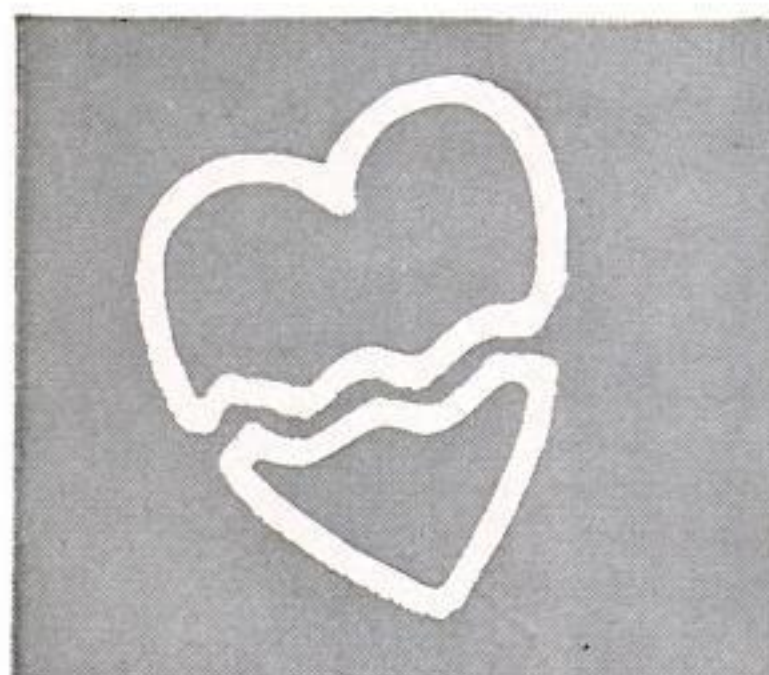
Oil and Motor Cleaner
KEEPS OIL CHEMICALLY
PHYSICALLY
& VISIBLY **CLEAN**

SPEAKING OF PICTURES . . .

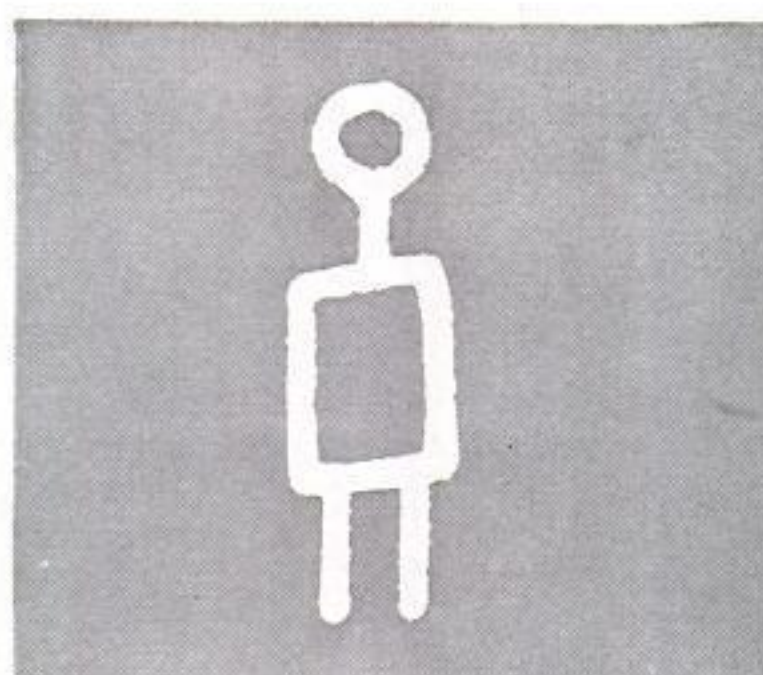
. . . CATTLE BRANDING IS HERALDRY OF WEST

Cattle branding is the solution to the problem that, even to cowboys, all cattle look pretty much alike. Its fanciful system of "pyroglyphics" is part of the lore of 400 years of open-range ranching in the American West. Cattlemen have varied from prosaic initials to romantic hearts entwined, and created a technique and special brand language, recently gathered into a book entitled *Hot Irons: Heraldry of the Range* (Macmillan, \$2.50). In it the authors, Oren Arnold and John P. Hale, have collected many exotic and famous brands like those reproduced below, explain that hot-iron branding is not so painful as it looks because a cow's nervous system is not so responsive as man's.

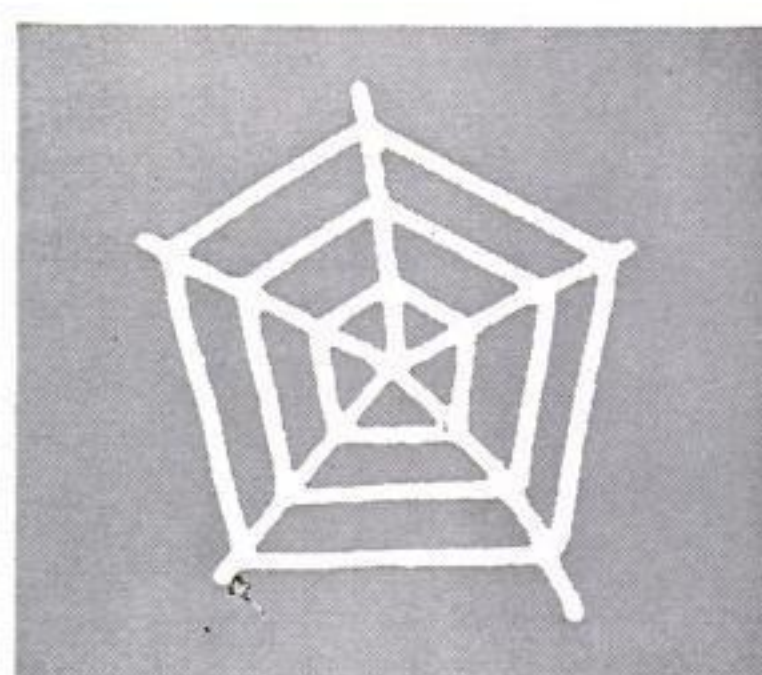
Usual time for branding is the roundup when owners separate their cattle, cutting out new calves for the iron, generally stamped on the left hip. Frequently ranchers vaccinate, dehorn, castrate, brand and earmark their cattle all at one throw. The distinctive earmarks are cut with a pocket or bowie knife and, with



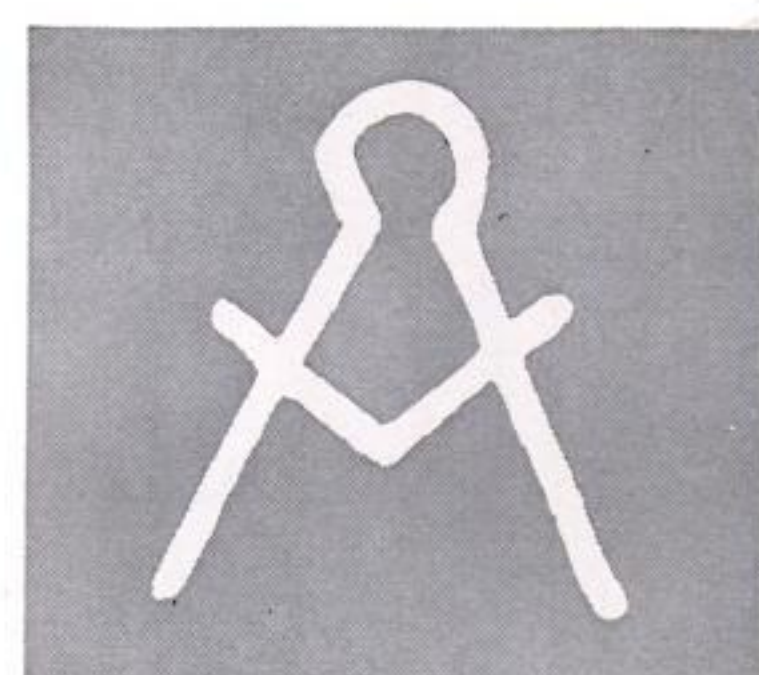
Broken Heart brand is most poignant of many variations on a sentimental Western theme.



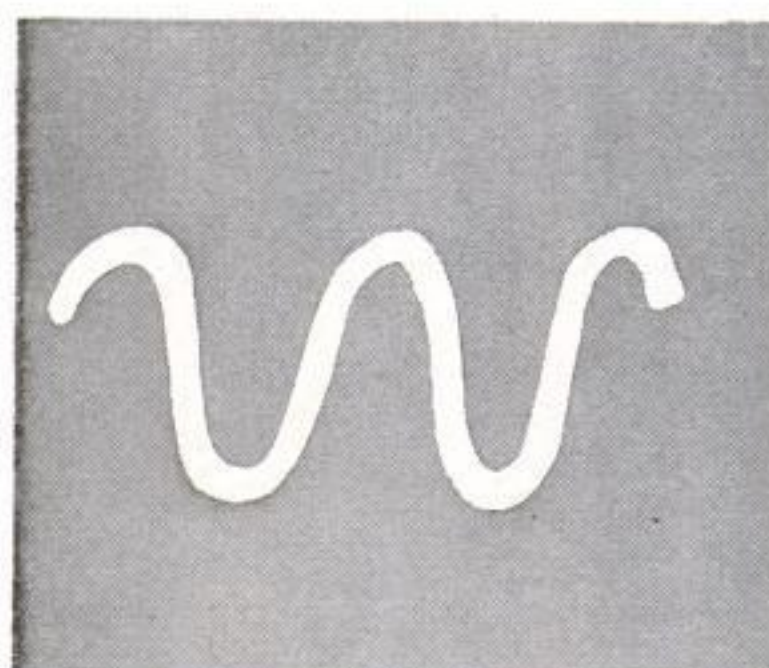
Dollbaby brand is part of famous range legend and illustrates how marks tell picture stories.



Spider Web brand, most elaborate known, distinguished cattle for ranch owner named Webb.



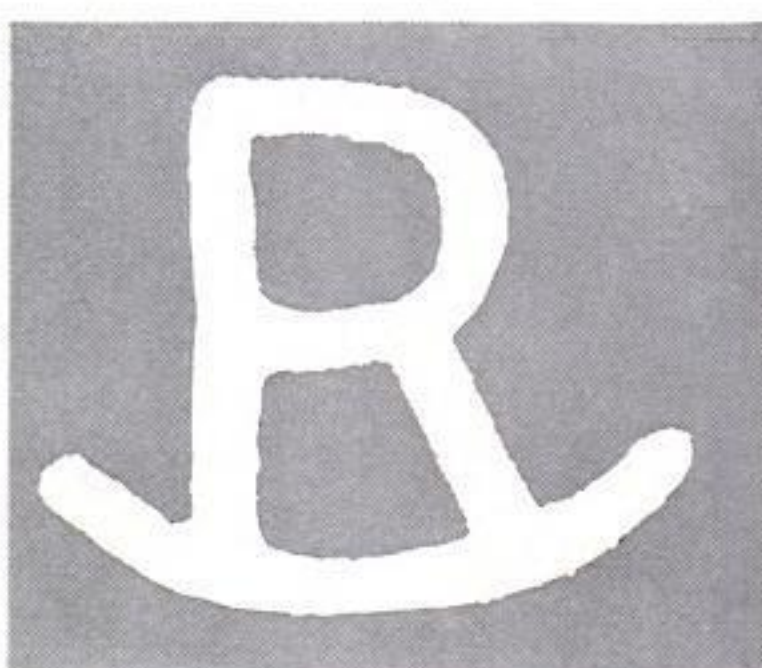
Square and Compass, Masonic emblem, was devised by Masons Poindexter & Orr.



Running W brand, which Mexicans call "Little Snake," belongs to King Ranch, largest in U. S.



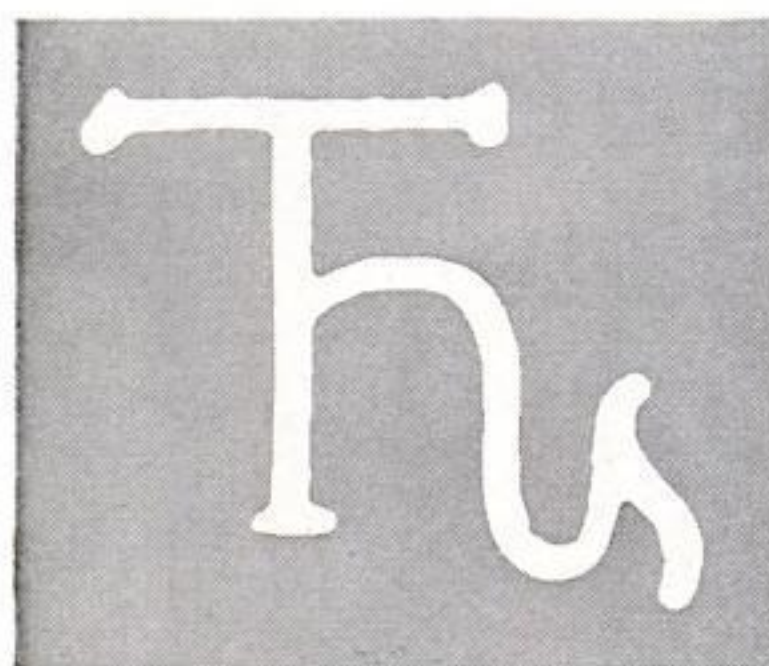
L in a House brand was cute idea of rancher whose hands soon dubbed it "Hell in a House."



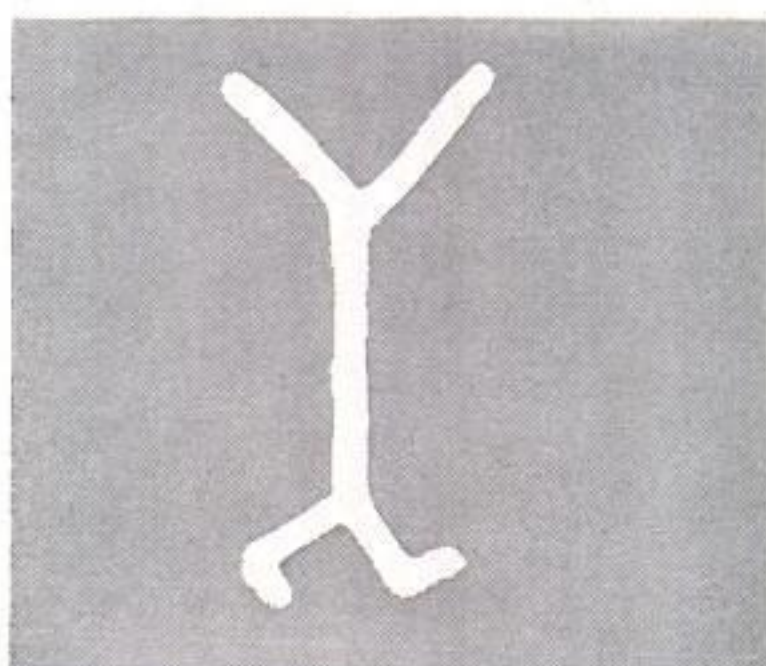
Rocking R brand combines letter with a quarter circle. Slight changes make this into . . .



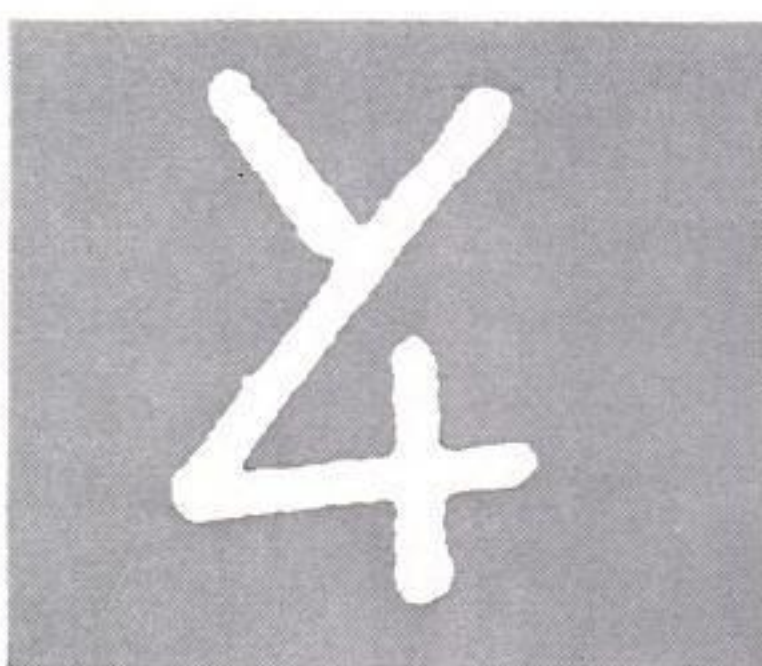
Rocking Chair brand. If circle were placed on top, result would be "Swinging Chair."



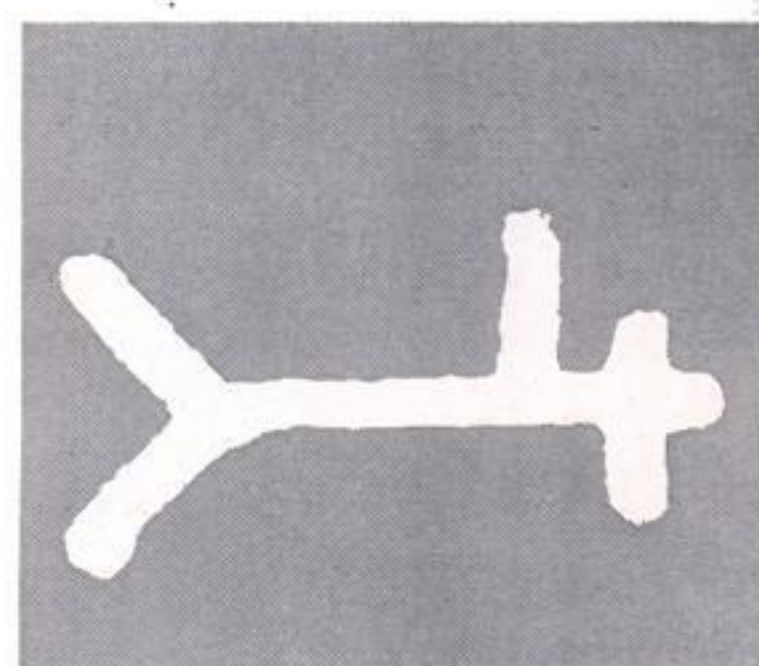
Famous Mexican brand of Don Luis Terrazas was on history's greatest herd, 400,000 cattle.



Walking Y brand is example of how originality and distinction can be added with legs and feet.



Y 4 Connected demonstrates another method of building up a brand name. Variations include:



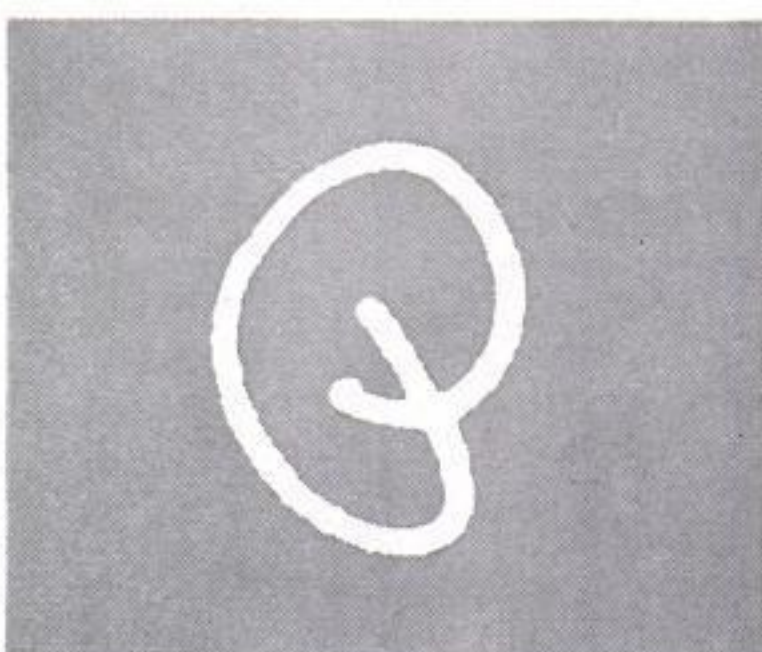
Lazy Y 4 brand, which merely tips over initial. Halfway over would be "Tilting Y."



Dollar Mark brand in various forms occurs more than most others. One user was T. E. Money.



Chamber 2 Corn Cobs brand demonstrates the rancher's urge to combine humor with utility.



Don Miguel Concho Ascarate de la Valenzuela y Peralta made up this brand from last initial.



Sons were born to Don Miguel. He added initials of Carlos, Luis, José and Mario.

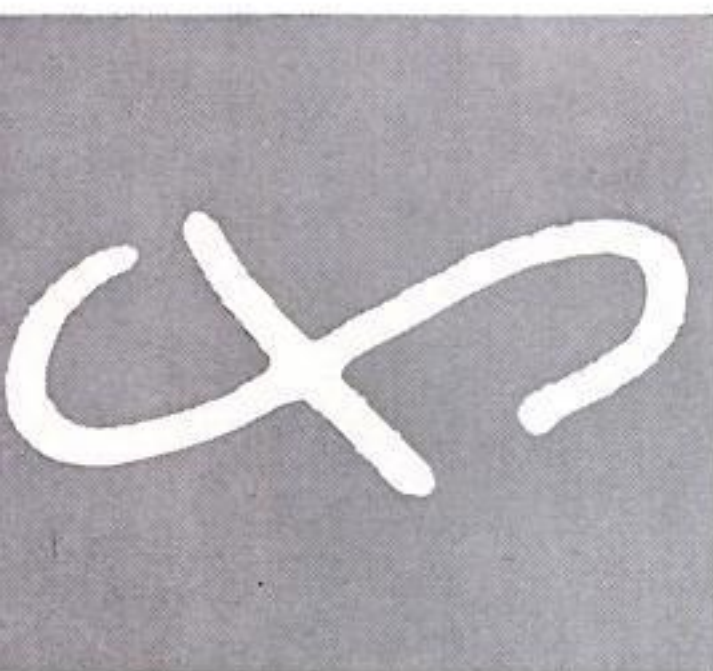
brands, are registered like copyrights and trademarks. Cowography's cryptic symbols tell strange stories of the West, like that of a widely roaming Flying Dutchman steer with its flank branded "M U R D E R," whose every appearance brought death to the scene. When a Texas minister went into the cattle business, he astonished his neighbors by branding his stock with the number 3. "The finest symbol I could possibly choose," he said. "It stands for the Holy Trinity." There was Burk Burnett, who won both stake and ranch in a Texas poker game. Thereupon he branded his cattle with the famous winning hand: "6666." Branding extends to horses, sheep, mules, even dogs, cats, ducks, grasshoppers and bees, although not all of them can be done with fire. Finally, there was the case of Mrs. Carlos Gil Gonzales of New Mexico, once hospitalized for appendicitis, who told appalled nurses she saw nothing unusual in the mark on her abdomen: "Carlos, he brand me," she remarked. "He brand everytheeng."



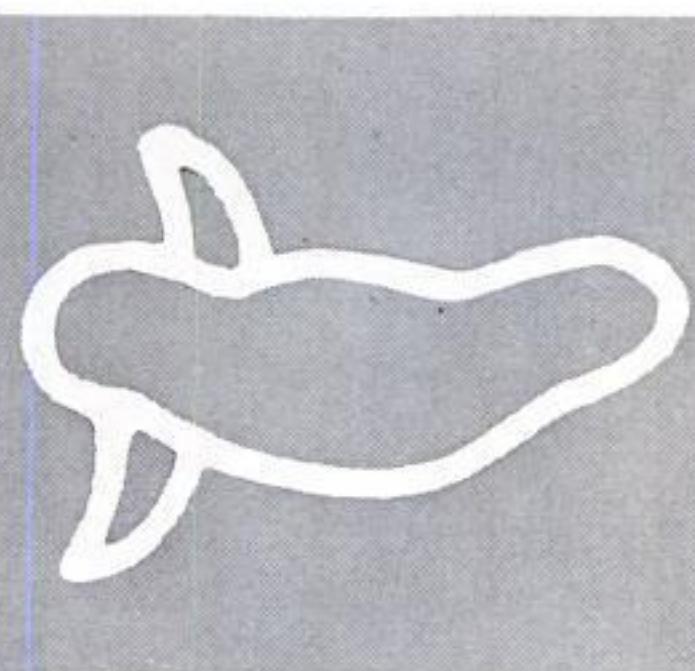
Keyhole brand is easy but original. Simplicity saves in buying branding irons.



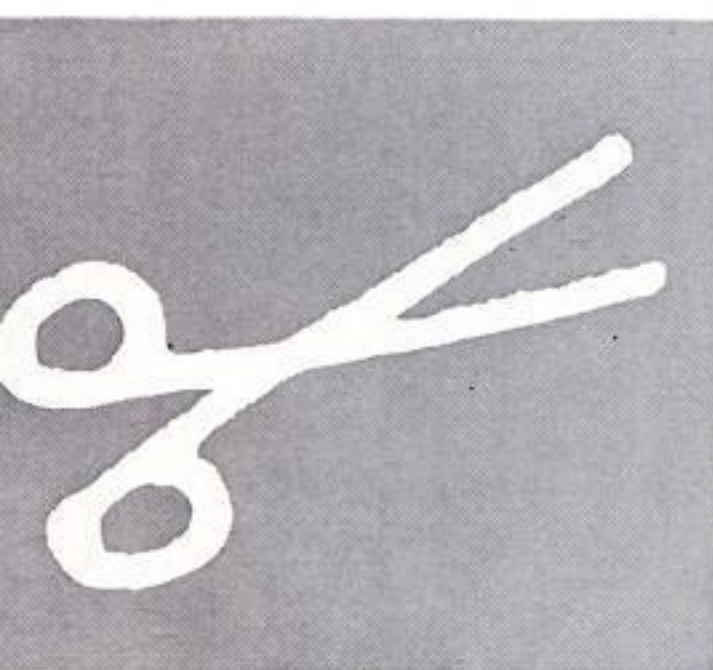
Sunrise brand is a bid for good luck, complicated enough to make changes hard for rustlers.



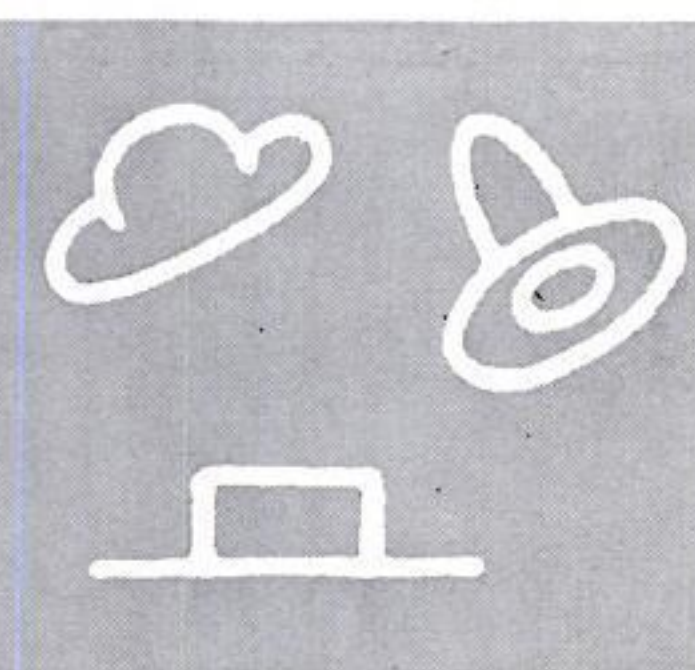
Slashed Lazy S is a good colorful brand. Slash, when horizontal, is called a "rail."



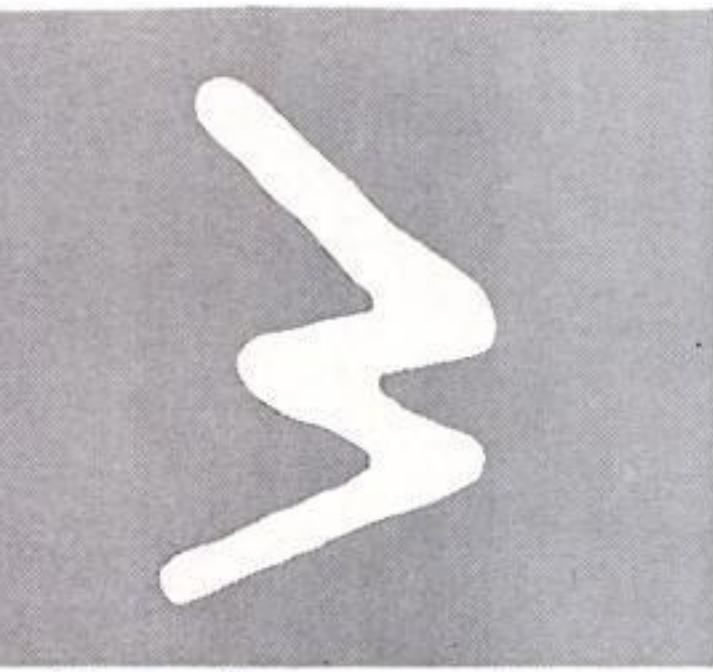
Cloudy Moon brand paints an unusual picture with great ease and satisfies artistic cravings.



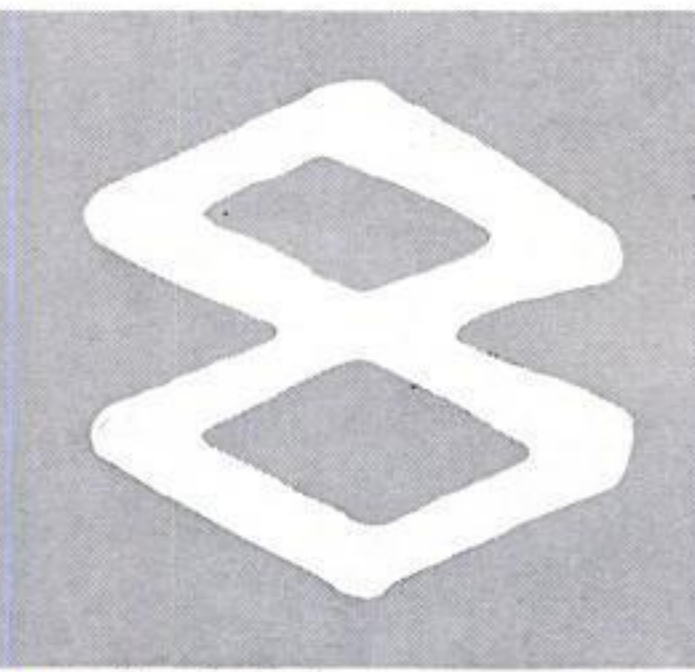
Scissors brand is simple. Cowhands carry brands in their heads like phone numbers.



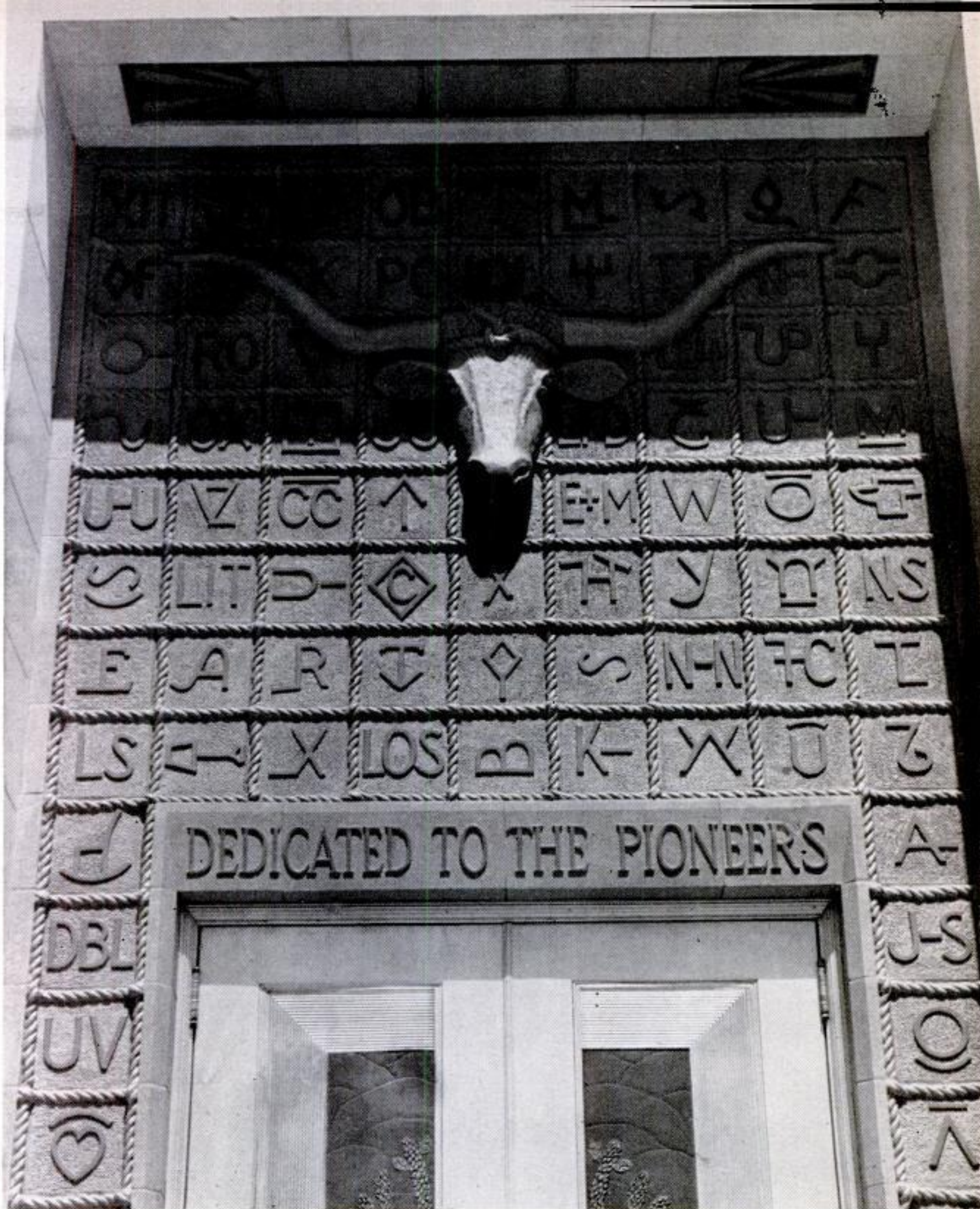
Hat brand was good idea until everybody used it. Ranchers then differentiated between hats.



Before rustlers came, brand was "Lazy M." Then arrived the range's rewrite men.



After rustlers finished art work, brand became "Twin Diamonds." Well-known penalty: noose.



Famous Texas brands decorate entrance to Panhandle Plains Museum, in Canyon, Tex. But while days of the open range and romantic Wild West are passing, rustlers now use trucks and brands are more important than ever. Below: Montana cowhands brand calf at the Three Circle Roundup.



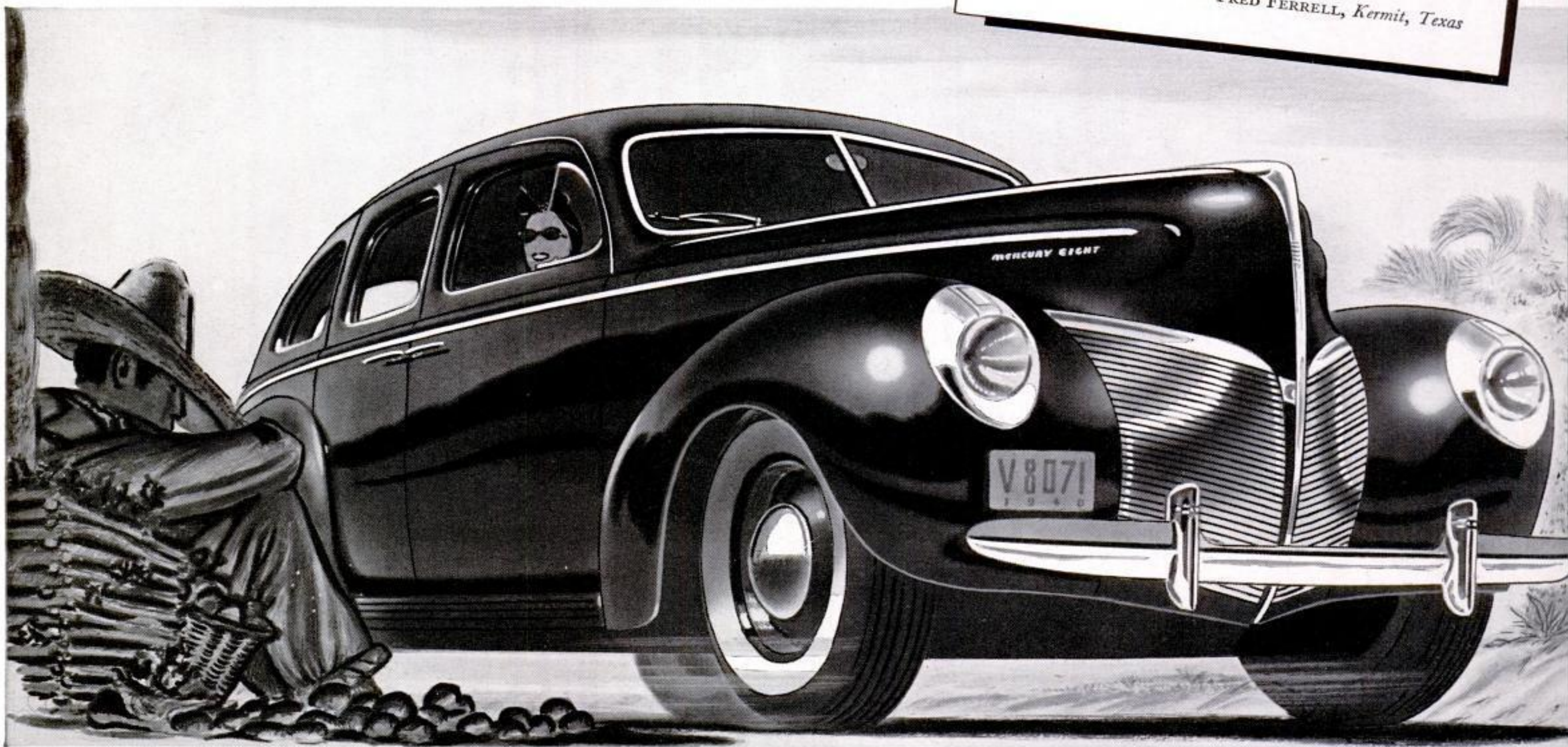
How these Mercury owners get around!

You won't be the first to feel the wanderlust when a big, eager Mercury 8 belongs to you. This is the car that's made travel a first-class temptation. And Mercury owners give in happily—you'll meet them criss-crossing the continent, from Mexico City to Montreal—and bursting to tell the good news about this great new kind of car. Take a look at these travel notes from the Mercury's fan-mail:

5900 MILES OF THE WEST!

"Texas to Los Angeles to Seattle and back through Denver was our vacation in my Mercury 8. 5905 miles in 18 days, with five people and 400 lbs. of luggage! We crossed mountain passes and deserts and traveled at 75-80 miles an hour for long stretches. Our gasoline average was 20 miles per gallon. We never spent a penny on repairs, nor added water or oil except at 2000-mile changes. I have never driven a car of any price that would take you over the road as quickly, easily and safely as the Mercury."

—FRED FERRELL, Kermit, Texas



20 STATES AND CANADA!

"Our trip covered 8000 miles in twenty states and Canada. One-third of this was mountain driving. We crossed the desert at 110°, but the Mercury never boiled. Our straight driving miles per gallon of gas for the trip! Going 'the Mercury Way' added more pleasures to the trip than I have ever experienced in any other car. The Mercury performed perfectly and handled with such ease that we did not tire."

—GEORGE E. WEDEKIND, Zion, Ill.

WOMEN WITHOUT MEN!

"Batavia to Key West and return in twelve days is my Mercury record. We saw all points of interest we wanted, did both coasts of Florida and crossed the state several times. We had no men with us (didn't think we'd need 'em with a new Mercury). I did every inch of the driving myself—no one was ever tired—and we got 19.2 miles per gallon of gas!"

"Do I like my new Mercury? What do you think?"

—MRS. AIMEE EVEREST BAKER, Batavia, N. Y.

SOUTH OF THE BORDER!

"We had 500 miles on our new Mercury when we started a three-week trip to Mexico. After the speedometer reached 1000 miles, we cruised consistently at 70 miles an hour or higher. Our gas mileage was just short of 17 miles per gallon—including poor-grade gas for part of the trip. The car required absolutely no oil. I was very pleased with the car's comfort and roadability, especially on the return trip, when we did 2245 miles in 5 days!"

—HOWARD F. HAINES, Columbus, Ohio

How about a Mercury 8 for *your* vacation? A big, powerful car that's child's play to handle—you can drive it for hours on end and not be tired, thanks to extraordinary riding comfort and a quiet, smooth-gaited way of cruising. An unusually roomy car—wide body lines give you room to stretch and shift. And an efficient V-8 engine so perfectly balanced with the car's weight that gas mileage is almost unbelievable. Ask a dealer to lend you a Mercury 8 for an hour—and see if it doesn't put ideas into your head!



Visit the new Ford Expositions at the two Fairs, New York and San Francisco, 1940

Mercury 8

BUILT BY THE FORD MOTOR COMPANY, DISTRIBUTED BY MERCURY, LINCOLN-ZEPHYR AND FORD DEALERS

SPEAKING OF PICTURES

(continued)



Throwing calf is the first step, difficult because calf suffers more terror of anticipation than pain. Here two men perform the job but cowboys on range do it alone.



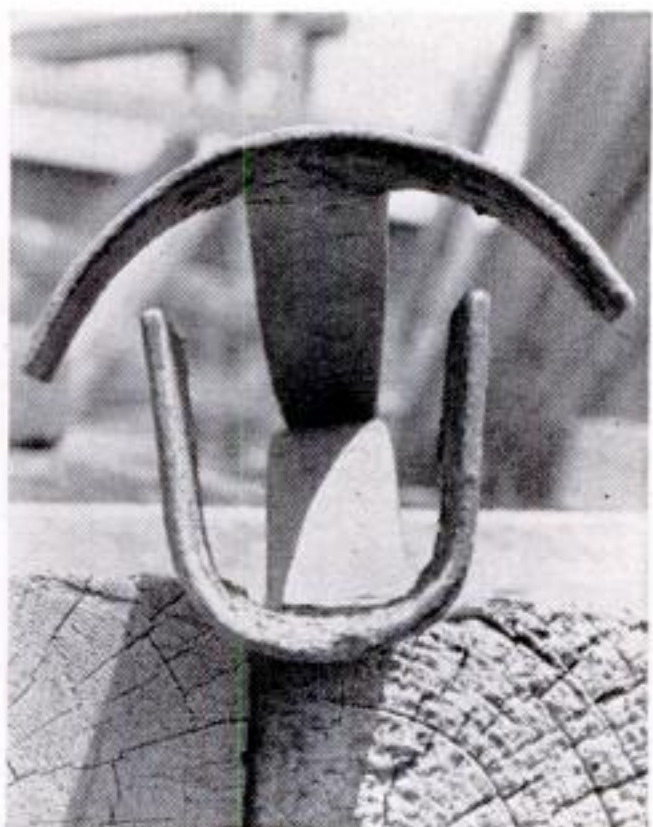
Red-hot running iron, used freehanded unlike the stamping iron, slips easily along, burning hair and scorching surface of hide. Deep burning is cruel and unnecessary.



The finished brand can be rubbed with linseed or other cooling oil. The scar will subsequently peel and leave a permanent mark. Nose-branding is quite unusual.



Quarter Circle U brand has just been stamped on this calf with iron at right.



The iron is rubbed clean in dirt. "Humane" chemical branding is little used.

How I learned Zambini's neatest trick

1. Zambini, the famous magician, was plain Harry Carpenter when we were roommates in college. Even then, he made my neckties disappear. The other night, we had supper after his show. Everything was lovely until coffee was served.



Copyright, 1940, General Foods Corp.



2. "Take it away!" I snapped. "Don't you like it?" Zambini asked. "I love it," I explained, "but the caffeine keeps me awake." He grinned. "Watch The Great Zambini! Presto—the caffeine is out! Drink it and sleep!"



3. I drank two cups of the finest coffee I ever had—but I slept like a baby that night! I don't believe in magic—but the next day I told him: "Professional ethics or not, show me that coffee trick—or else!"



4. Zambini chuckled. "You force me to give away a good trick. That was Sanka Coffee—real coffee, but 97% of the caffeine has been removed. Compared to that, making an elephant disappear is child's play!"



5. "I like Sanka because of its flavor," he said. "But the Council on Foods of the American Medical Association says: 'Sanka Coffee is free from caffeine effect, and can be used when other coffee has been forbidden.'"



6. It was deep gratitude made me send him an electric stove, a coffee-maker, and some Sanka for his dressing room. I plan to pay him more visits, too. Maybe I can find out something else as wonderful as that Sanka business—but I doubt it!



SANKA COFFEE

REAL COFFEE...97% CAFFEIN-FREE...DRINK IT AND SLEEP

Sanka comes in "regular" as well as the popular, new "drip" grind so you can have just the right grind for your favorite method.

TUNE IN "WE, THE PEOPLE"...laughs, pathos, thrills, drama, as real people tell true experiences!—Tuesday evening—Columbia network—see your local paper for time and station.

NOW SELLING AT THE LOWEST PRICE IN HISTORY!



Little Betty Brower, of Mamaroneck, N. Y., is a shining example of what science has done to conserve our children's hearing. Two years ago, after a case of the mumps, it looked as if Betty was doomed to a life of silence. Her hearing was entirely gone, but under fine medical care, enough of her hearing was saved to permit her to use a Sonotone.

Betty's progress in school hasn't suffered a bit. She stands third in her class, the first year Junior High, and she's "quick on the trigger" whether she's in the classroom or playing Chinese Checkers with her little brother, Walter.



Thanks to her Sonotone, Betty's life is no different from that of other girls of her age. She rides her "bike", roller-skates, goes to the movies, plays ball and marbles and out-door games with the boys and girls.



Betty's home life is normal. And watching her helping her mother around the house, you'd never dream her hearing is sub-normal, for her Sonotone is completely hidden under her curls.

"LISTEN, MY CHILDREN, AND YOU SHALL HEAR—"



BETTY BROWER

In Mamaroneck, N. Y., lives a little girl named Betty Brower, who can thank her lucky stars she isn't 10 years older! If Betty was 22 instead of only 12, the chances are she wouldn't be living the happy, *natural* life she does. For in these past 10 years, science has made life over for America's hard of hearing children.

Back in the early 1920's physicians, educators, and public health authorities realized only too well that there were millions of children doomed to grow up deaf if they didn't get proper care.

But finding them was like hunting needles in a national haystack. For parents rarely noticed the gradual lapses in a youngster's hearing. And teachers too often mistook faulty hearing for inattention.

But when science developed the group audiometer that tested 40 children's hearing at one time, the picture changed. Now, the hard of

hearing children *could* be discovered . . . and proper remedial measures, including medical care, lip reading and hearing aids prescribed.

Then on the heels of the audiometer came Hugo Lieber's amazing Bone Conduction Oscillator . . . a *revolutionary* invention that launched the most extensive scientific research on hearing aids that has ever been done.

It opened the way for the new continuous-tone Audiometer . . . the Audioscope . . . and a series of brilliant scientific triumphs such as new air conduction designs, the variable pitch amplifier, the bifocal audicle, the ultra-new vacuum tube Sonotone that have brought the possibility of better hearing to 95% of America's deafened millions.

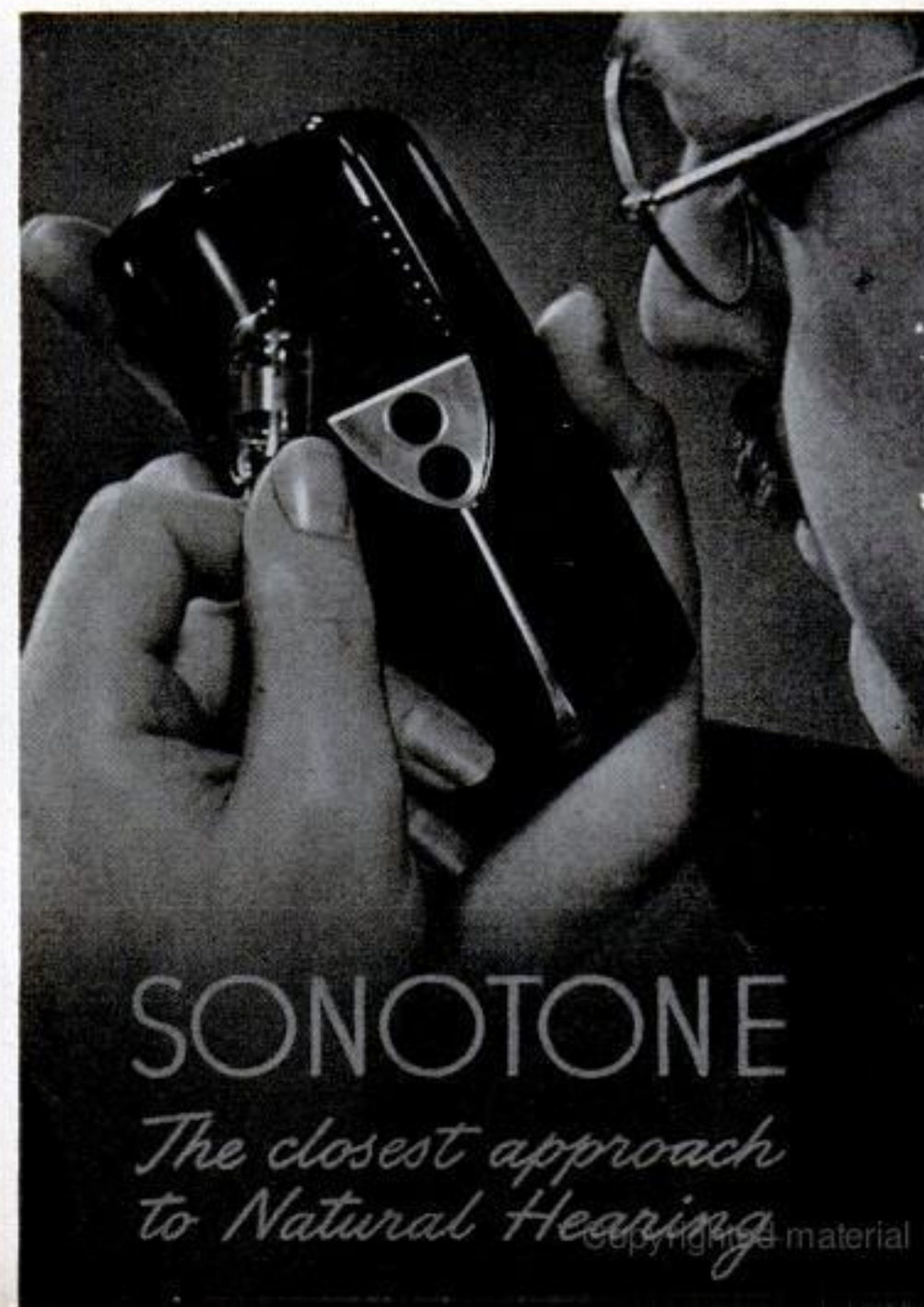
To-day, thanks to these eight years of unremitting research in the Sonotone laboratories, there is no need for hard of hearing children to grow up handicapped.

For science has made it possible for the Sonotone Consultants (who are listed in the telephone directories of 120 communities) not only to measure a child's hearing loss with scientific precision, but also to assemble and fit a Sonotone to the child's particular needs . . . *as if made to order!*

Sonotone Consultant E. E. Denning, White Plains, N. Y., goes to Betty's home to test her hearing periodically. The continuous-tone Audiometer, perfected in the Sonotone laboratories, gives him indications of any needed audicle adjustments.



One of the brilliant triumphs of the great research carried on at Elmsford, N. Y., is the new vacuum tube instrument in which Sonotone pioneered the application of the principle of radio to making hearing easier.



SONOTONE

The closest approach to Natural Hearing

Copyrighted material

HOT DAN THE MUSTARD MAN



**FOR SANDWICHES
WITH TASTE ALLURE
USE FRENCH'S MUSTARD
PLEASE!
THE SPICY FLAVOR'S
PERFECT WITH
TOMATOES, EGGS
AND CHEESE**

CREAMIER

You'll like its smooth, creamy texture. Blends wonderfully with salad dressings.

LIGHTER

Its bright golden color results from a blend of the finest mustard seed, spices, vinegar.

PURE

No artificial preservatives or adulterants are ever used in French's.



**MILLIONS PREFER IT
LARGEST SELLING PREPARED
MUSTARD IN U. S. A. TODAY**

LIFE'S PICTURES

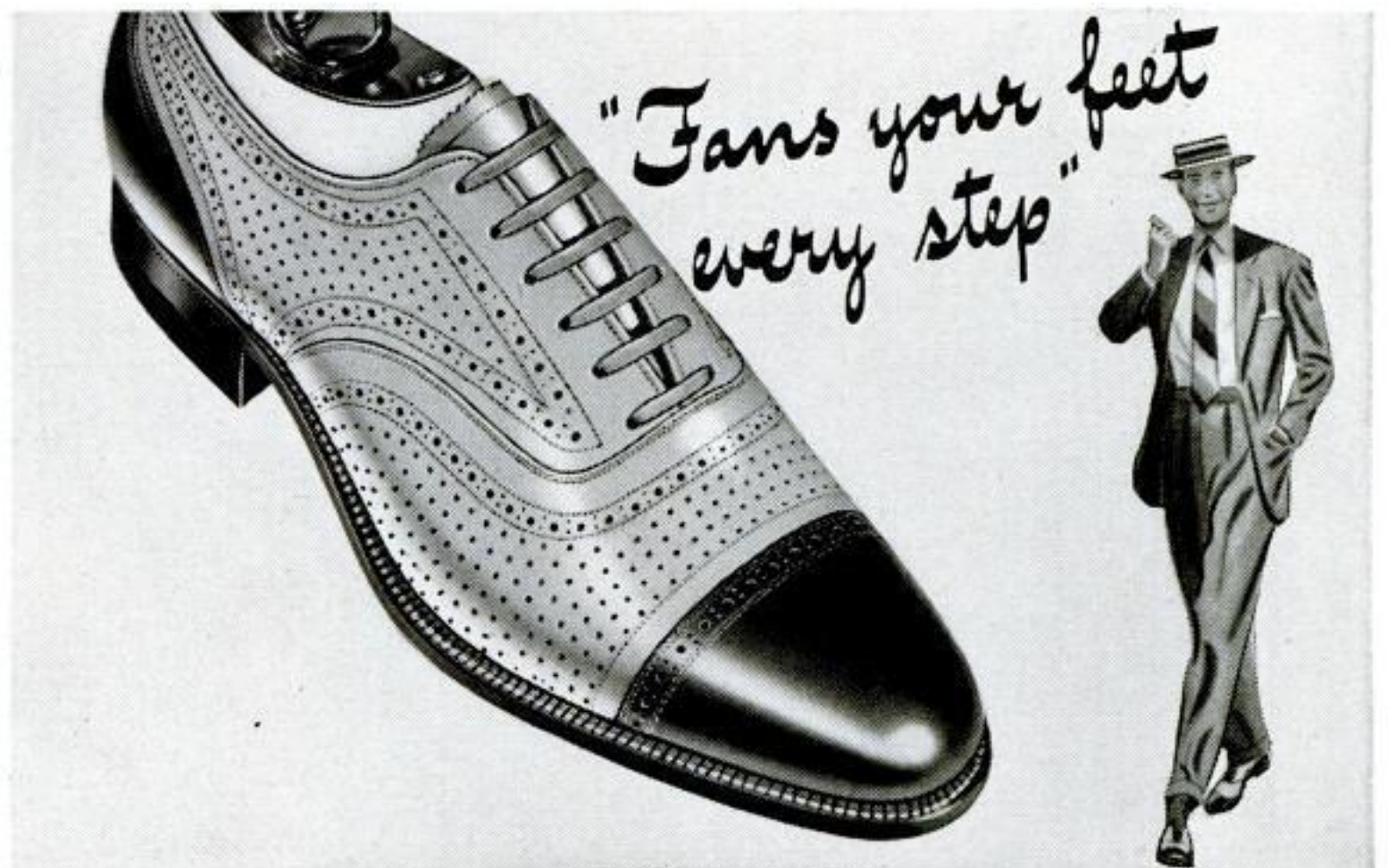
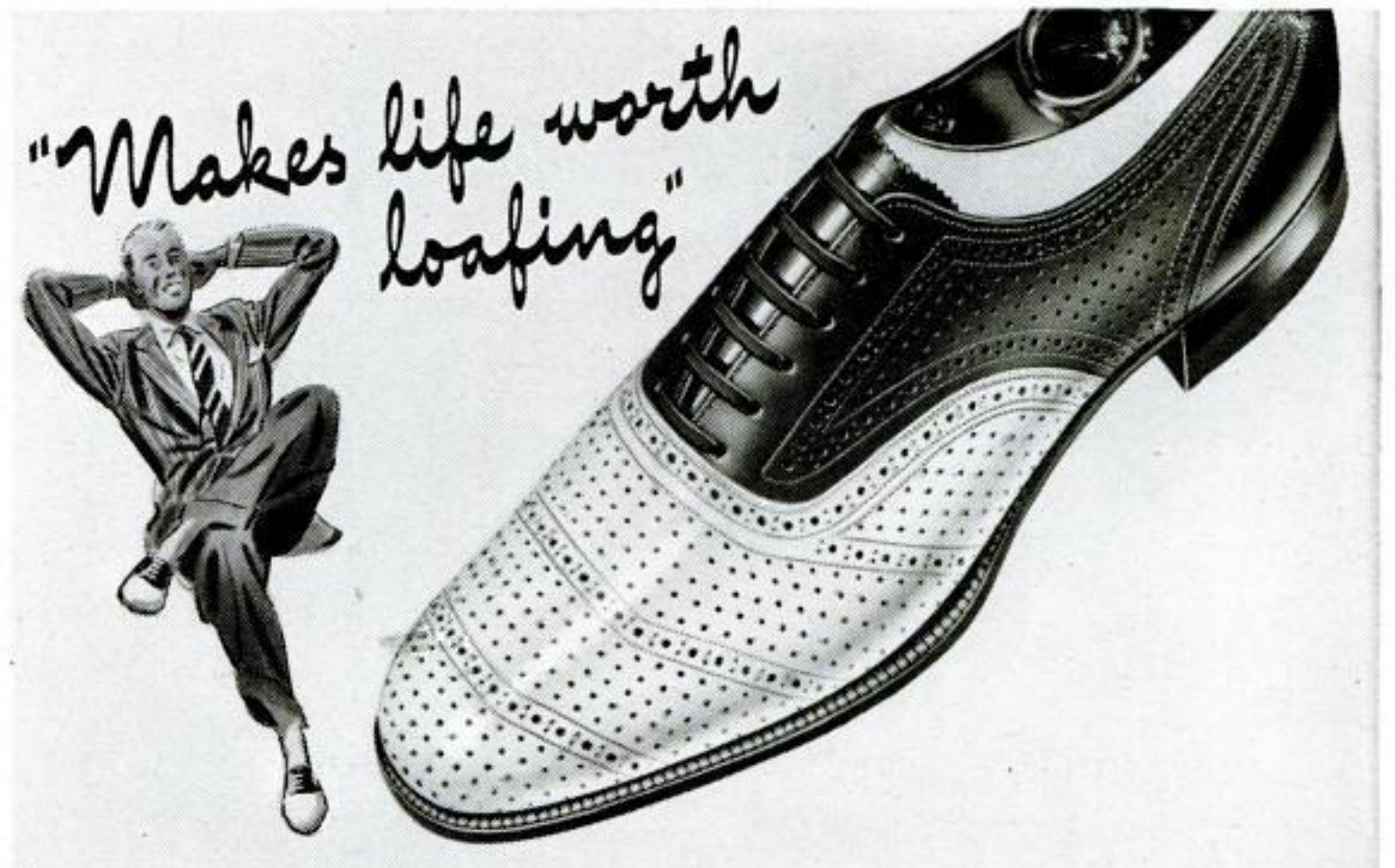
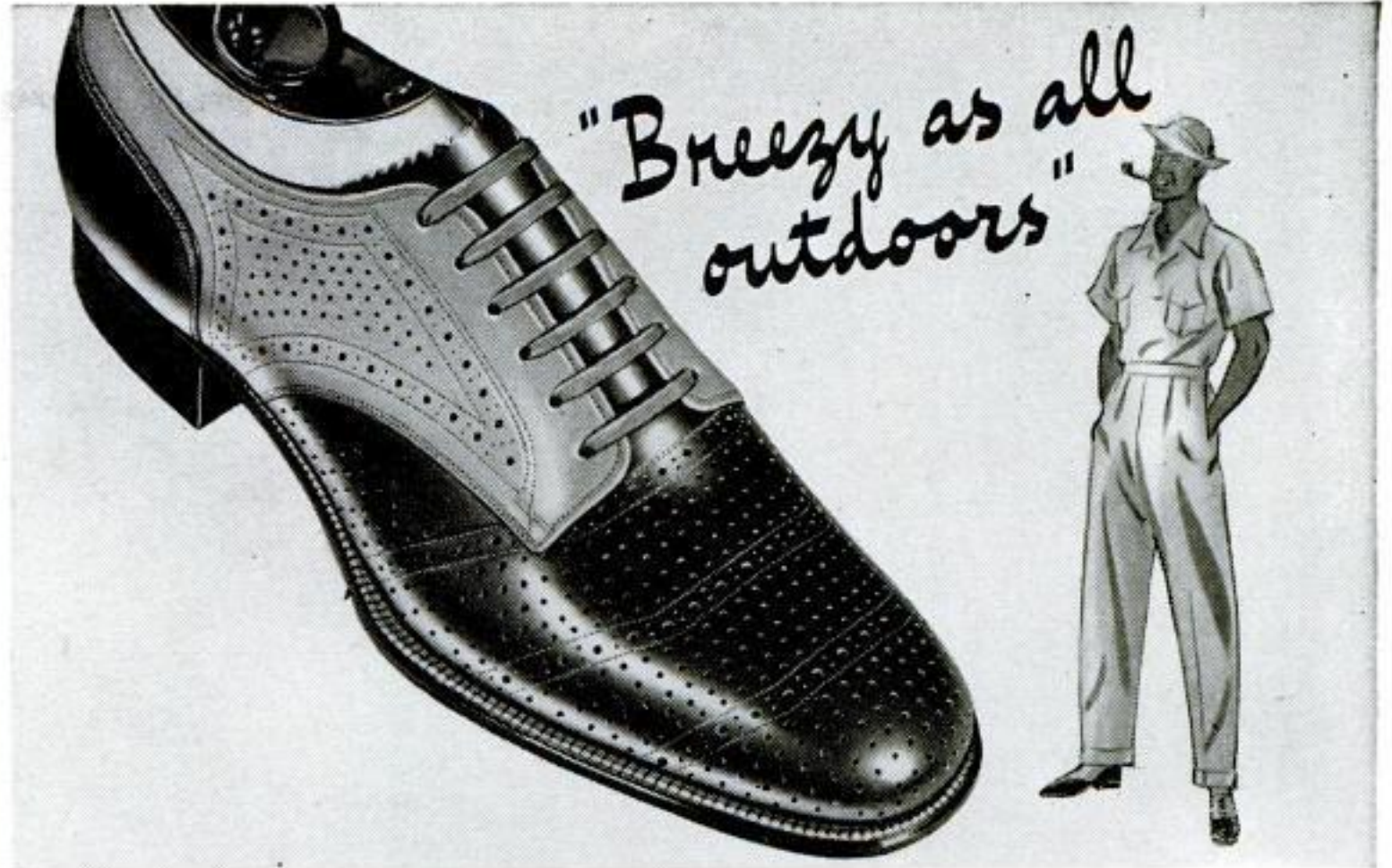


Surrounded by horse collars, chicken feed and cheap penny candy, Joe Clark, who took the pictures of LIFE's mountain funeral (pp. 104-109), gets a haircut from his friend, Dal Gulley. Joe was born a quarter mile from Dal's general store in Tennessee near the Cumberland Gap and his main ambition is to record the life and spirit of this mountain country. A columnist, poet, carpenter and night watchman, he took up photography two years ago when a friend lent him a camera. He loves to make complicated self-portraits, often clicking the shutter with his big toe.

The following list, page by page, shows the source from which each picture in this issue was gathered. Where a single page is indebted to several sources credit is recorded picture by picture (left to right, top to bottom), and line by line (lines separated by dashes) unless otherwise specified.

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17—From "HOT IRONS" by OREN ARNOLD and JOHN P. HALE, published by MACMILLAN
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87—T. U. CARL MYDANS, t. cen. WM. VANDIVERT—P. I., WM. VANDIVERT—WM. VANDIVERT
88—WM. VANDIVERT—NAVARRO from P. I. exc. inset t. U.
89—WM. VANDIVERT
90—Courtesy ALFRED A. KNOFF—map by FRANK STOCKMAN & TOBIAS MOSS, courtesy ALFRED A. KNOFF
92—NORWEGIAN TRAVEL INFORMATION OFFICE
94—ACME
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114—E. LEWIS KNOWLES—E. LEWIS KNOWLES
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115—CER. MARGARET BOURKE-WHITE
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Under your feet, sidewalks may sizzle. But you'll be cool in KOOLIES—Walk-Over's breezy gift to a sweltering world. Every step changes the air inside these shoes, forces out hot air, sucks in fresh.

And, being Walk-Overs, KOOLIES give you the extra ease of natural fit. Keep their

smart looks and comfort through months of hard wear. KOOLIES, in town colors, white or sport combinations at your Walk-Over dealer's today. Illustrated (top to bottom) RANCHO, CASINO, BROADWAY. Walk-Over prices \$7.50 to \$12.50 (higher west). Geo. E. Keith Company, Brockton, Mass.

WALK-OVER KOOLIES





Norah need never look for another job!

Dick's a dear — except at breakfast, but *what* an ordeal that was until Norah came! Third morning of her reign over my kitchen, I could scarcely believe my ears when he said, "That's what I mean by coffee — *real* coffee — and just get the fragrance — and the rich, full-bodied flavor! A miracle's happened!"

Soon as Dick left for the train, Norah got her life job. Day before she'd urged me to go round to the A&P and get one of their own brands of coffee that are sold in the bean and ground fresh only when you buy. I must admit I never before appreciated what fresh grinding does for coffee — why, it's a different drink, with magnificent flavor, and it's made Dick a different breakfast companion!

If you want a sure cure for a breakfast grouch — go today to *your* A&P Coffee Department — order Eight O'Clock, Red Circle or Bokar — see what a difference "Fresh Grinding" makes!

AT ALL A&P FOOD STORES



MAGNIFICENT FLAVOR—HOT OR ICED



Ground to order. A&P Coffee is ground fresh, precisely right for your coffee pot. For Regular Pot, *coarse*; for Percolator, *medium*; for Drip Pot, *fine*; for Vacuum Pot, *extra fine*.

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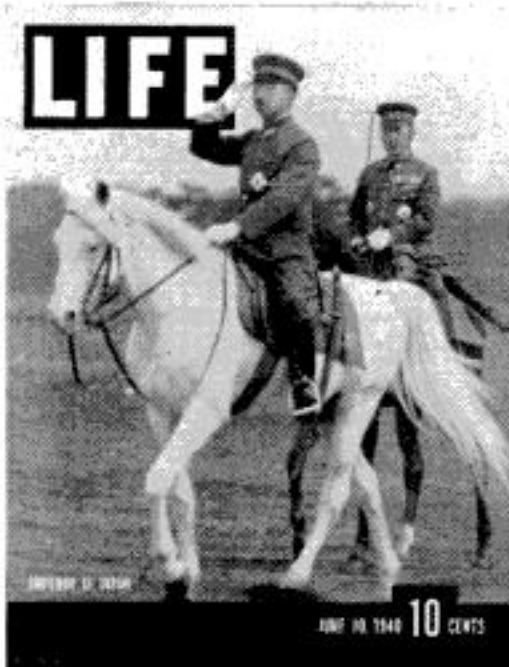
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LIFE'S COVER. Hirohito, the God-Emperor of Japan, whose Close-up begins on page 69, is here riding his favorite charger, White Snow, at the annual troop review. The Emperor's Army is mired deep in the endless Chinese war. But the Emperor's Navy is spoiling for a fight. Japan stands much in the same position to the U. S. as Italy has to France and England. It is a perpetual nuisance threat, likely to start trouble whenever we are deeply involved elsewhere. To parry any Japanese thrust in the South Pacific, our Navy is now at Hawaiian Islands.

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THE MOUNTAIN BOYS

by PAUL WEBB



WHY suffer those dull days due to constipation? Why bring on the need for emergency medicines? Isn't it better to get at the cause? If it's common constipation (due to lack of the right kind of "bulk" in the diet), a crisp crunchy cereal—KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN—will supply what you need. Eat it daily and drink plenty of water. Made by Kellogg's in Battle Creek.

Copyright, 1940, by Kellogg Company

**Join the "Regulars" with
KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN**

The Widow and the Flounder

1. What is this strange power I have over widows? Take the Widow Jones. Just to make conversation, I happen to mention how much I love flounder. And what does she do but invite me for supper . . . and dish up as sizzlin' an *ocean-fresh* flounder as I ever tasted since I left the sea!!!



2. Ocean-fresh, did I say! By Judas, you could almost see salt water still on it! "Where in tarnation did you get this wonderful fish?" I says . . . So she told me the wondrous story of Birds Eye Flounder Fillets.



3. Seems Birds Eye fishermen go out in the North Atlantic where the sweetest flounders swim. They take the freshest flounders in the load, and Quick-Freeze the meaty fillets only 4 hours after the boat makes port.

4. This Quick-Freezing miracle, she says, seals in all the ocean-flavor, and brings it a-glowin' in freshness to your dinner table . . . even if you live in Kansas, like us, a thousand miles from the ocean.



5. Now, I say to you . . . if you love flounder (and I'm sorry for you if you don't) . . . but if you love it and haven't yet tried Birds Eye, you've still got a lot to live for . . . especially when you figure out how cheap it is . . .



6. For the Widow says that Birds Eye Flounder Fillets come fuss-free—all washed and trimmed. She says it would take 4 lbs. of whole flounder to give you as much as you get from 1 lb. of Birds Eye. (P.S. She's been specializin' on *all* Birds Eye Foods lately, and says she'll serve them thirty-five times a week if a certain gentleman keeps calling. I wonder could she mean me!)

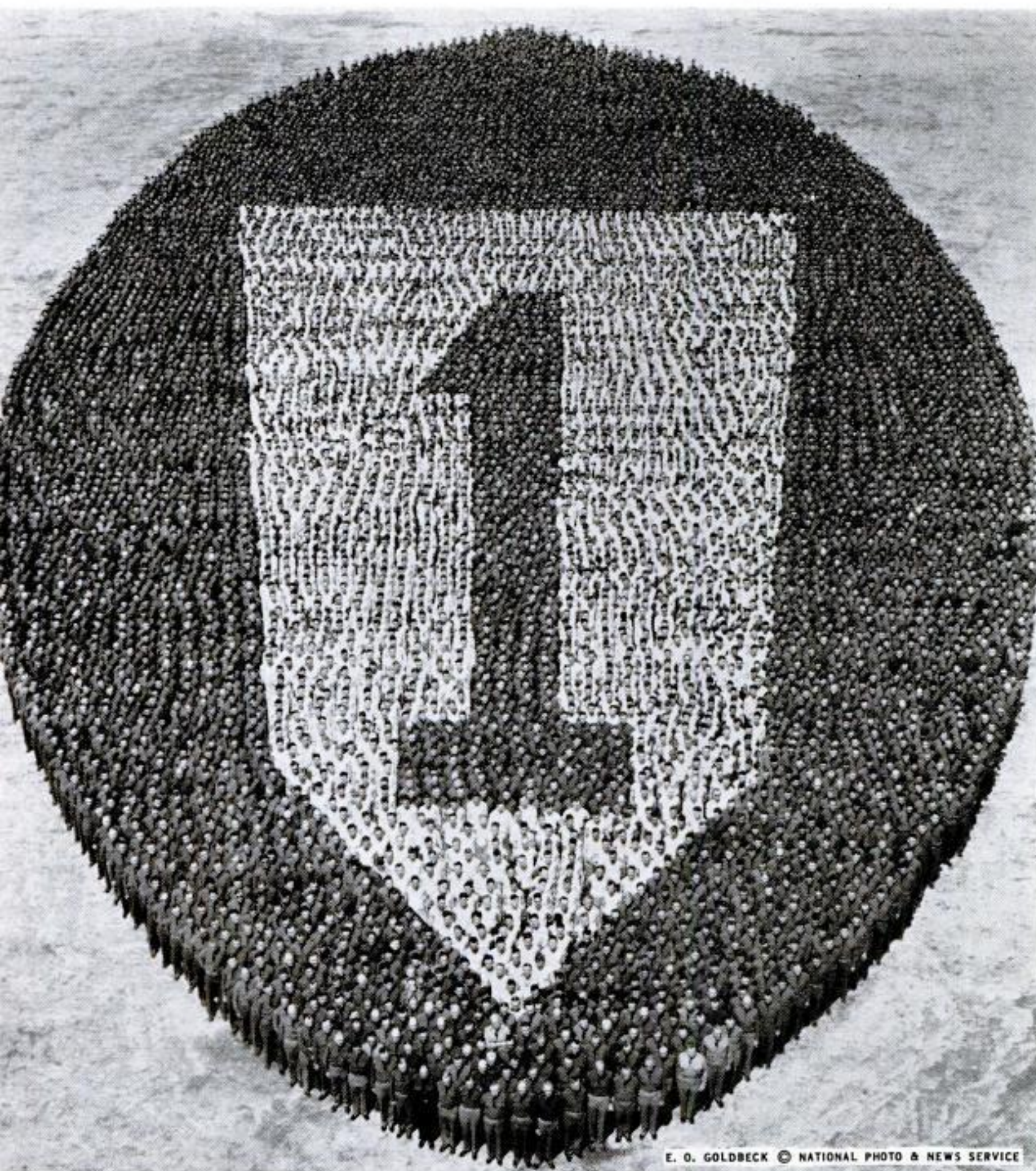


7. Where you can get these wonderful foods! . . . You may not always find a Birds Eye dealer right around the corner. For all stores do not yet have these marvelous foods. But it will be worth your while to look for one. Finding it, can bring you the food thrill of your life. Remember, Birds Eye is the pioneer in Quick-Frozen foods and *still* represents only the **TOP QUALITY**. Therefore be *sure* to look for the Birds Eye in the window, and the Birds Eye on the package.

Try these wonderful foods today!
Oysters—Yes, in June
Red Perch—sweet and delicious
Lobstermeat—for summer salads
Fancy-Fresh Bay Scallops
Salmon Steaks—center cuts
Baby Green Lima Beans
Peas and Carrots—garden-fresh
Real Country Style Fryers
Tender, Young Broilers
Chopped Steak—never ground!
And there are more than 50 others—all cleaned, trimmed, ready to cook or serve. Get a box today!
FARM-FRESH FOODS—IN PACKAGES
If you don't know where to buy Birds Eye Foods—or want more information about them, just write Frosted Foods Sales Corp., 250 Park Ave., New York, N.Y.

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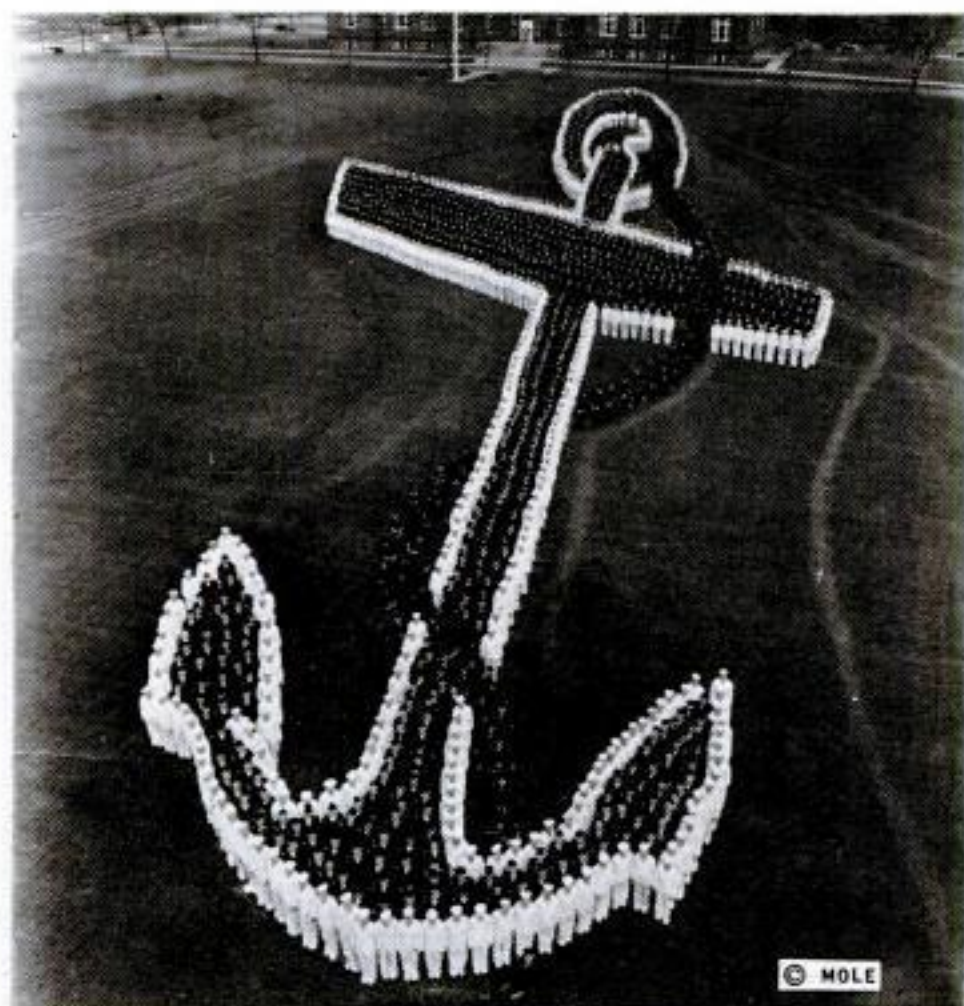
E. O. GOLDBECK © NATIONAL PHOTO & NEWS SERVICE



E. O. GOLDBECK © NATIONAL PHOTO & NEWS SERVICE

AT FORT BENNING, GA. AND CAMP JACKSON, S C., 7,800 MEN OF U. S. ARMY'S FIRST DIVISION (LEFT) AND 8,400 OF SIXTH DIVISION FORM LIVING INSIGNIA

AMERICANS FACE CHOICE BETWEEN DEMOCRACY AND DICTATORSHIP AT HOME



2,200 NAVY RECRUITS AT GREAT LAKES STATION, MAY 22

These recent group pictures of the U. S. Army and Navy can be looked at two ways. Pessimists may see them as discouraging symbols of U. S. military dawdling, persisting even in a world at war. Optimists may find in them heartening evidence of American calm and confidence in a time of universal jitters. Whatever they signify, they are rare mementos, unlikely to be soon duplicated. Last week the Army and Navy were buckling down in grim earnest to the business of getting ready for—anything.

Despite news-picture evidences of continuing U. S. civilian normality during a tragic week in human history (*see following pages*), there could be no doubt that the American people were in a grim mood for action, too. The German juggernaut rolling its terrible way across the fields of Flanders smashed more than the Allied troops and civilians in its path. Under its steel heel, long-held illusions of American security in isolation fell shattered. Its flame cracked and seared the hard cynicism which, after the last war, Americans built up against the proposition that men sometimes must and do fight for the ideals they live by.

Though many an adult citizen might be experiencing again the qualms he felt when he left home to make his own way in life, or when his father lay dying, or when his first child was born, maturity was being thrust upon the nation whether Americans welcomed it or not. Henceforward, America could count on no friendly shield or aid in making its own

way in a tough world. Beyond that lay the prospect of shouldering, as the last great democracy in the world, the headship of a family of smaller nations dedicated to resisting tyranny. Since the majority of Americans have always in their private lives measured up acceptably to the responsibilities of maturity, there is no reason to suppose that, as the necessity becomes clear, they will shirk or fumble such duties collectively.

America's present peril lies in no lack of strength, or of resources, or of courage. Its real danger lies in the chance that, to meet the totalitarian challenge, it may be forced to adopt totalitarian disciplines. Its great and unique good fortune is that Americans can still choose whether it will or not.

It is now clear that no nation, whatever its resources, can match German war strength—as America is setting out to do—unless its people match German sweat and sacrifice in turning those resources into arms and learning how to use them. Britons, perhaps too late, are now giving such sweat and sacrifice under government compulsion. Americans are offered the chance to give them of their own free will. If they accept the chance, if manufacturers, workers, politicians, taxpayers, prospective soldiers submerge their individual comforts and ambitions in a great national effort, America can be strong and Americans still be free. If they refuse, their sweat and sacrifice will—it is now certain—be conscripted, and America will have lost its fight for freedom before a shell is fired.

WHAT AMERICANS SAID AND DID AS NAZIS TRIUMPHED

In Steelton, Pa. as the German Army crunched toward the Channel, Persilla, the Monkey Girl, married Emmitt, the Alligator Boy. In Washington, Mrs. Roosevelt ate a 5¢ Relief meal with the "Daughters of the American Depression." Congress unveiled Howard Chandler Christy's huge painting of *The Signing of the Constitution* in the Capitol rotunda and passed a bill providing \$500 fine and six months' imprisonment for shooting a bald eagle. North Carolina chose a Rhododendron King. In New York City an indignant citizen wrote a letter to the *Times* protesting that low-flying passenger planes from LaGuardia Field threaten to spoil this summer's Stadium concerts.

But a more typical letter-to-the-editor during the battle of Flanders began: "Isolationism! The stupidest blunder, the cruelest cowardice to stain the bright epic of America!" Kansas Editor William Allen White organized a Committee to Defend America by Aiding the Allies. Harvard's President Conant took the radio to declare: "I believe the United States should take every action possible to insure the defeat of Hitler." The Gary, Ind. *Post-Tribune* urged an immediate declaration of war.

President Thornwell Jacobs of Atlanta's Oglethorpe University, sealing up a Crypt of Civilization "for 6,000 years," addressed himself thus to its prospective openers: "The world is now engaged in burying our civilization forever and forever, and here in this crypt we leave it to you." The graduating class of Horace Mann High School for Girls in New York City was told by its baccalaureate speaker: "You must remember you were born at a fortunate time. You can always remember the world as it was before 1940."

Poet Archibald MacLeish, Librarian of Congress, suggested that war-debunking writers of his own generation had disillusioned current American youth not merely with war but with the ideals that World War soldiers believed they were fighting for. But college boys were once again closing their books to go off and drive ambulances in France.

Humorist H. I. Phillips unsmilingly wrote in his New York *Sun* column that what America needs is "a decision to give the hotfoot to sophistication, the rabbit punch to smart aleckism and the bum's rush to the belittlers of idealism, religion and patriotism."

Citizens of Pekin, Ill. mobbed ten Communist pamphlet distributors. A German-American clubhouse near St. Louis was burned to the ground. The House voted to bar aliens, Reds and Nazis from WPA rolls, the Civil Service Commission to bar Reds and Nazis from future Government jobs. Georgia's Governor Rivers ordered aliens to report for fingerprinting. FBI offices were jammed with tipsters on spies, saboteurs, Fifth Columnists. The National Legion of Mothers of America began arming to pot parachutists.

A strike of 6,000 C. I. O. workers at the Federal Shipbuilding yards in Kearny, N. J., halting construction of four Navy warships, drew angry protests in Congress and a burst from Secretary of the Navy Edison: "We cannot afford to have trouble of this sort in these times."

President Roosevelt warned that the war may soon spread around the world, called for still another billion for defense, summoned a Council of National Defense, asked the right to mobilize the National Guard.

After the last war, chalking up mistakes that brought his country defeat, Count von Bernstorff wrote: "The juxtaposition in the American people's character of Pacifism and an impulsive lust of war should have been known to us, if more sedulous attention had been paid in Germany to American conditions and characteristics."



UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA GRADUATES RECORD CLASS



PRESIDENT MEETS NATIONAL DEFENSE COUNCIL



CONGRESS UNVEILS CHRISTY'S CONSTITUTION PAINTING



U. S. ARMY PRACTICES BLITZKRIEG IN LOUISIANA



FIVE-CENT RELIEF MEAL EATEN BY MRS. ROOSEVELT



GEORGIA BEGINS FINGERPRINTING ITS ALIENS



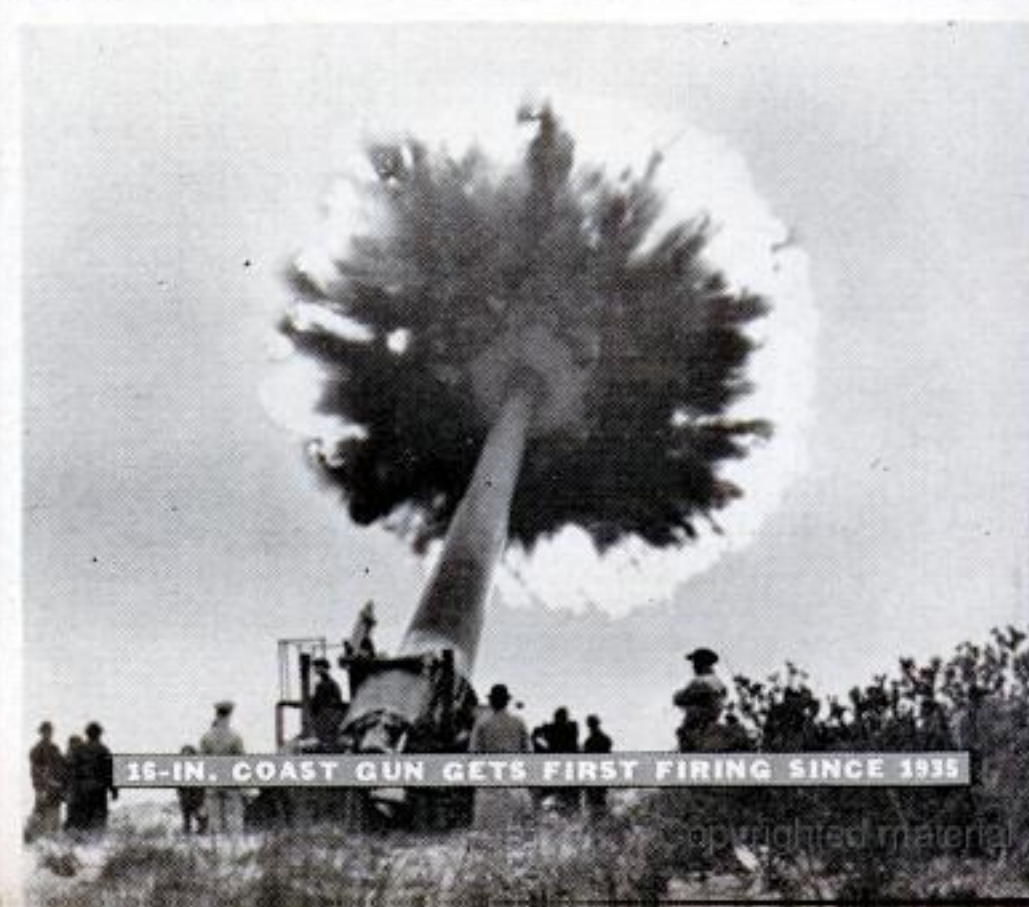
LEGION OF MOTHERS ARMS AGAINST PARACHUTE TROOPS



HOOSIERS GIVE BOX SUPPER FOR WENDELL WILLKIE



"I'M FOR THE ALLIES," SAYS DEWEY IN DALLAS



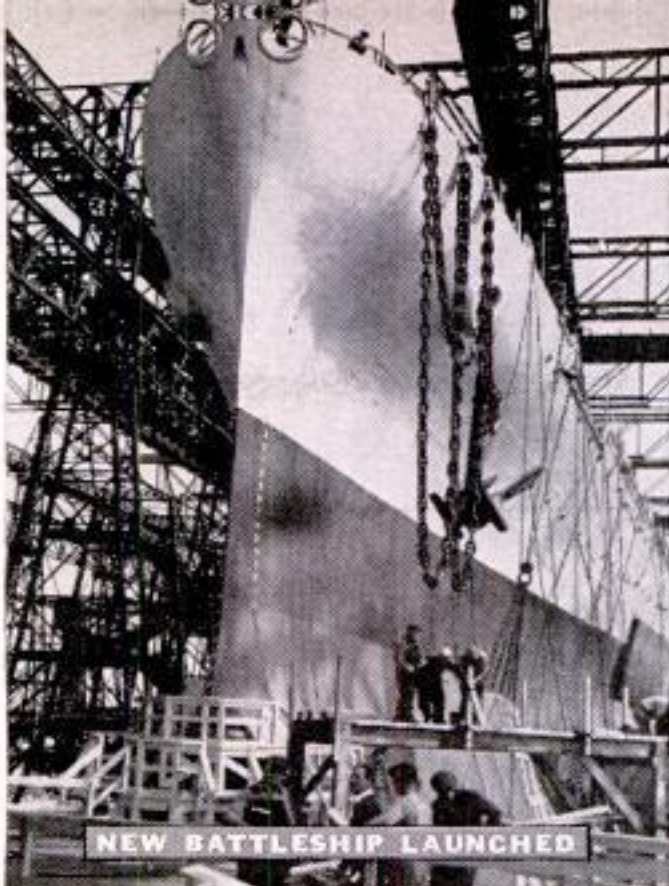
16-IN. COAST GUN GETS FIRST FIRING SINCE 1935



MRS. ROOSEVELT & YOUTH



CALIFORNIA GIRL IN CUPS



NEW BATTLESHIP LAUNCHED



PENDERGAST QUILTS JAIL



BAPTISTS START OBJECTING



"SUSANNE AT THE BATH"



PERSHING CALLS AT WHITE HOUSE



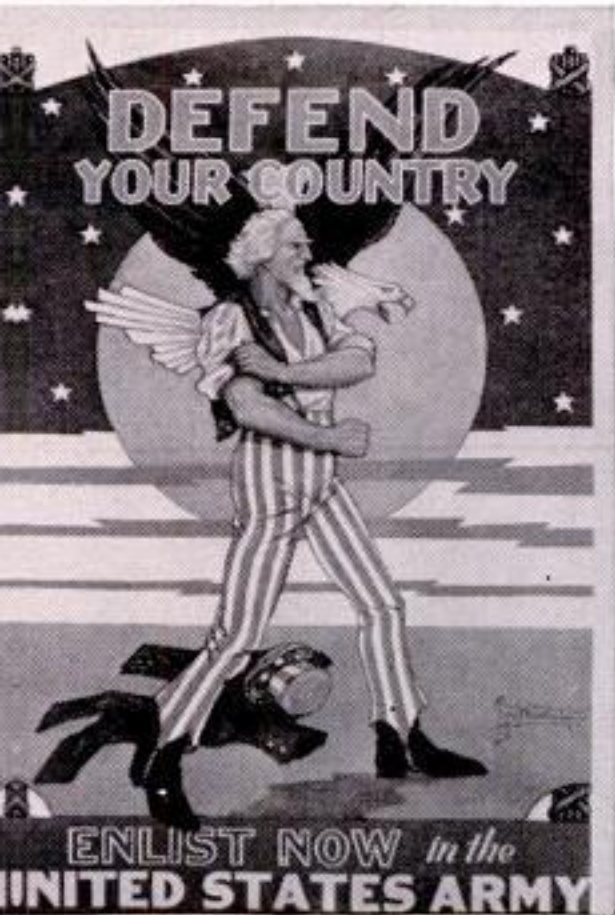
CAKE RAFFLE FOR FRENCH RELIEF



ROOSEVELT GETS SPHINX



CONNECTICUT "OPEN HOUSE"



ENLIST NOW in the UNITED STATES ARMY



MONKEY GIRL WEDS ALLIGATOR BOY



GOAT SURVIVES GLMITE BOMBING



GARMENT WORKERS' PAGEANT



TEXAS THIRD TERMITES



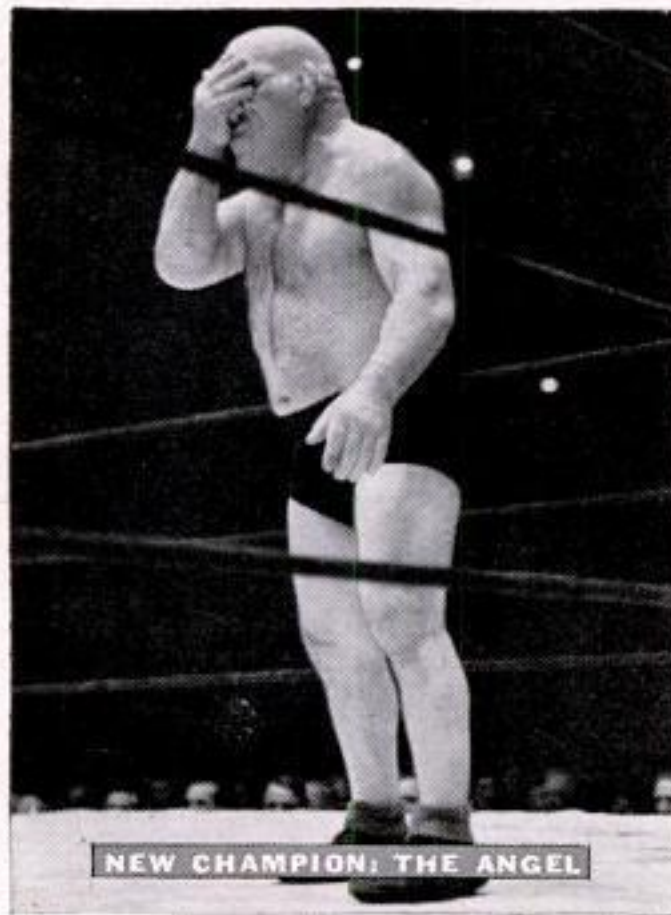
CIVILIZATION CRYPT SEALED



RHODODENDRON KING



ALF LONDON GOES TO WASHINGTON



NEW CHAMPION: THE ANGEL



GYPSY STRIPS FOR FRANCE



WEST PALM BEACH "POST-TIMES" ADOPTS NEWS GUN



THIRTEEN U. S. AMBULANCE DRIVERS SAIL FOR FRANCE



CANDIDATE TAFT AT INDIANA GOVERNOR'S DAY DINNER

LIFE ON THE NEWSFRONTS OF THE WORLD

German victories threaten bad news for U. S. in Europe, South America and on the seas

The day that Leopold surrendered the Belgian Army, Winston Churchill warned the House of Commons: "The House must prepare itself for hard and heavy tidings." Even as the Prime Minister spoke, the first shiploads of wounded were coming over the Channel, coming back through sheets of German gunfire from the hell-on-earth of Flanders.

The English were fighting at last with courage, coolness and skill. Out of the Flanders disaster they snatched the greater part of Lord Gort's B. E. F. and a full measure of glory. But it was desperately late. All the muddy, blood-caked soldiers at the Channel



GORT

ports said the same thing: "The German planes were over us all the time. Our fliers were great but there weren't nearly enough of them. For God's sake, why weren't there more planes?" England was paying in the blood and bodies of its young men for not waking up before. It was paying for the smugness and lethargy of

years, for the blundering inefficiency of the Baldwin and Chamberlain governments, for all the guns and tanks and planes that it never built.

England's plight would be doubly tragic if its lesson were lost on America. For this country too has hard and heavy tidings to face. The brightest fact in a dark week was that the people of America seemed ready at last to face these tidings and to take action on them. The country was in an alarmist mood, and wisely so, for Adolf Hitler has made good the wildest alarms ever raised about him in Europe.

Britain or France Next? First bad news for America to face was the next German offensive against the Allies. To win the war Germany must either defeat the French Army or separate England from its fleet. To most military men last week the defeat of the French Army looked the likelier proposition. Germany's losses in men and machines in the Flanders offensive were heavy but she still had a wide margin of superiority in numbers of men, in mechanized forces and in planes. The big question was how well General Weygand had been able to organize and fortify his army for defending the Somme River line.



HITLER

There was a good chance, however, that Hitler might override the advice of his generals and launch the attack on England. If he defeats France first he will still have to deal with England but if he defeats England first he may hope to get France without a fight. Furthermore, Hitler hates the British. To conquer England, the Germans must not only bomb London—probably a cinch—but transport several hundred thousand troops to British soil. Best guess last week was that they would speed them across the Channel in fast motorboats at night and land them all up and down the British coast, while other troops landed in Scotland (from Norway) and possibly in Eire. Last week the British moved big guns up to the Channel, evacuated Channel towns and took down signposts that might guide German invaders.

There were two great risks for the Germans in attempting a British invasion. One was the British fleet, whose brilliant work in evacuating the B. E. F. from Flanders raised hopes that it can operate effectively in the narrow waters of the Channel. The other was the French Army, which would certainly seize the moment of Germany's maximum effort against England to attack on the Somme.

Italy's Entry, apparently a matter of days or hours, promised more bad news. Despite popular reluctance Mussolini seemed determined to add another inglorious chapter to Italy's military history by jumping in for what he fondly believed to be the kill. Italy might strike east at Yugoslavia and the Balkans, or attack France through the Alps, or try to seize control of the Mediterranean and North Africa.

The British Fleet. Most direct and immediate worry for America is the British fleet. Its seizure by the Germans would be at least as great a disaster for this country as an actual defeat of the American Navy by Japan. And if Germany wins, it has every chance to get the British fleet or what is left of it by that time. It was widely suggested that the Germans might threaten either to lay waste London—as they laid waste the heart of Rotterdam in nine minutes—or shoot 1,000 leading Englishmen unless the fleet were turned over. Even if Germany did not get the fleet at sea, it would get all the Allied shipyards and the capital ships under construction in them.

Once Germany got a major fleet, by seizure or construction, America would face two threats: 1) a German invasion of Brazil while the U. S. fleet was guarding the Pacific; 2) a Japanese seizure of the Philippines, the Dutch East Indies, etc., while the U. S. fleet was guarding the Atlantic.

South America. All up and down the Western Hemisphere, Nazi organizations came to light. Jubilation at the victories of German arms in Europe caused many of these Trojan Horses, still little more than colts, to begin kicking up their heels ahead of schedule. The Nazi tactic of organizing all German-born residents and then seeking tie-ups with native parties is illustrated by the case of Mexico (see p. 51). All the South American governments profess enmity for the Nazis but Quislings are probably plentiful among ambitious army officers trained in Germany. The Germans have glider clubs like those Göring used in the early days to train fliers and they run many South American airlines like the Sedta line in Ecuador, from which the U. S. Government was trying last week to freeze them out. With Secretary Hull badly worried, the U. S. cruiser *Quincy* left posthaste for the east coast of South America, possibly to help Uruguay put down a Fifth Column rising.



HULL

German Trade. Columnist Dorothy Thompson last week outlined the German plans for organizing Europe as she heard them from "persons closely in touch with important Germans." The Germans, she



THOMPSON

reported, plan to establish a customs union of all Europe, controlled from Berlin. Conquered countries will be allowed to keep their territorial and political independence but Berlin will govern their economies. Industrialists who play ball with the Nazis will be permitted to continue in business while the rest will be forced out. Only the Germans will have arms. Thus Germany will marshal 400,000,000 people (not counting the Russians) into the most powerful economic unit in the world.

This is bad news for the whole Western Hemisphere, which has long exported its agricultural surplus to Europe. South America would have the alternative of trading with Europe on German terms, in totalitarian fashion, or not trading at all. The U. S. would be unable to get rid of its own agricultural surplus, much less buy South America's, and could scarcely stop South America from falling into the German trade system.

AMERICAN POLICY

Rearmament. The question last week was not whether to rearm, as heavily and speedily as possible, but how. Republicans spoke no word against the President's program but doubted, on the past record, his competence to carry it out. The President's Defense Council got a mixed reception: cheers for its able members; warnings lest the President tie its hands.



CONANT

Helping the Allies. There was a clear national sentiment in favor of helping the Allies by means "short of war." Here too the question was "How?" Speaking for the Committee to Defend America by Aiding the Allies, Harvard's President James Bryant Conant set forth the best specific program of the week:

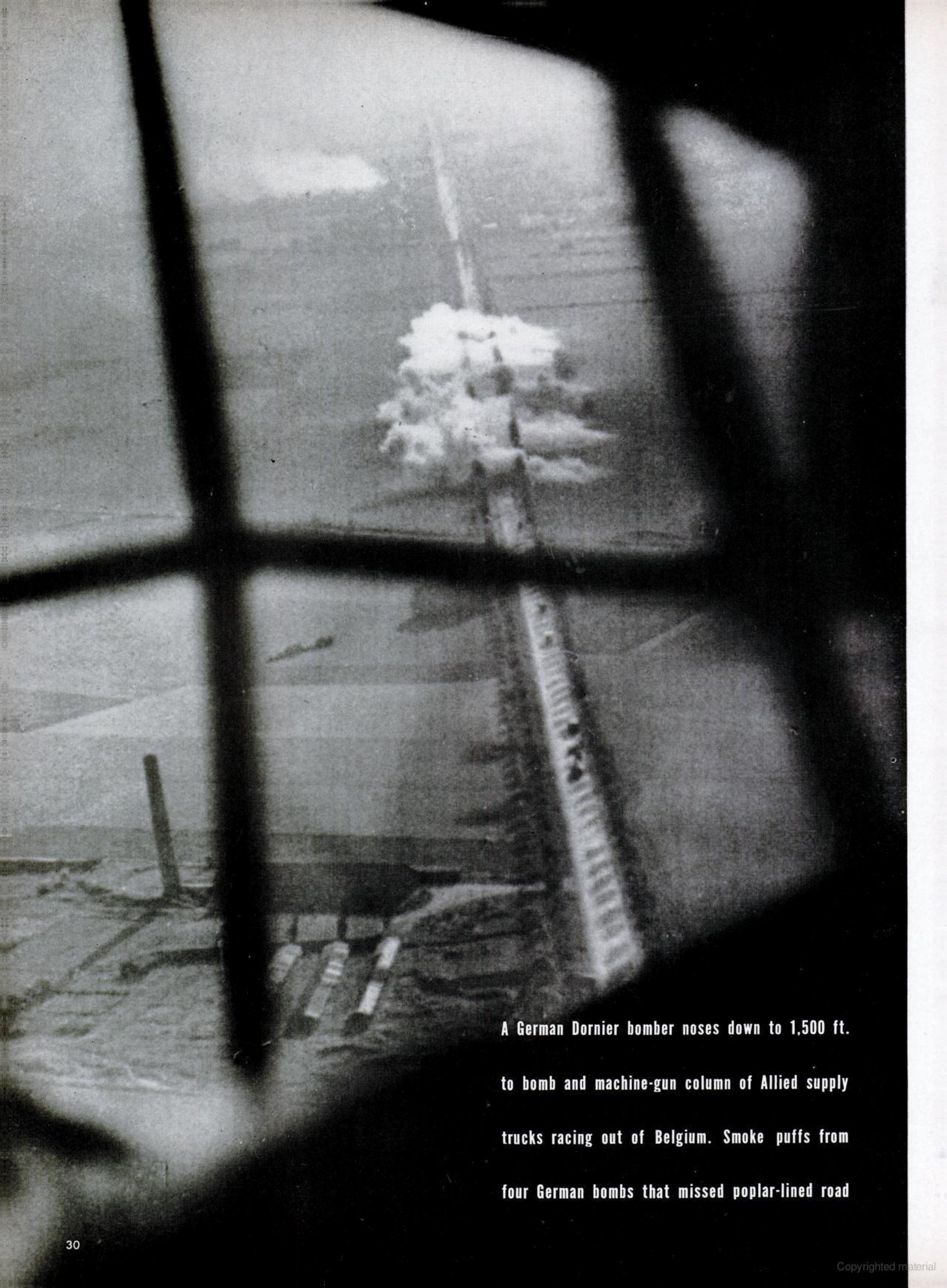
1. Release to England and France all the American Army and Navy planes and other implements of war that we can spare without impairing our own security.
2. Repeal the laws that prevent American volunteers from serving in foreign armies.
3. Control U. S. exports to stop leaks to Germany and give the Allies priority in orders.
4. Co-operate with the Allies in every way to speed shipments of supplies and munitions.

PICTURE OF THE WEEK

For any army, this is the bitterest sight of defeat: an enemy trooper riding off with a conquered battle flag. The picture was taken "somewhere in France," probably near Sedan where the Germans broke through the French Ninth Army of General André Corap. It was this French collapse that brought General Weygand in as Commander in Chief and last week caused the dismissal of 15 more French generals.



A German private rides away with
a French flag captured in battle



A German Dornier bomber noses down to 1,500 ft.
to bomb and machine-gun column of Allied supply
trucks racing out of Belgium. Smoke puffs from
four German bombs that missed poplar-lined road

THE BATTLE OF FLANDERS

MOST OF THE B. E. F. ESCAPES THE GERMAN TRAP

It appeared last week that the terrible battle of Flanders was not to decide this war by itself. What well might be decisive was Germany's next attack—either southward against the main French armies or westward against England.

In Flanders the Allied armies had been dealt an appalling blow. Their loss in men and matériel was enormous—enough to wreck the home-front morale of countries less resolute than Britain and France. Yet the disaster that befell them was considerably less than what Adolf Hitler intended. From the German trap at the English Channel more than half the British Expeditionary Force escaped, to live and fight another day.

Though the great battle is over, its military details on both sides are still obscured by the drifting smoke of wartime censorship. As soon as this clears away and all available information can be put together, LIFE will present the tactical story of the battle of Flanders by Major Eliot.

In outline the German attack, once through Belgium's supposedly impassable Ardennes forest, surprised the French fortifications at Sedan and proceeded to sweep up the Little Maginot Line straight to the sea. Generalissimo Maurice Gamelin was fired and Generalissimo Maxime Weygand reorganized the mass of the French Army behind the river

line of the Somme and Aisne. As his armies were not ready to attack, he knew he could not cut off the great German tentacle thrusting westward behind the Little Maginot Line. Hence, as early as May 21 it was obvious to the Allied High Command that their main job was to get out of Western Belgium and the northern corner of France. Then on May 28 King Leopold surrendered his Belgian Army, exposing the British Expeditionary Force's left flank.

In this dead end of disaster, the British and French armies pulled off one of the greatest retreats in history. Half-trained British clerks under hard professional officers and sergeants slowed down the attacks of the crack first-line Germans. Man for man, they were more than a match for the German inferior second line. Completely surrounded, French divisions moved stubbornly seaward in a hollow square, fighting desperately on all sides. The staff work required for the difficult military maneuver of retreat was generally excellent. But above all the Allied armies proved that they could retreat at a speed and in a direction of their own choosing, against German armies.

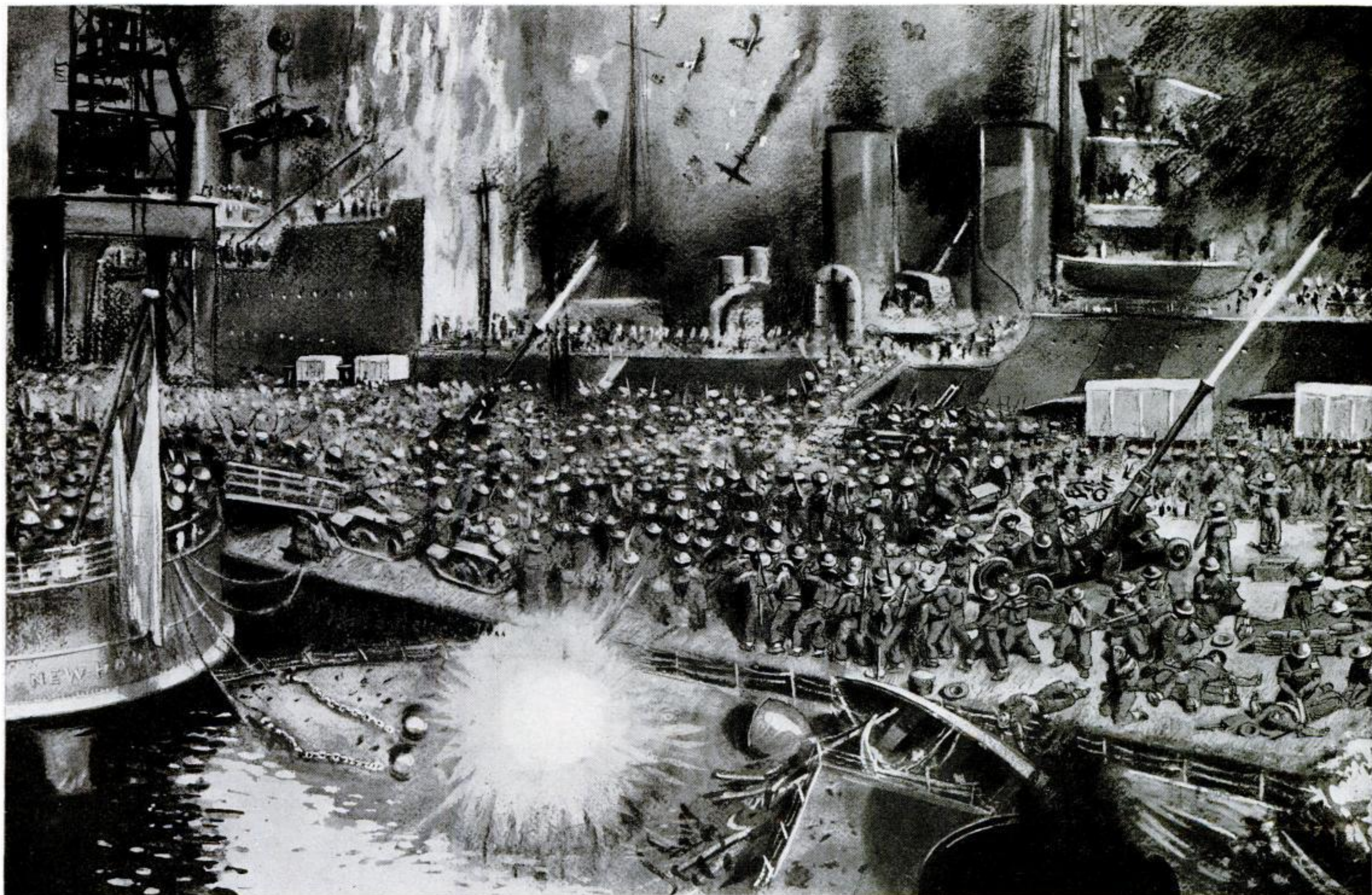
The retreat funneled into the port of Dunkerque in France, where it was met by every ship the Allies could spare. The British Navy laid down a curtain of fire 10 miles inland to cover the northern flank.



The German attack looked like this through French telescopic lens. Thin line of shock troops are hiding in shell hole.

At one point warships were actually fighting tanks. The French Navy protected Dunkerque. The evacuating soldiers tumbled into the ships in exhausted masses, carrying rifles and nothing else. The ships whipped across the Channel under a rain of German bombs and machine-gun fire, unloaded and shuttled back. A tug towed five bargeloads of soldiers. Yachts, coastal tramps, fishing trawlers, motorboats, as well as transports and freighters, carried every man they could hold. Some men swam out from the beaches or rowed out in whaleboats to meet the transports. Seapower showed that, when protected by planes of its own, it can do a good job against enemy airpower.

A glimpse of what the inferno of Dunkerque must have looked like as General Gort's British "Unbreakables" embarked is drawn below. When Lord Gort got back to London June 1, he declared: "We shall meet them again. Next time victory will be with us."



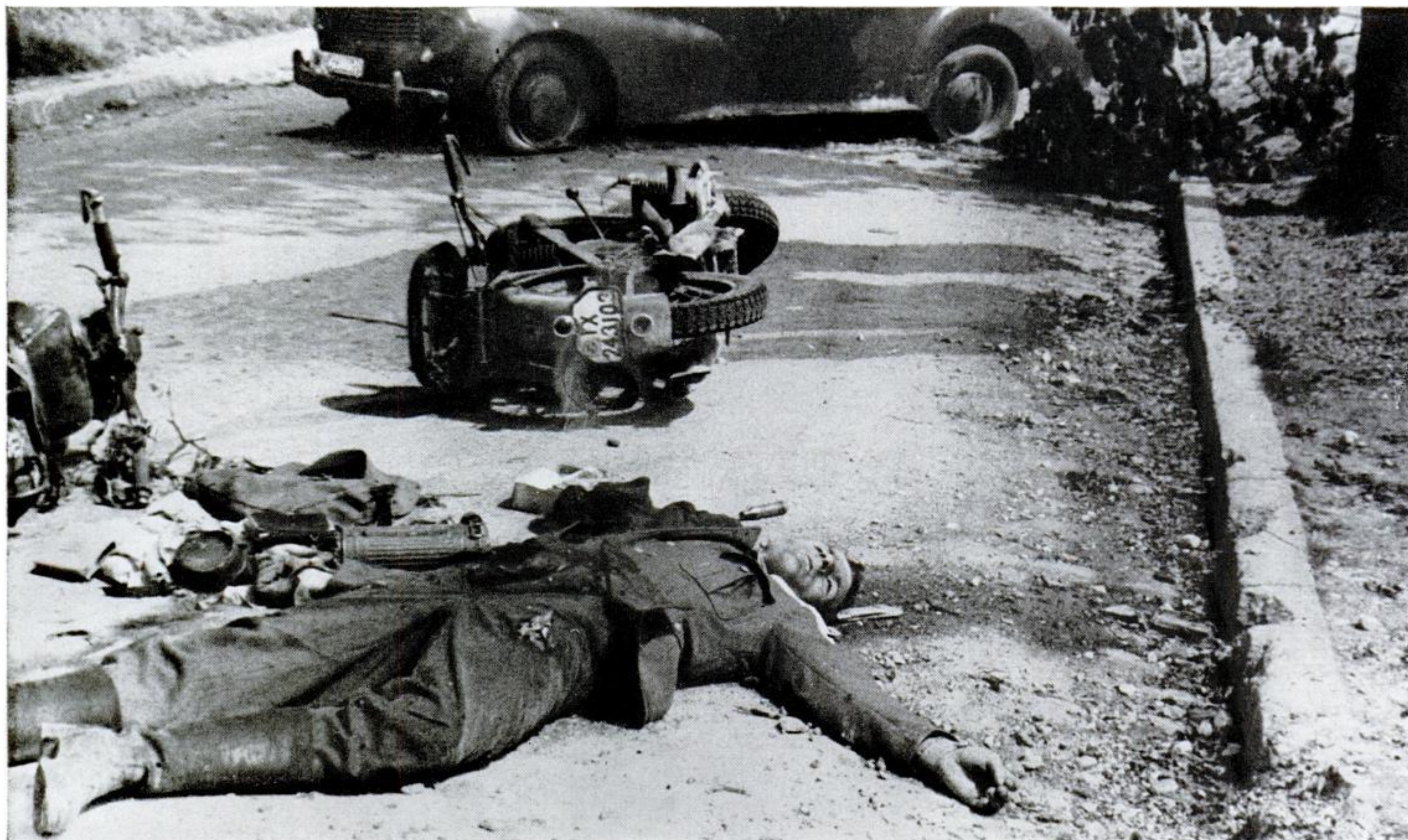
The hell-hole of Dunkerque, no place for a camera, is here reconstructed by Artist Mathews from observers' reports.

Behind Pier No. 2 lies British destroyer (right) and a transport loading troops. As bombs drop, the anti-aircraft guns

blaze away from dock. Men march like sleepwalkers, exhausted by nearly three weeks of fighting. Channel off to left.

BATTLE OF FLANDERS (continued)

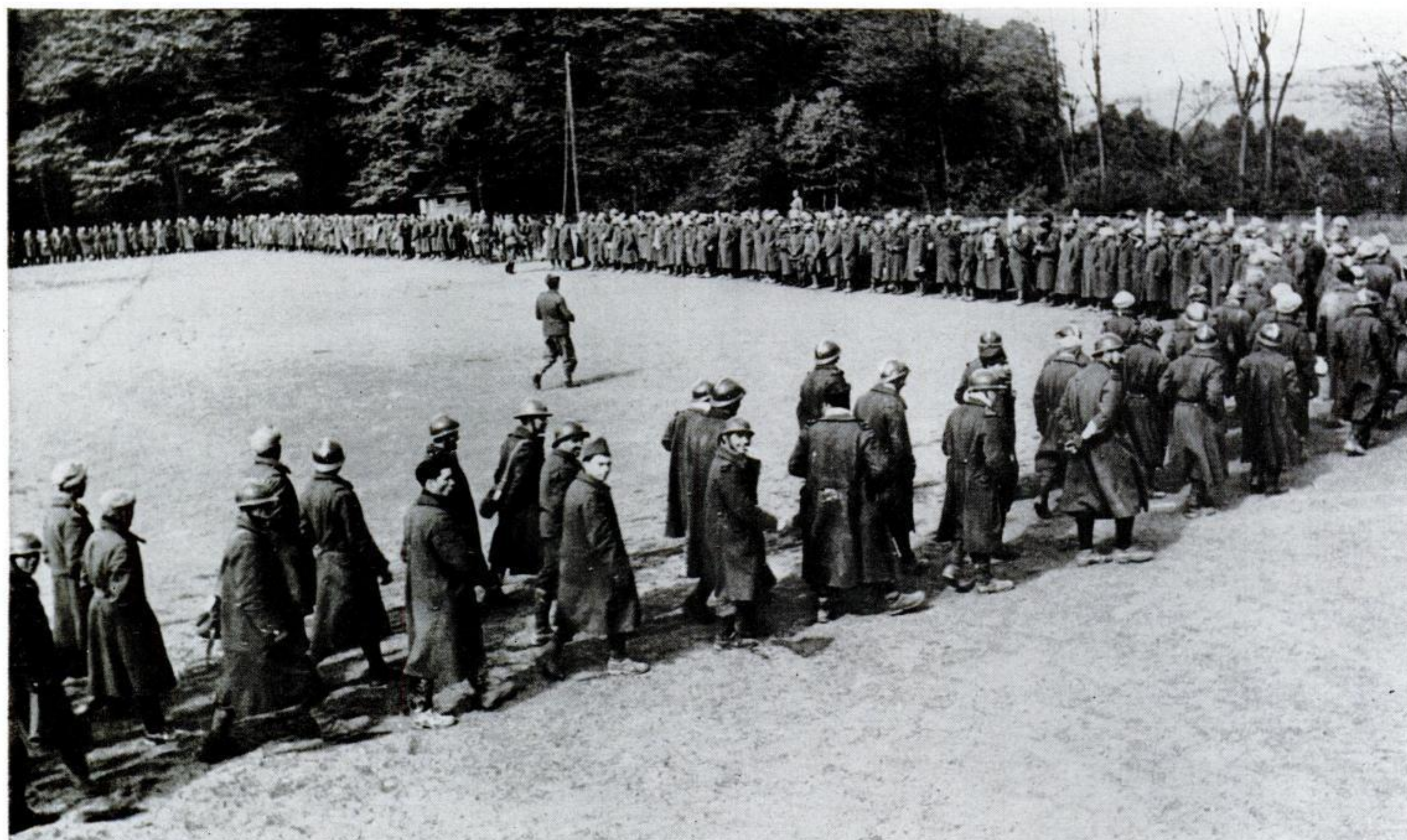
GERMAN DEAD, FRENCH CAPTIVES AND BRITISH OUTPOSTS DOT FLANDERS LANDSCAPE



The first dead German whose picture has reached the U. S. is this motorcyclist whose advance unit was ambushed by

machine-gun fire along a French road where an automobile, with its tires punctured, was placed diagonally across the

street to serve as a makeshift barricade. The French claim 500,000 German casualties, a figure that is probably high.



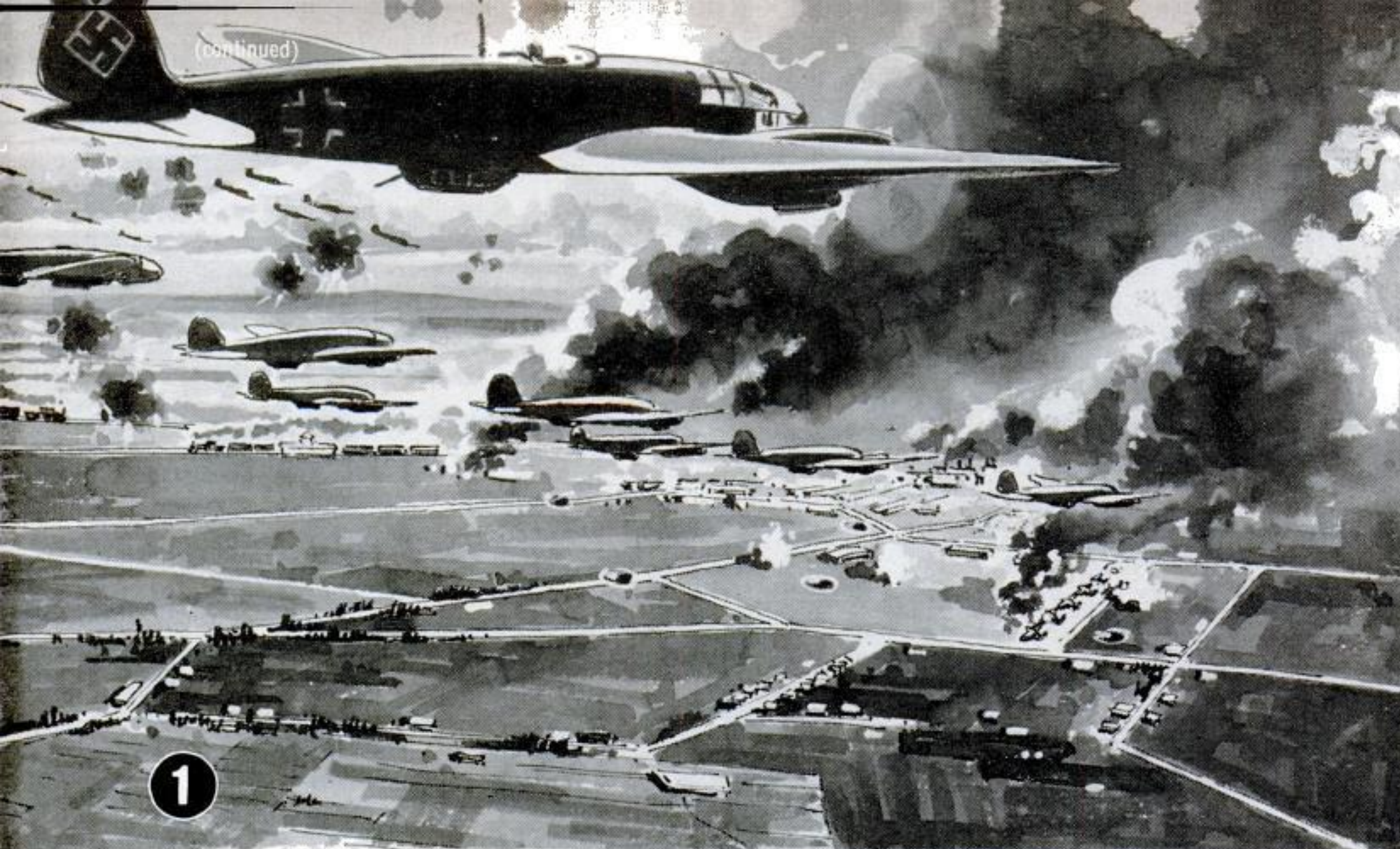
Several hundred French prisoners, including turbaned Moroccans, are lined up by the Germans in an enclosure sur-

rounded by a barbed-wire fence. Here they will be sorted out into smaller groups for transportation to German prison

camps. The Germans claim 1,000,000 prisoners, not including Belgians or Dutch. This figure is probably exaggerated.



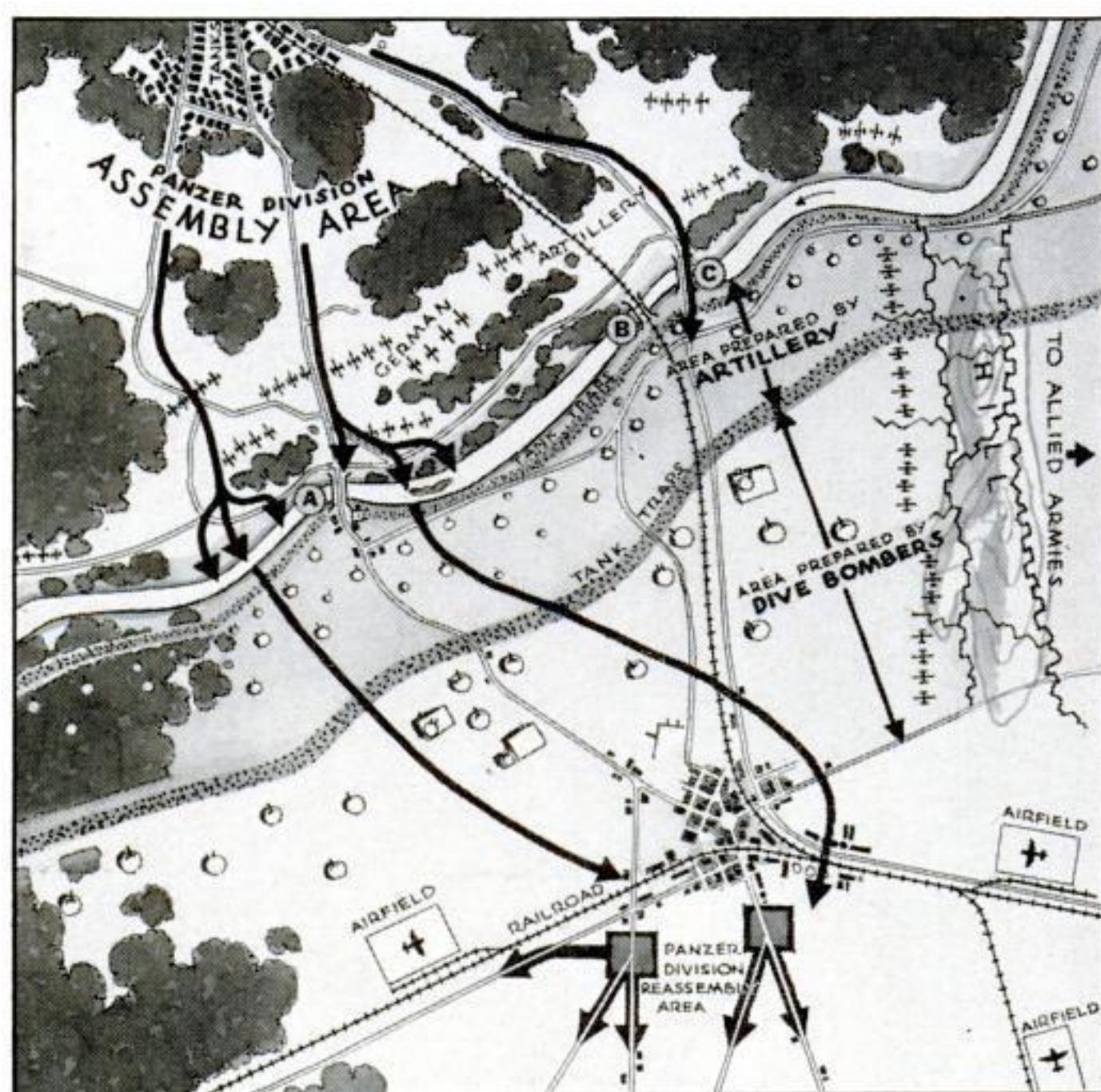
B.E.F. anti-tank gun crew, with their backs
to a crumbling wall in Louvain, await the worst



1 **Prelude to attack** is wave of bombers (Heinkel 111K's) serving as artillery against rear areas. Here they catch enemy planes on the airfield (right), demolish the military base in the town (rear), the railway and train (left). Notice bomb craters on roads and landing field.



2 **Parachutists** follow the bombers, dropping in rear areas. Here they have seized an airport. Men in foreground are unrolling an equipment kit containing ammunition, wrecking tools, etc. Unless promptly supported by fast-moving ground forces, they are helpless.



60-MILE AREA OF ATTACK, GERMANS AT TOP, FRENCH LINE BELOW RIVER

THE GERMAN ATTACK

Cloaked in terror and misconceptions, the German mechanized break-through is shown as it actually works in this series of drawings keyed to the terrain on the map at left. It is not one single weapon and it is not even a new kind of warfare. It is simply a more ingenious development and use of every kind of modern weapon than has hitherto been seen. In its essence, it is still a barrage on entrenched and fortified troops by airplane bombs as well as the artillery, plus a final assault by men on foot.

These men, however, are not infantry in any ordinary sense but are highly specialized experts with a vast choice of weapons. The weapon they choose against any particular obstacle is the measure of their ability and of their success. Certain kinds of fortified terrain they do not attempt to assault, such as ravined, wooded or heavily defended land. Their armored divisions, of which Germany started with no more than twelve of about 450 tanks apiece, choose the easy path between such areas. Against any given strong point, they may use one or all of their weapons: the bomber, artillery, the tank—heavy, medium or light. The bomber attacks from above, the artillery from the rear, the tank is protected by armor. But when all else fails, it is the men themselves who must do the job. Most useful device is to blind the men hidden in a pillbox by lobbing smoke shells. Then they crawl forward with flame-throwers, anti-tank guns, demolition charges and, in a pinch, a man may crawl atop a pillbox and knock off its periscope. When one pillbox has fallen, a road is open to the rear of others.

A pontoon bridge is thrown across the river by engineers after the French destroy bridge and shock infantry cross under enemy fire in their rubber boats behind their own smoke screen.

Pillboxes taken by shock infantry. Smoke mortar (lower right) blinds pillbox. Flame-throwers (center) burn apertures. Anti-tank gun (left) fires while men creep up to demolish pillbox.





3

First contact with the enemy main line occurs here at bridge (A on map). Object of these motorized scouts is now to keep enemy from blowing up barricaded bridge. Hidden from pillbox on opposite bank by their own smoke screen, they cover bridge with machine guns.



4

Motorized artillery (4-in. howitzers) blast out enemy resistance and anti-tank guns left behind by the advancing scouts. Later these guns move up behind the trees on upper side of river (see map) and systematically shell the pillboxes and bunkers of the French fortified line.



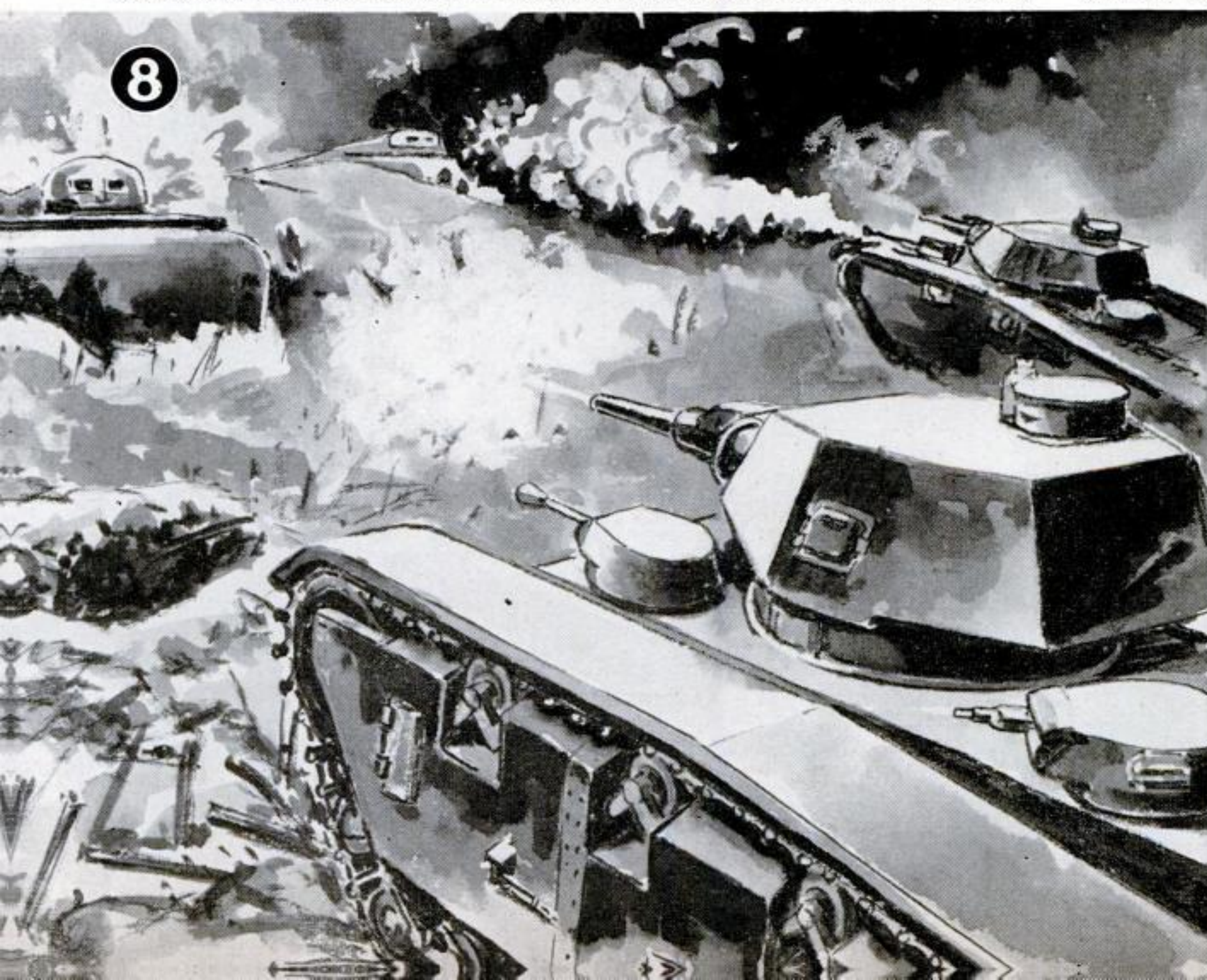
5

Pillboxes south of river are pounded by heavy, medium and light artillery beyond river, while dive bombers take on French forts farther back. French are about to blow up bridge

at right (C on map). Germans protect bridge (A at left), saved by scouts. Airfield (bottom) is shown at right of map. Fighters protect bombers. Smoke shells blind firing pillboxes.

Special break-through tanks of 70 tons attack pillboxes on beyond with 4-in. cannon and 250-yd. flame-throwers. Heavy armor stops most anti-tank gunfire of calibers Allies use.

German anti-tank battalion of armored division decimates French tank counterattack (background). German 37-mm. guns will pierce 1½-in. French armor. German planes bombard.



8



9

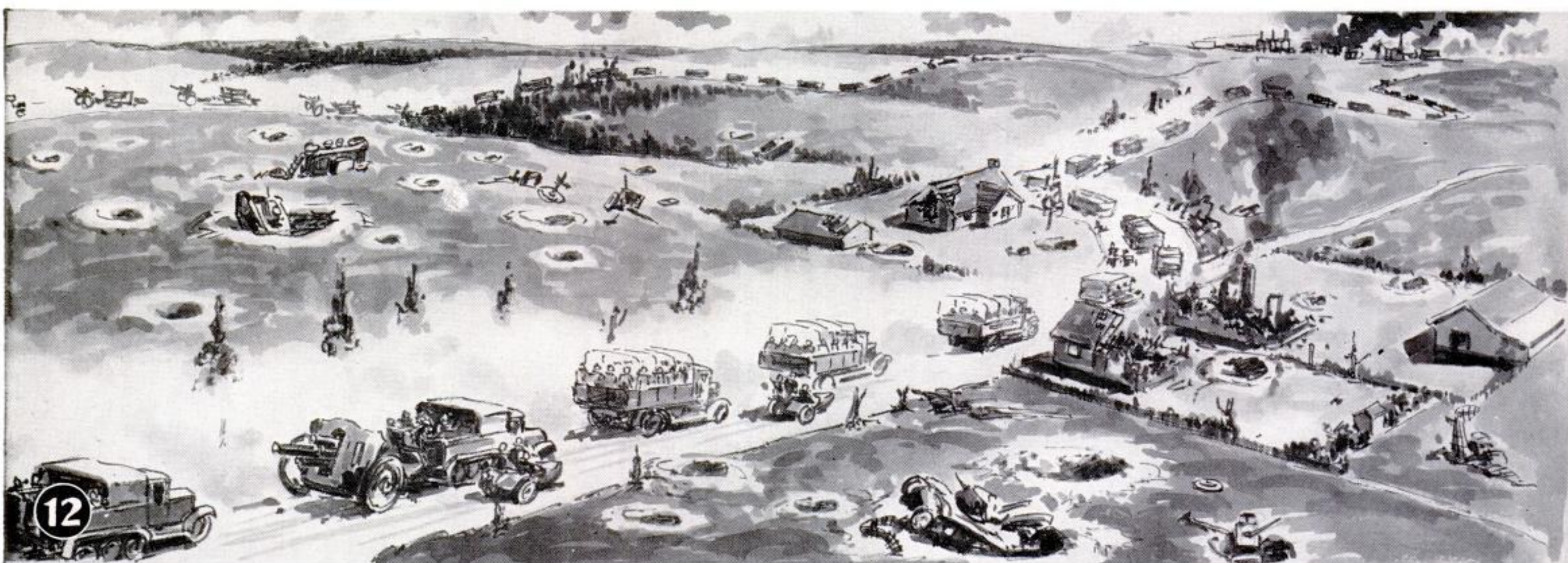
TANKS, PLANES AND MEN SHATTER ENEMY'S FORTIFIED LINE



Heavy 35-ton tanks clean up anti-tank guns the 70-ton monsters have missed. The French 25-mm. (1-in.) Hotchkiss anti-tank gun crew in right foreground were helpless. Germany's few heavy tanks are specially assigned to particularly tough jobs, as asked for by the advance.



A crippled tank, shrouded in thick smoke, is rescued by one of the special low-slung salvage trailers and tractors of the Panzer division. In the background lighter tanks from 7 to 20 tons follow through with the attack. These tanks are now out for enemy machine-gun nests.



The battered field has now been swept clean of all but isolated enemy groups by the Panzer division and the heavy tanks temporarily assigned to it. All around lies the wreckage of anti-tank guns, pillboxes, tanks. Now a fast motorized division rolls through to fight large units of

enemy infantry far to the rear that tanks have disorganized. Part of its equipment are motorized howitzers in foreground and rear. Meanwhile the Panzer division has paused to reform its ranks and has rolled on beyond the smoking pyre of the village at upper right (see map).



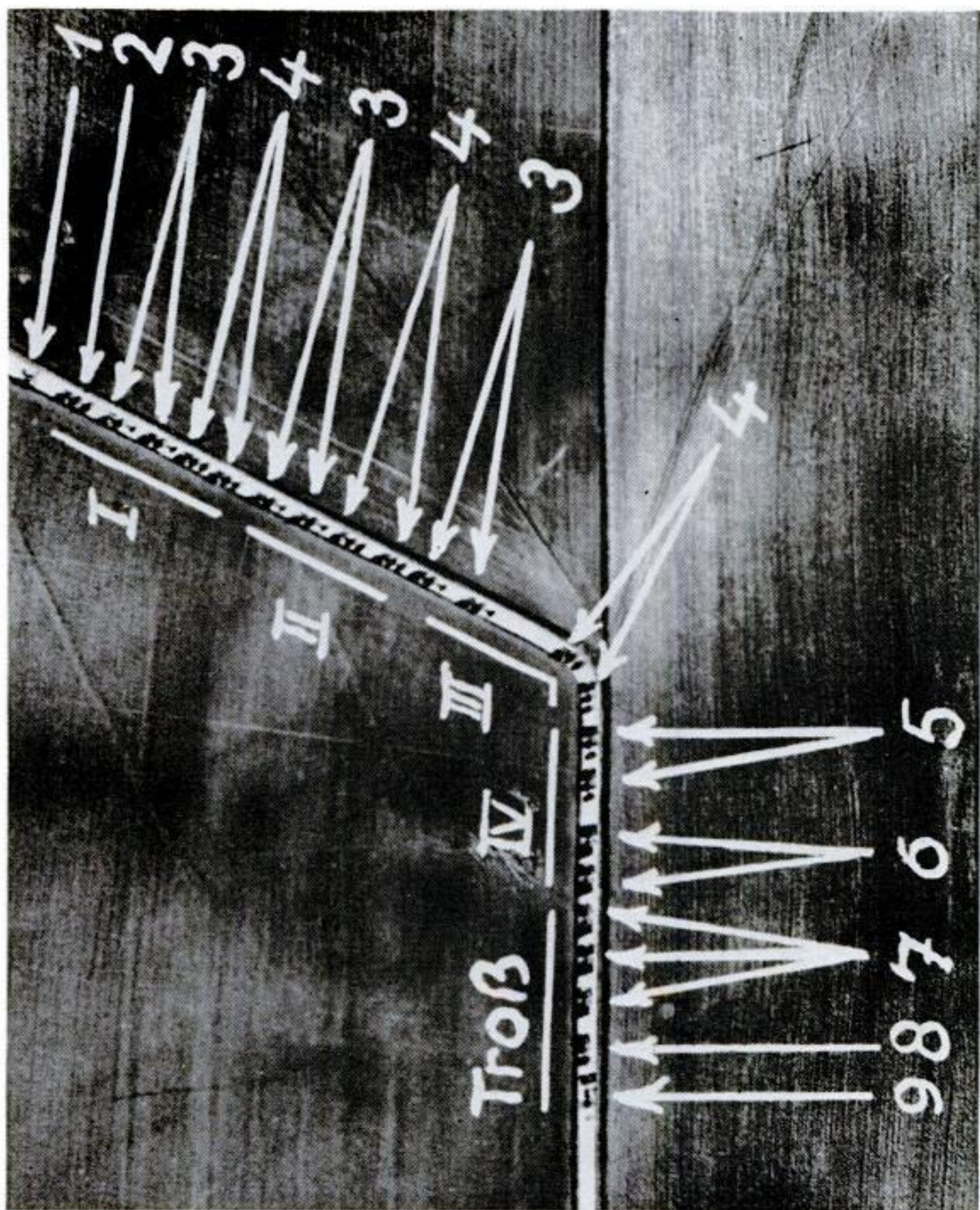
Regular infantry division finally slogs up with its equipment trucks (left background). In the foreground the fast-working engineers and labor battalions dig new trenches to hold the ground against counterattack. In the emplacements in foreground are long-muzzled light anti-air-

craft guns and heavy trench mortars, while the truck at the left unloads ammunition cases. Meanwhile at upper right the light tanks attached to the infantry attack the positions of an enemy force not yet dislodged. The men at the far right are stringing lines of barbed wire.

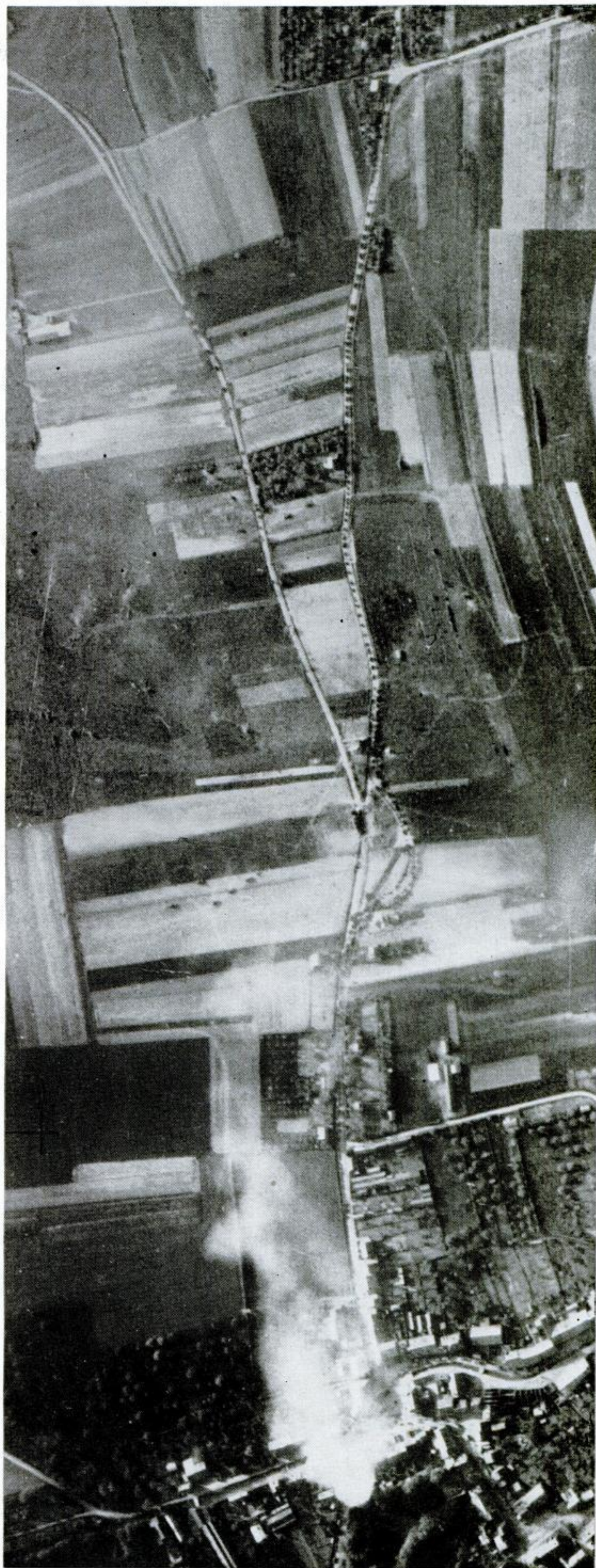
TROOP MOVEMENTS FROM AIR



German air photograph shows an area where Allied troops are known to be. But in modern war good troops remain nearly invisible. The German officer who studies this photograph manages to find a tiny row of dots (see below) along the road marked in the picture by a white arrow.



Dots in picture at top are analyzed and marked by Germans as follows: 1) individuals, 2) two-horsed munitions cart, 3) light infantry cannon, 4) and 6) munitions caissons, 5) heavy infantry cannon, 7) supply train, 8) field kitchen, 9) dismounted horsemen. Most of this is ridiculous.



A British air photographer spots German troops on road from St. Menges to Sedan, near the village of Floing. Notice that some bomber, British or German, dropped a superb hit right at the fork of the Y road and that the line of German column has carved a detour around it.



LED BY UNIFORMED FASCISTS, STUDENTS CLAMORED FOR WAR AND CARRIED INSULTING CARICATURES OF "MARIANNE (FRANCE) AND HER BEAUTIFUL ONE (ENGLAND)"

ITALIAN STUDENTS CLAMOR FOR WAR AGAINST ALLIES

All last week Italy teetered on the brink of its fourth war in five years. Its entry into the struggle on Germany's side was a foregone conclusion. The great unknown was when it would strike.

With 1,500,000 men mobilized and women already taking over men's jobs, Fascists set about whipping up popular frenzy for war. "Spontaneous" demonstrations by students were organized in all the big cities.

In the demonstration shown here in Rome on May 14, students burned Allied flags in the streets and carried rude caricatures of Britain and France which warned that France would return to the position of "a poor, naked fisherwoman" (above). But when the uniformed Fascists decided that enough whooping-up had been done for one day, the "spontaneous" clamor ceased as abruptly as water turned off from a tap.

DRESSED IN CIVILIAN CLOTHES, MUSSOLINI TWICE STEPPED OUT ON THE BALCONY OF HIS OFFICE TO SALUTE THE CHEERING STUDENTS. BUT HE MADE NO SPEECHES





Delicious with fresh, frozen, cooked or canned fruits.

CRISP ~ crisp, every spoonful!

Stumped for a breakfast dish that's really got life to it? Surprise your family tomorrow morning with Kellogg's Rice Krispies . . . and get the surprise of *your* life when you see how fast they gobble them up!

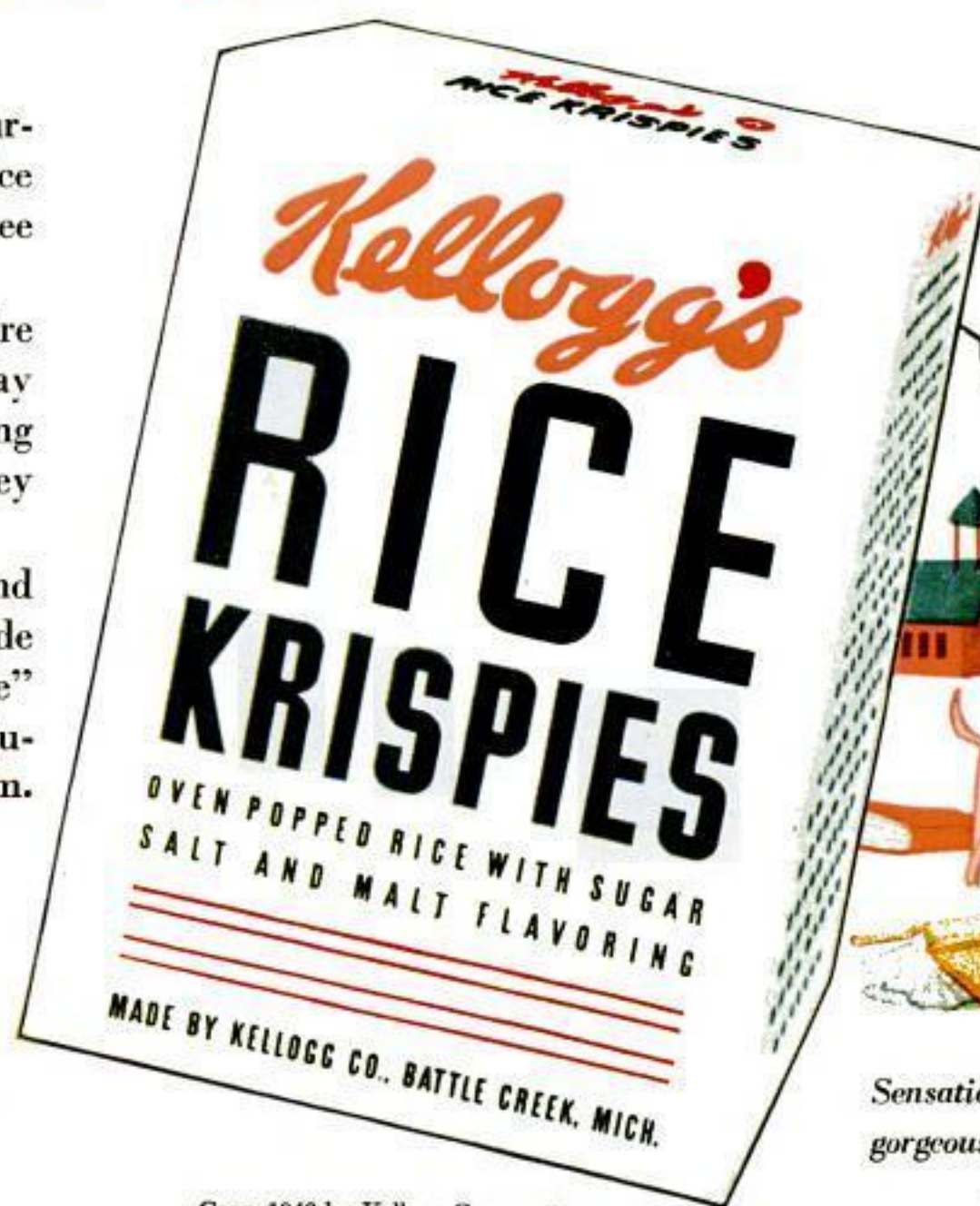
There's no other cereal quite like Rice Krispies. They're flavored to Kellogg's unique recipe, "popped" a special way in ovens, then toasted to a rich, golden-brown. They sing out their lasting crispness with a snap! crackle! pop! as they float on milk or cream.

Ask your grocer for Kellogg's Rice Krispies today . . . and take a bow at breakfast tomorrow. Rice Krispies are made only from premium quality, American-grown "Blue Rose" rice. Their crunchy crispness is protected by Kellogg's exclusive innerwrap, "Waxtite" heat-sealed at *both* top and bottom.

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

KELLOGG'S RICE KRISPIES

"OVEN-POPPED" Rice Krispies float for hours in milk or cream. The name "Rice Krispies" is Kellogg's trade-mark (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.) for oven-popped rice.



Sensational offer! Attractive, nursery-rhyme wall plaques in gorgeous colors. Proper size for grouping. Six different subjects. See back of Rice Krispies package.

Copr. 1940 by Kellogg Company



Says GINGER ROGERS:

**"May I help
you choose?"**

THE NEW Ginger Rogers—with her new raven hair-do—is lovelier, more glamorous than ever in her current RKO starring hit, "Primrose Path." Recently, she told us about a discovery she has made:

"The minute I laid eyes on 1847 Rogers Bros.' pattern 'Adoration,' I knew it was everything I'd hoped for.

"What has it got that other patterns haven't got?

"I don't know. It's just that to me every detail in its flowing lines is sheer perfection.

"Although it's ever so simple, it's rich—rich with the deep-etched richness of fine sterling.

"See it—and see if 'Adoration' isn't your selection—your choice for life."

1847 ROGERS BROS.

"AMERICA'S FINEST SILVERPLATE"



This new brides' chest is gorgeous. Stream-lined, it holds 62 gleaming pieces—a complete service for eight—in 1847 Rogers Bros.' silverplate. And each piece bears the famous year-mark 1847. This chest, in any 1847 Rogers Bros. pattern, costs but \$63.95, while a minimum service for 8 in the brides' chest is but \$37.95. And, now, starting sets are at the lowest price in years—\$28.95 for a service for 6. Easy terms are available.



Now—which is your choice? Once you see "Adoration," with its deep, full carving which rivals sterling in richness, you may instantly agree with Miss Rogers. But see "First Love," another like-sterling beauty, and the choice of another Hollywood star. See "Legacy," too . . . delicate, simple, appropriate in Early American or Modern setting. You'll find your dealer has many lovely 1847 Rogers Bros. patterns—and you'll want to see them all! International Silver Company, Meriden, Conn.

● **LISTEN IN SUNDAY**—Silver Theater summer show "FUN IN PRINT": 6 P.M., E.D.T.; 5 P.M., E.S.T., C.D.T.; 4 P.M., C.S.T. Columbia network.

REFUGEES

AN ARMY OF HUMAN MISERY GETS MILLIONS OF FRESH RECRUITS

The ravages of modern war fall with totalitarian indifference on young and old, rich and poor, nuns and atheists, clerks and poets. Flowing into central France are an officially estimated 5,000,000 war refugees from The Netherlands, Belgium, Luxembourg and northern France. For a firsthand account of the misery that has overnight engulfed these hard-working, normally peaceful people, LIFE herewith publishes this cable received last week from its Paris office:

"The average warning that most Belgian refugees got was ten minutes. Trusting the official radio announcements and unconscious of the speed of the advancing German columns, they continued to work up to the last minute. Finally local Paul Reveres on bicycles and motorcycles hastily warned the people who were still plowing the fields, cooking meals and plying their trades. They left wearing velvet jackets, overalls, slippers, taking only valueless objects such as large family photographs and complaining because there was not enough time to put on their best suits. On the roads more than half of the families were separated.

"Military authorities continually pressed them to move south because they obstructed troop operations. After a few days, tales of horror and bombardments so terrified some Belgian men that they left without their families, thinking their wives and children would suffer less if captured in villages than if bombed and machine-gunned on the roads. The men left because if they were of military age and captured, the Germans would put them in concentration camps.

"Once in France, many refugees were transferred to trains. The saddest example of transport bombing was the case of one train that arrived in Paris with the center car burned down to its trucks. There had been no time to sever it from the rest of the train. Of the 5,000,000 refugees, about 1,000,000 came through Paris. The rich came by car and were given free gasoline cards. They are now living comfortably in Paris hotels. The poor came any old way, were shunted through stations and evacuation centers and allowed to stay in Paris no more than 48 hours. They were quickly moved on to southern provinces because of the danger of famine in Paris.

"The Parisian reaction was one of outstanding efficiency and generosity. Babies were given baths and a change of diapers. Groups were rapidly sorted out and those of military age sent to camps where they are now being reformed into army units. Those under 21 or over 50 were dispatched to farms or industrial centers to continue the trade to which they are best suited. Invalids, mothers and children have been sent to camps in the southern part of France.

"The flood of refugees carries with it spies and Fifth Columnists, whose favorite disguise is clerical robes. Two nuns turned out to be Germans. Another one was a woman with weapons strapped to her legs. A priest concealed a radio set under his soutane. The neatest trick was performed by a man with a Belgian red, yellow and black armband who walked into one of the refugee centers and dropped into the chair of one of the examiners in time to receive two refugees who made a beeline for his particular desk. He filled the necessary blanks to allow them to leave the barracks and, shushing the genuine examiner upon her return, strolled off before she could get her superiors. All passes were canceled, however, with sufficient speed to prevent this particular trio from escaping."

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



Down Louvain's battered streets Belgian refugees fled with whatever few personal articles they could comb out of the ruins. The Nazi Air Force, able to fly low

because of its control of the air, methodically ruined one side of the street (left) in an attempt to set fire to every third house and thus burn the city with less effort.

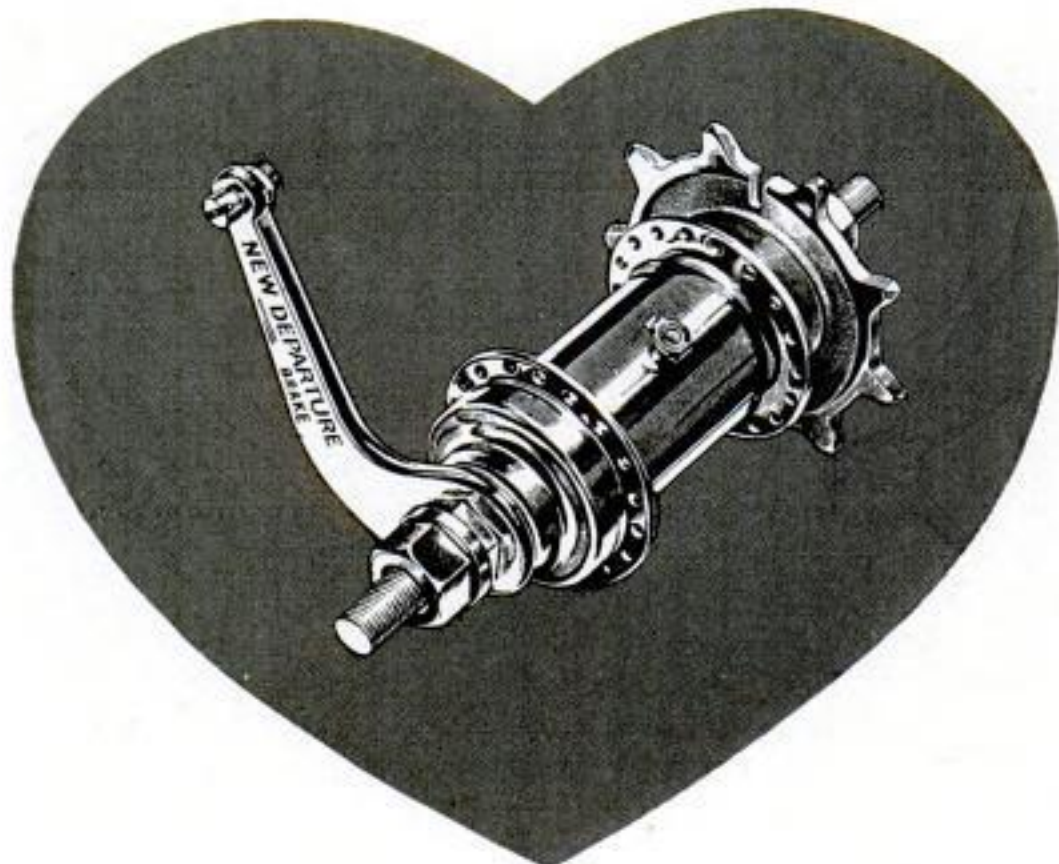


Roads were clogged with mile-long streams of fleeing Belgians who moved on foot, by bicycle, in cars and horse-drawn carts. Below: the beautiful city of Lou-

vain, seen here looking down the Avenue des Allies, was forsaken by all but a handful of its inhabitants and left to its flaming fate for second time in 26 years.

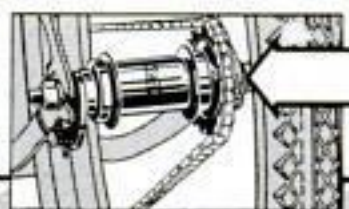


The Heart of the Bicycle



Operates from the foot pedals, drives and coasts and brakes *better*. Lightest weight, greatest braking power, smoother, quicker stops. Factory-adjusted and sealed, it is certain in its action—hot or cold, wet or dry. The genuine costs no more. Over the years the choice of 12 million riders. For best value be sure your bicycle has a

NEW DEPARTURE Coaster Brake in the Rear Hub



LOOK ON THE HUBS OF YOUR BICYCLE FOR THE NAME
NEW DEPARTURE—MOST FAMOUS NAME IN BICYCLING

HERE'S NEWS WORTH \$4.00 TO EVERY MAN WHO SHAVES! *But you must hurry!*

UNTIL June 30th only, your local dealer will give you these allowances for your old shaving tools toward a new Williams Roto-Shaver, regularly priced at \$13.75:

	Any Electric Razor	\$4.00
	Any Safety Razor	2.50
	Any Straight-Edge Razor	1.75
	Old Shaving Brush	1.50
	Shaving Mugs (each)	1.25
	Used Shaving Cream Tubes or Cakes	.25
	New or Old Razor Blades (each)	.05
TOTAL NOT TO EXCEED \$4.00		

Williams Roto-Shaver is an entirely new type of electric razor. It actually *shaves*—doesn't "clip." Its four blades and large head, containing 800 holes, perform over 15,000,000 shaving operations a minute. Whiskers come off right at the skin line. You shave *faster* and *closer*. And Roto-Shaver is one razor that *cannot cut or pinch* your skin.

NO "WHISKER SPRAY." As whiskers are shaved off, they remain *inside* the Roto-Shaver head... are easily removed later. There is no unsightly "whisker spray" to dust from your face and clothing.

No practice is necessary with Roto-Shaver. Just plug in (AC or DC) and shave closely the first time. The powerful motor works smoothly, without harsh clatter.

ACT NOW! This sensational offer positively ends June 30th—or earlier if the supply is exhausted. *After June 30th, you will have to pay the full price of \$13.75.* Don't delay! Take your old shaving equipment to your local dealer *now!*

If your dealer doesn't carry Roto-Shaver, send us your old shaving equipment and a check to cover the difference in price. We'll promptly send your Roto-Shaver. Address: The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Conn.



No Other Electric Razor Has This Ingenious Head

Roto-Shaver's four whirling blades, protected by a thin steel guard, enable it to give close, clean, *faster* shaves. Doesn't "spray" whiskers.

*Give a Roto-Shaver
for Father's Day,
or Graduation!*

ROTO-SHAVER

By Williams—famous for fine shaving preparations for over 100 years.

Refugees (continued)



This invalid was evacuated from war-scarred Louvain on stretcher that was placed on a pushcart and hauled by two men who carried large bundles slung over their shoulders. The man in front carried provisions in small knapsack.





These grief-stricken women tramped out of Louvain, past gutted homes and overturned cars, with their children in arms. The mother at left pressed her face in anguish against her little baby as she left what had once been home.



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Every house needs
Westinghouse



*"on my Westinghouse Ironer
I IRON 8 SHEETS IN 1/2 HOUR
WITHOUT GETTING TIRED"*

IT ACTUALLY CUTS IRONING TIME IN HALF



WESTINGHOUSE EMPEROR IRONER

Take a vacation on us... two weeks' rest cure from ironing cares. All you have to do is ask your Westinghouse dealer to put a Westinghouse Emperor Ironer in your home... free... for a two weeks' trial. You'll see the difference.



"I don't dread ironing now that Henry has come across with a Westinghouse Ironer. In fact, it's fun... and we use linen like plutocrats. I actually *loaf* through the job, while the ironer does the *hard work*."



"I do sheets in 4 minutes flat! When neighbors gasp, 'how come?' I just explain that the Emperor irons 500 more square inches a minute than ordinary ironers. And I don't need to put sheets and tablecloths through the second time to dry out the hems and extra-damp places!"



"...and slick as a whistle! Sheets are ironed so glass-smooth it's like having *new ones* twice a week. And why? Because the *to and fro* ironing motion is like a row of hand irons moving back and forth at the same time. Elegant finish! No effort!"

ANOTHER TIME SAVER! THE WESTINGHOUSE *Emperor Washer*

WITH THE NEW
Select-o-Press*

that guarantees correct
pressure for everything
in the basket

See this whisper-quiet washer at your Westinghouse dealer's. Watch the water pour out as clothes slide through the big rubber tired rolls... perfect damp drying for everything, just by turning the *Select-o-Press* to one of its 3 settings. Ask your dealer for free demonstration of the Westinghouse Emperor Washer today.

SEND FOR **FREE** BOOK OF WASHDAY SHORT CUTS



"Home Laundering" is the kind of book you'll use for years. Includes a tested stain removing chart, and drudgery-free methods of laundering everything from fine fabrics to feather pillows. Write today to Westinghouse Electric & Mfg. Company, Mansfield, Ohio, Dept. 30.

★ ONE OF THE FIVE FAMOUS
WESTINGHOUSE **STAR FEATURES**



SEE

**Westinghouse
WASHERS • IRONERS**

Tune in on Westinghouse "Musical Americana" every Thursday evening—N.B.C. Blue Network



When Martha Scott, Broadway Theatrical star, was chosen to co-star with...



...William Holden in the Sol Lesser film production of "Our Town", she sped to Hollywood by...



...transcontinental airliner. More than 1/4 of all the oil used by airliners in the U. S. is Sinclair Pennsylvania Motor Oil. You can get the same...



...quality Sinclair Pennsylvania Motor Oil for your car at your nearby Sinclair Dealer. Try Sinclair Pennsylvania or Sinclair Opaline Motor Oil. You'll find they last so long they save you money.

Refugees (continued)



The old and infirm rest in hay-filled lorry on mattresses they have hauled from Belgium. They need every last hat, coat and scarf to keep warm day & night in the open.



The young and innocent sleep on mattresses squeezed between seats in London movie house. Wembley Stadium, London's Madison Square Garden, is now refugee "dorm."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 47](#)



● Actual color photograph showing one part of Luckies' famous "Toasting" process—which adds extra mellowness to the golden leaf.

"...and that's how 'Toasting' works!"

YOU MAY BE as familiar with the phrase "It's Toasted" as you are with your own name. But do you know how "Toasting" gives you a better cigarette?

First, it uses higher heat treatments to take out certain harsh throat irritants found in all tobacco...making Luckies easy on your throat.

Second, it uses the concentrated sunshine of ultra-violet rays to add extra mellowness

to the fine tobaccos in Luckies.

No other cigarette gives you the Cream of the finest crops on record—plus the throat protection of "It's Toasted."

Try Luckies for a week. You'll see why with independent tobacco experts—buyers, warehousemen, auctioneers—
WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO
BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1



Copyright 1940, The American Tobacco Company

HAVE YOU TRIED A **LUCKY** LATELY ?

Copyrighted material



What a Picnic you can have with RITZ!



WATCH Father beam when he sees you've brought Ritz . . . Look at the youngsters dive into the Ritz package again and again for a handful of crunchy, golden crackers . . . In fact, just notice how the whole family brightens up as "the cracker everyone loves" works its magic spell with appetites.

Picnic, pantry feast, party — you can always count on Ritz adding to the fun — making other foods taste better. And you can always count on Ritz being at its delicious best, because a *special* baking process *seals in* crispness and flavor. That's why more people prefer it — why it is so important to *insist* on Ritz!



THEY'LL BE THIRSTY—so take along a good supply of drinkables (to be served with Ritz of course!) Ritz Crackers will stay crisp and crunchy until the last one in the package is eaten. *Be sure* to get Ritz when you buy—not something that may look similar! Only Ritz tastes like Ritz!



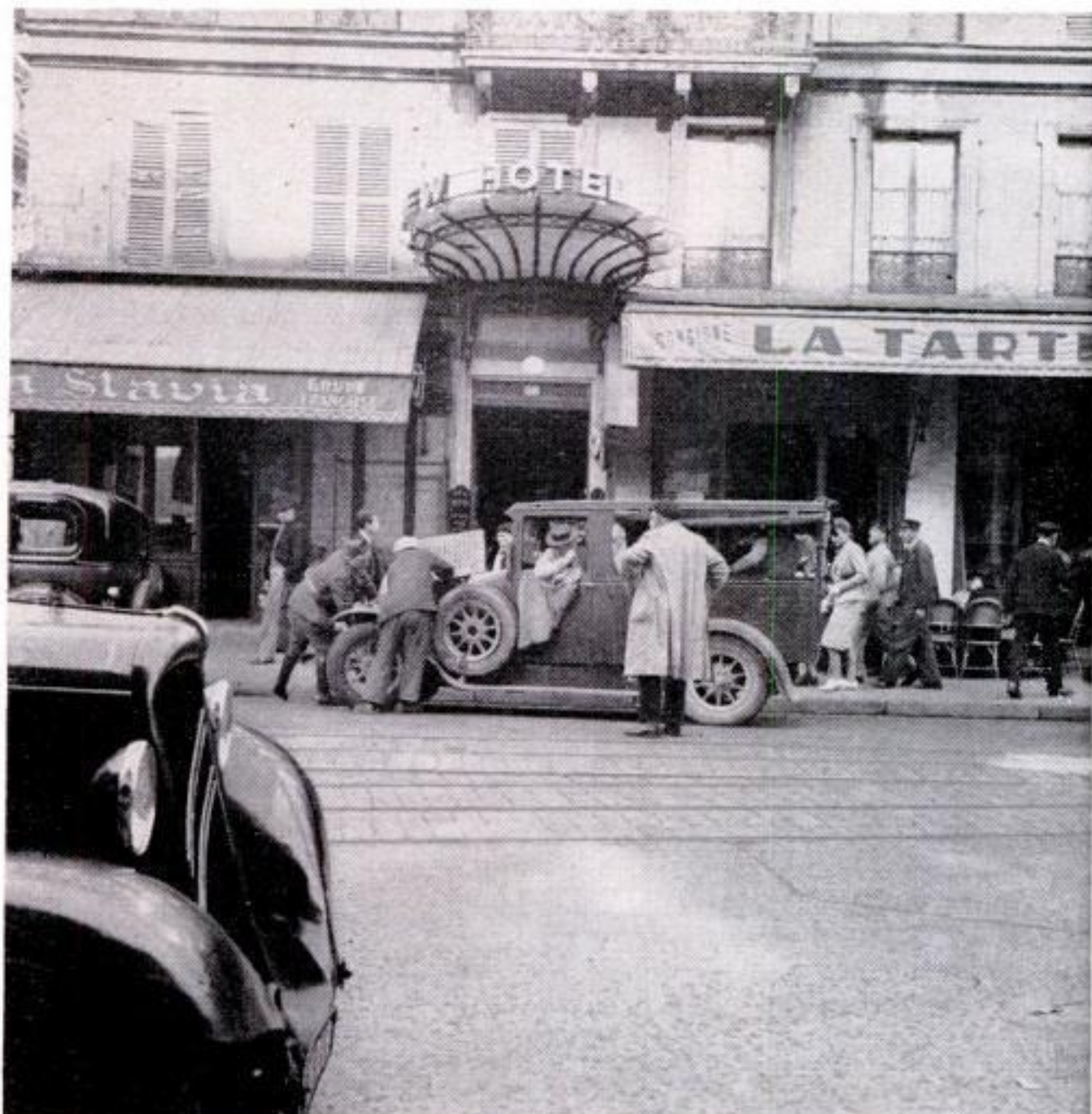
PICNIC POTATO SALAD. Mix with French dressing instead of mayonnaise . . . add a little chopped onion and green pepper for excitement . . . hand out with plenty of Ritz Crackers to insure proper applause. Picnic or not, you'll be needing Ritz tomorrow! So order a package *today!*



YOU CAN ALWAYS BE SURE of getting the finest in crackers and cookies if you look for this red National Biscuit Company Seal on the package when you buy. It is your assurance of high quality . . . tempting freshness . . . delicious flavor.

IT'S AMERICA'S FAVORITE CRACKER—A PRODUCT OF NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

Refugees (continued)



Belgian refugees arrive at a hotel in Paris in an automobile crammed with human beings and assorted possessions. French soldier here helps revive the dying engine.



As civilians fled in one direction, British troops in Bren gun carriers advanced in the opposite direction towards the front. The soldiers in the background are French.



This aged Belgian woman never got a chance to flee. As she was piling her belongings into a cart, the German bombers raided her town and she was killed instantly.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

MARY'S WHOLE NEW OUTFIT WAS REALLY A GIFT FROM G-E!

...for I expected to pay \$60 for a Vacuum Cleaner as good as the General Electric



1. Our old vacuum cleaner had about as much effect on a rug as a toothbrush—and little Mary had outgrown all her clothes! What a spot to be in! Finally Jim said, "We have \$60 saved—do we have to spend it all to get a good vacuum cleaner? Go price a G-E!" Well, I stopped in at a G-E dealer's.



2. And was I impressed! That G-E Cleaner had *everything*—all the outstanding quality you'd expect in a G-E product—and at a price fully twenty dollars less than I thought we'd have to pay! So now we not only have our new G-E Vacuum Cleaner, but . . .



3. . . . I took the money I'd saved by buying a G-E Vacuum Cleaner and bought little Mary a whole new outfit for school! She's certainly thrilled! And if you'll just ask her, she'll tell you that her lovely clothes are really a gift from General Electric!

BUY A GENERAL ELECTRIC AND SAVE THE DIFFERENCE!

THERE'S no need to pay a premium price to own one of the very finest vacuum cleaners made. Go to your nearest General Electric Dealer and see the amazing three-minute demonstration of the G-E Vacuum Cleaner. Note how its special tapping action loosens embedded dirt and how quickly, thoroughly, easily it cleans rugs, carpets, upholstery.

Remember General Electric home appliances have been giving dependable, trouble-free service in millions of homes for years and years. So spend the few minutes necessary to see the G-E Cleaner in action. You will probably save many dollars, for a General Electric is priced much lower than you would expect to pay for a vacuum cleaner of such high quality.

"You'll Always Be Glad You Bought a G-E!"



\$39.95*

*Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies.

GENERAL  ELECTRIC



"Shucks, Lily May, why won't you come?
The moon'll be out for the ride back."

"But Jimmy, moonlight won't keep me from worry-
ing about those sharp curves. Being afraid is no fun."

"Being afraid is plain silly.
Make sure of your tires."

HANG onto that girl, Jimmy. She's smart about the impor-
tant things. Smart enough to take her moonlight or leave it.
Have a little patience and she'll learn about safe tires. U. S.
Royal Masters are the triple safe tires that give you blowout
protection, skid control, and fast stops right down to the last
one of an awful lot of miles. Yes, users of U. S. Royal Masters
come back for more of the same when they need new tires.

**U.S.
ROYAL
MASTER**

- 1 **SKID CONTROL!**
Close-up of tread in action shows how
Royal Master's hundreds of sharp-
edged rubber tread units emerge from
the tread the instant brakes are
applied, grip the road, stop you quicker!
- 2 **BLOWOUT PROTECTION**
Unique ply-on-ply construction of cords
impregnated with pure latex, and cush-
ioned, layer on layer, in live rubber,
gives the rugged carcass strength that
protects you from blowouts.
- 3 **LONGER SAFE MILEAGE**
Deeper non-skid tread of Tempered
Rubber insures you safe mileage
throughout the life of the tire. Ask
your U. S. dealer to show you how
this low cost-per-mile is accomplished.

UNITED STATES TIRES
ARE GOOD TIRES

Copyright, 1940, United States Rubber Company

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY
U. S. Tire Dealers Corporation • Rockefeller Center, New York • In Canada: Dominion Rubber Co.



With her life at stake, this stalwart peasant woman fleeing from Belgium jumped
off her bicycle, clung to a tree to avoid death from machine-gunning Nazi planes.



Passing "tourists" were this Belgian mother and her three children as they trudged
past blazing ruins. Estimated 100,000 children have been separated from parents.

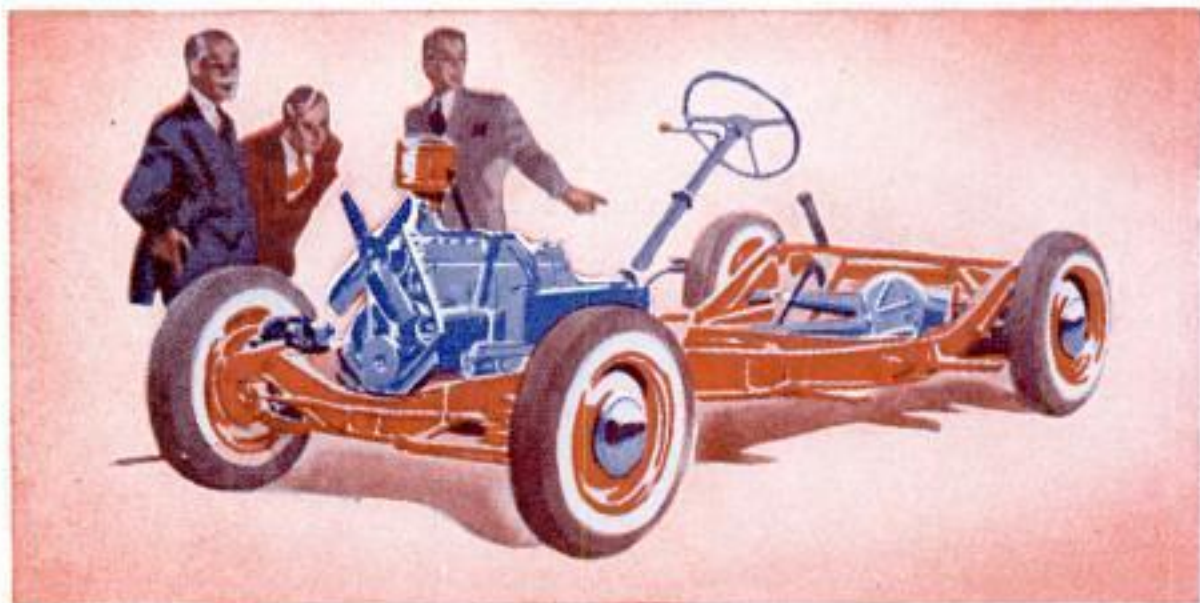
Give it the "S.P.E.C." test!



S. STANDS FOR SAFETY—and so does Pontiac! Famous Unisteel Body by Fisher, new Hi-Test Safety Plate Glass, plus many more great features, mean priceless protection for you!



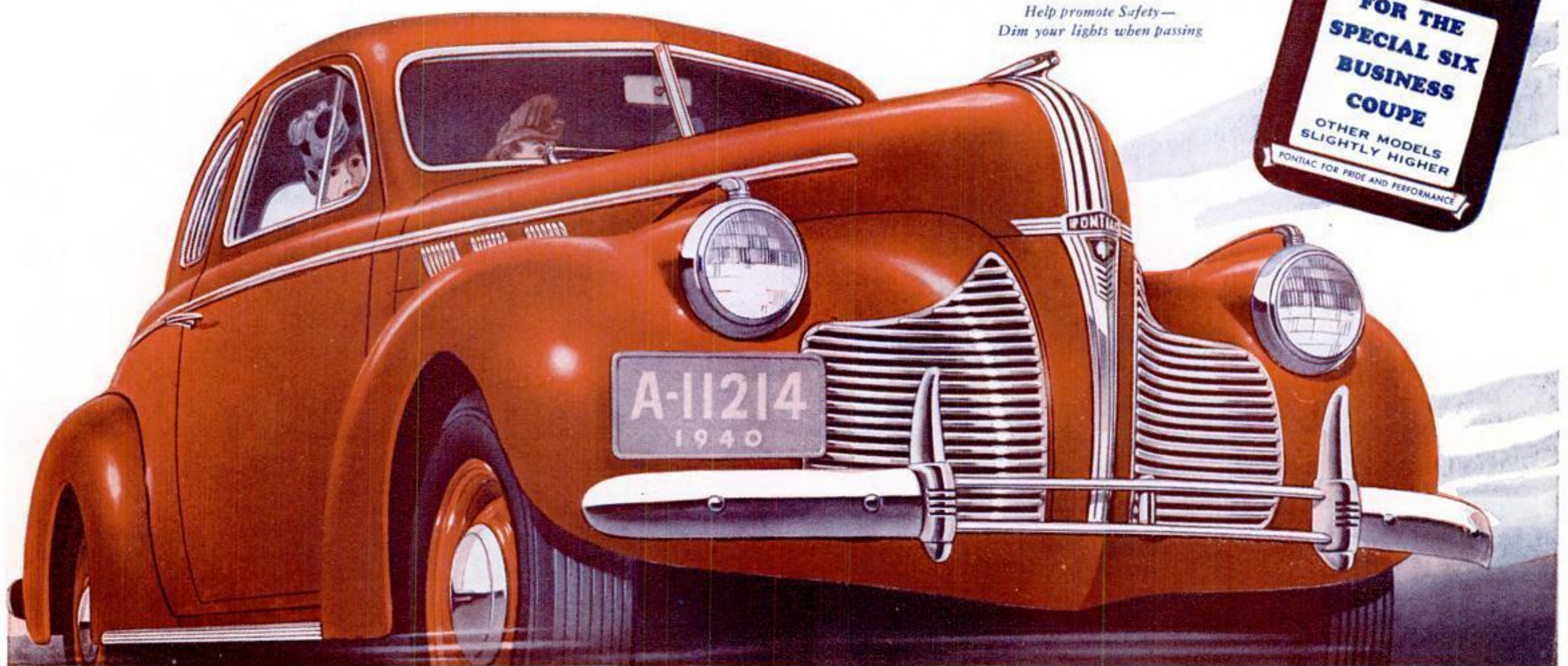
P. STANDS FOR PERFORMANCE—and so does Pontiac! Once around the block and you'll know you've found the smooth responsiveness and thrilling power you've always wanted!



E. STANDS FOR ECONOMY—and so does Pontiac! Owners report 18 to 24 miles per gallon of gasoline... say Pontiac is just as economical to own as small cars! Amazingly trouble-free, too, because Pontiac is built to last 100,000 miles!



C. STANDS FOR COMFORT—and so does Pontiac! 4 inches wider at front seat, 8 3/4 inches longer from bumper to bumper! Here's big-car size, comfort, luxury and roadability!



Help promote Safety—
Dim your lights when passing



When you find a *big* car that's a standout in *every* department—Safety, Performance, Economy, and Comfort—yet is priced right down with the low-cost, isn't that about the time to stop *looking* and start *buying*?

The answer is an overwhelming "Yes!" And it's coming from thousands of happy motorists who have given Pontiac the "S.P.E.C." test and are buying it in ever-

increasing numbers the country over.

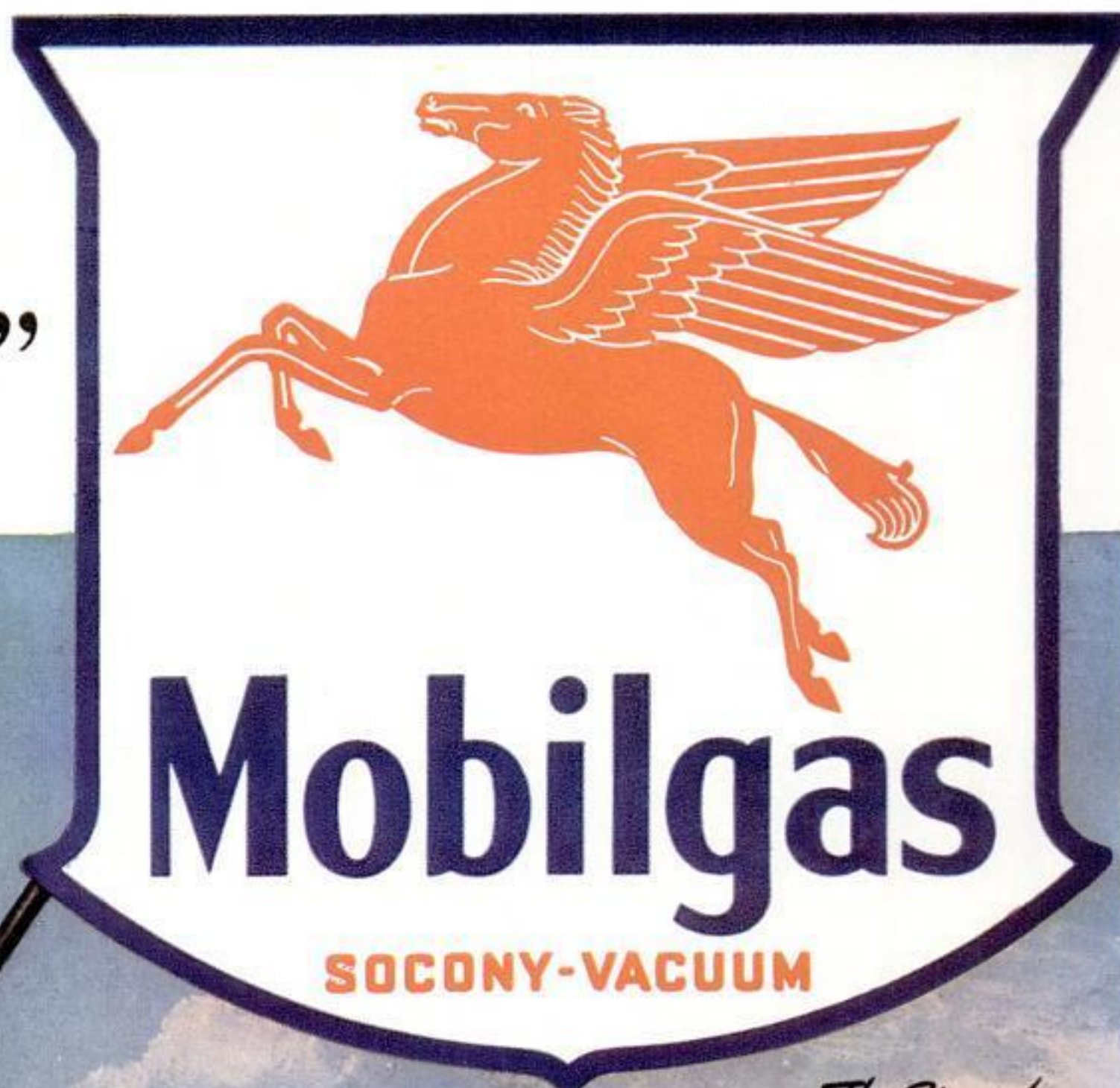
Are you planning to buy a new car this Spring? Then why not profit by the experience of these satisfied owners and join the big parade to Pontiac? You'll be glad you did—especially after you discover this *big* car is just as easy to buy and just as economical to own as a small car! See your Pontiac dealer today.

Pontiac

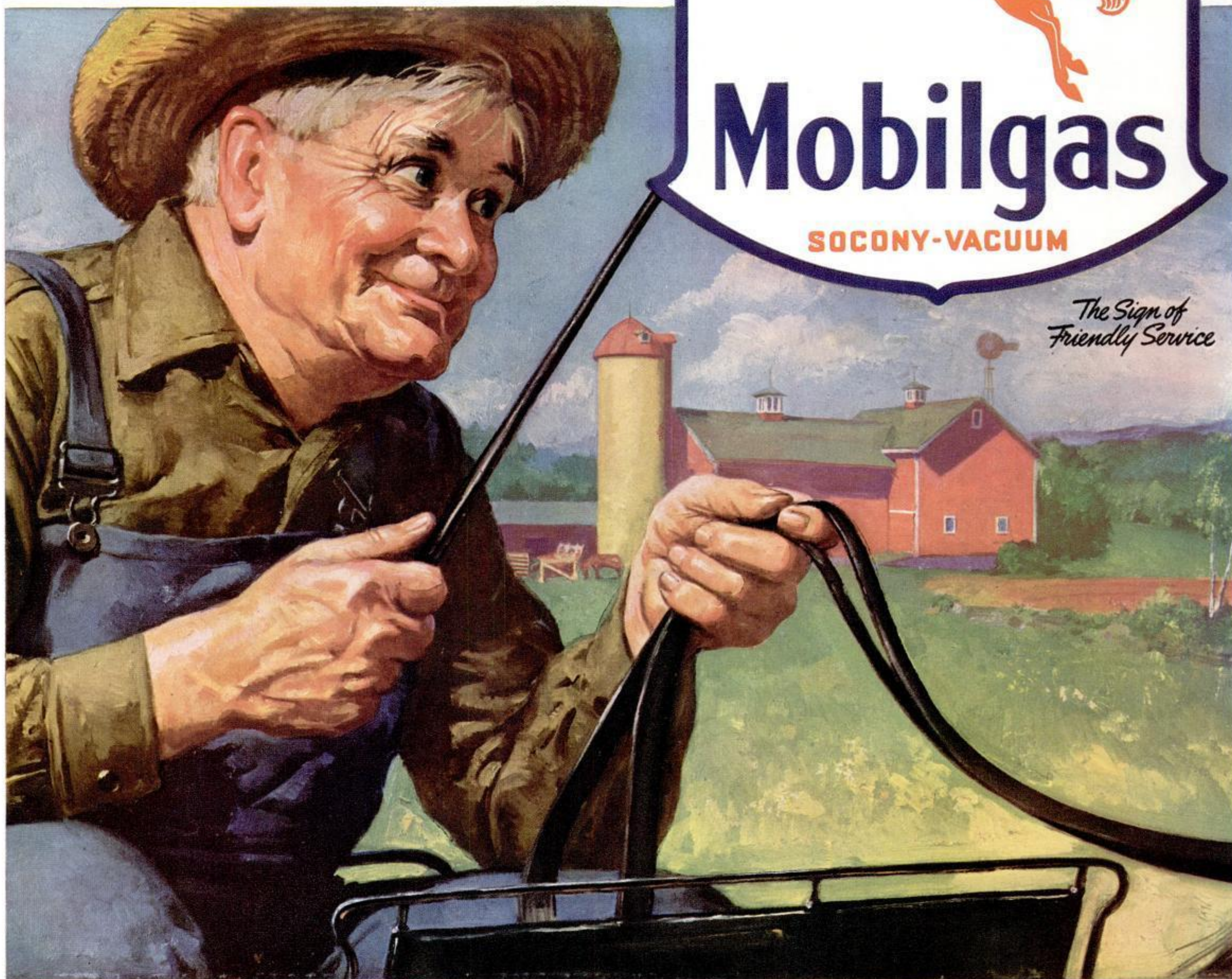
AMERICA'S FINEST LOW-PRICED CAR

*Delivered at Pontiac, Mich. Transportation based on rail rates, state and local taxes (if any), optional equipment and accessories—extra. Prices subject to change without notice. General Motors terms to suit your purse.

"Giddap, or I'll Switch Horses!"



*The Sign of
Friendly Service*



Switch to Mobilgas and Mabiloil for smooth power, long mileage...for a clean, lively motor. Both are *made* for modern cars...deliver *all* good gasoline and oil qualities!

DO YOU WANT a gasoline with plenty of "Giddap"? Then *stop* at the famous "Red Horse Sign"... and switch over to quick-acting Mobilgas.

You'll get *all* the "Balanced Performance" built into your modern motor... pick-up, power, smoothness, mileage!

Mobilgas is *made* for today's sensitive engines. Even though firing may exceed 10,000 times a minute—even though carburetion is 100° cooler than a few years ago—Mobilgas atomizes instantly, burns cleanly, delivers its

charges to *every* cylinder *every* time.

Get this Mobilgas "Balanced Performance" for your car... *today*!

1. Quick starts despite cool engine.
2. Fast warm-up—rapid acceleration.
3. Freedom from vapor-lock—no stalls.
4. Minimum crankcase oil dilution.
5. High anti-knock value.
6. Cleanliness—freedom from gum.
7. Full, smooth power under all conditions.
8. Long mileage—economical operation.

SOCONY-VACUUM OIL COMPANY, INC.
AND AFFILIATES
Magnolia Petroleum Co.—General Petroleum Corp. of Calif.



MEMBERS OF MEXICO'S COMMUNIST-LED LABOR FEDERATION, C.T.M., NOW DRILL WITH WOODEN STAVES. RUMORS ARE RIFE OF BREWING NAZI-COMMUNIST REVOLUTION

A NAZI FIFTH COLUMN AND COMMUNIST ALLIES ARE ACTIVE IN MEXICO

The Nazis, who look far ahead, are not waiting until they have conquered Britain and France to start establishing Fifth Columns in the Western Hemisphere. Nazi agents are hard at work throughout Latin America, stirring up hatred of Britain, France and particularly of the U. S. In Mexico they are working hand in glove with Communists, taking advantage of Mexico's approaching Presidential election and the U. S.-Mexican tension over oil expropriation. Their trouble-making aim is to prevent or weaken possible U. S. intervention in Europe's war.

Since mid-April 50 to 60 German "tourists" and "salesmen" have been added to Mexico's popular and long-established colony of 6,500 Germans. During the last War, Mexico was a center of German propaganda and espionage. To make it so again, Nazis have the support of Reds, including a minority of Spanish refugees, whose aim is revolution. Though disclaiming Communism, leaders of the dominant Mexican labor federation, C. T. M., turned pro-Nazi after the Hitler-Stalin deal. The Mexican Government, despite its Leftist leanings, has taken alarm.



This old poster, with other leftovers of German propaganda in Mexico during the first World War, has reappeared in Mexican cantinas. In this one, John Bull

is saying: "Uncle Sam, see if you can't rub it out. I'm sweating and couldn't do it." Replies Uncle Sam: "It's very difficult because it's in indelible ink."



This new cartoon, which appeared in the C. T. M. newspaper, *El Popular*, shows President Roosevelt strangling Latin America while marching into the European war. Caption: "Results of the Welles trip."

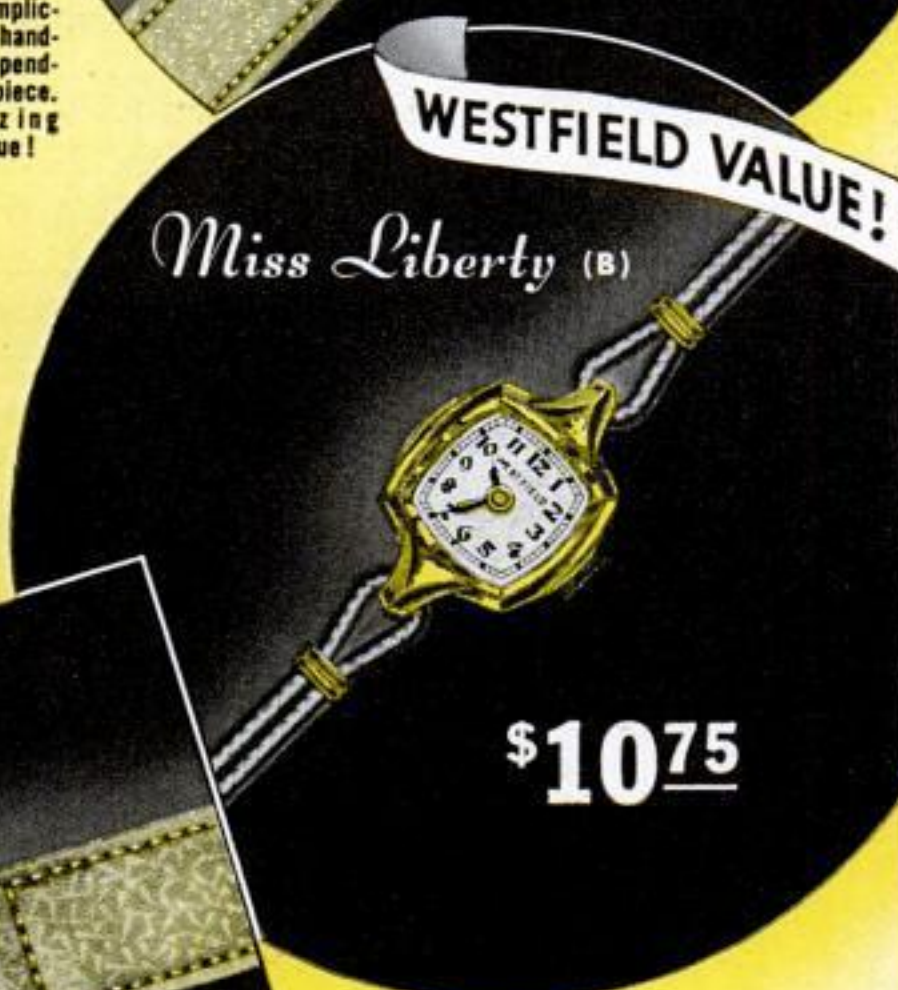
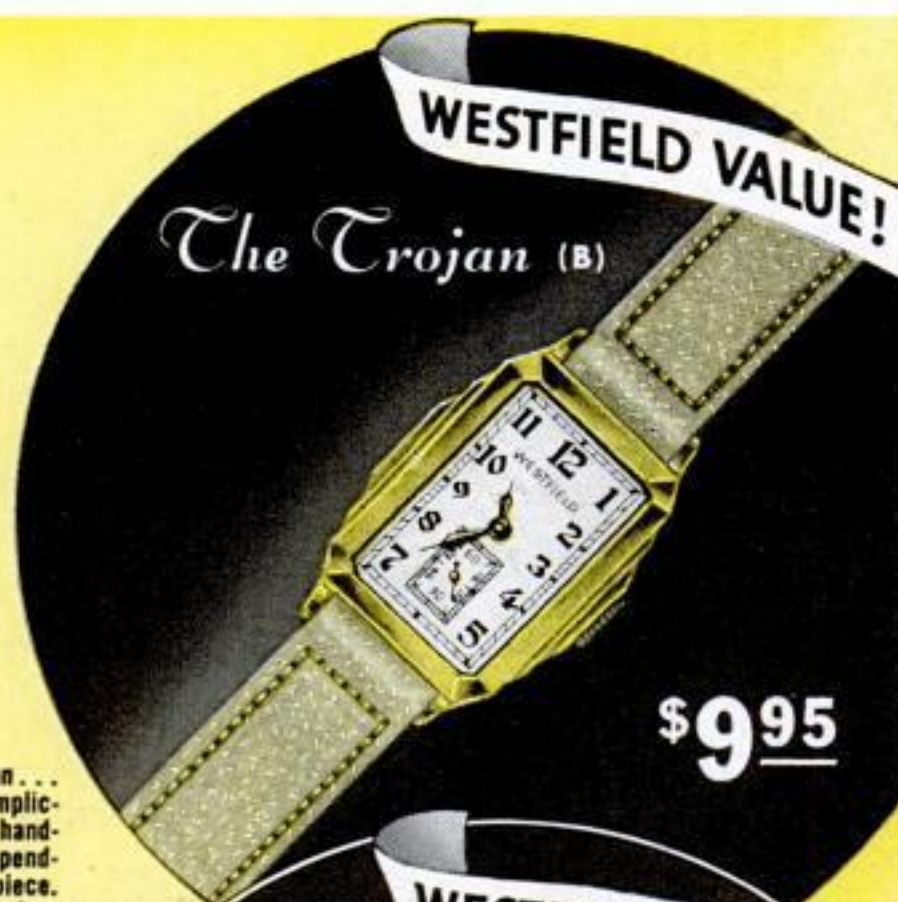
Your money buys *More* in a **WESTFIELD**

America's Lowest-Priced Fine Watch!

How thrilled you'll be by the lasting style, steadfast service and low prices of Westfield Watches! Worn by over two million people! See your jeweler's Westfields—today's biggest watch values!

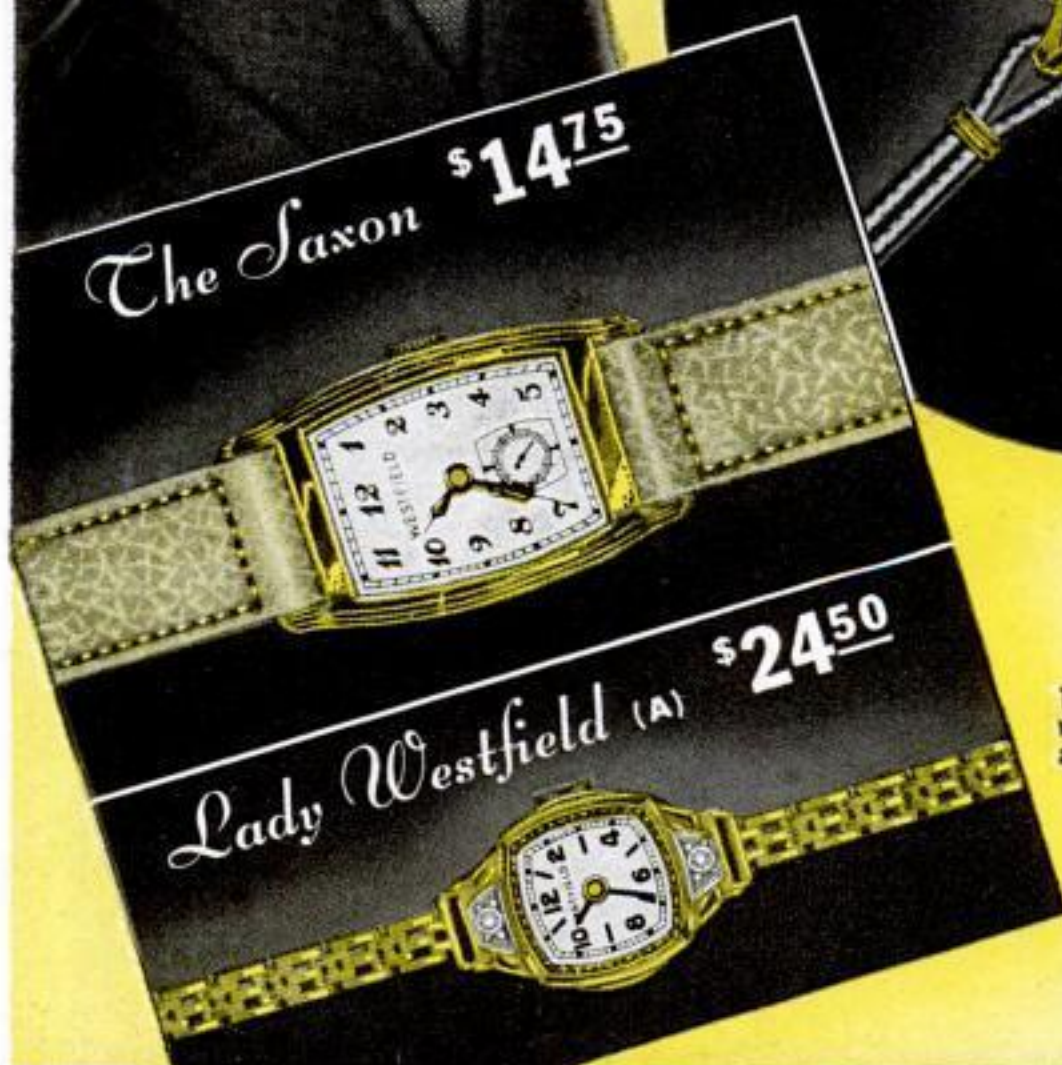


The Trojan... Smart simplicity in a handsome, dependable timepiece. An amazing watch value!



Miss Liberty... Thrillingly beautiful. Thoroughly reliable. Cushion shaped to conform to the latest fashion in ladies' watches.

The Saxon... A distinguished new watch for men. Tell people its price and they won't believe you!



Lady Westfield... Set with sparkling diamonds. Richly engraved. An exquisite timepiece appropriate to the smartest occasions.

WESTFIELD WATCHES

Better Built - Better Styled - Lower Priced!

WESTFIELD WATCH COMPANY • FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Mexican Fifth Column (continued)

Germans spend \$5,000 a month for agitation

No. 1 Nazi propagandist and reputed Gestapo chief in Mexico is Arthur Dietrich, brother of the Reich Press Chief, Dr. Otto Dietrich. More or less open Nazi activities include radio broadcasts, pamphlets sent by mail or handed out in German stores, subsidization of propaganda in the Mexican press and particularly of a weekly magazine, *Timon*. Other reputed activities: arms smuggling, the establishment of secret air and submarine bases. Editor of *Timon* is José Vasconcelos, onetime Minister of Education, who mortally hates and fears the U. S. Germans in Mexico finance Nazi work at rate of 30,000 pesos (\$5,000) a month, with a minimum monthly assessment of four pesos per German.



Arthur Dietrich (left) is press attaché of German Legation in Mexico. Shown with him above (l. to r.) are: José Vasconcelos, editor of the pro-Nazi magazine *Timon*; William Hammerschmidt, Nazi propagandist in Chile; Cesar Calvo, *Timon* president.



Adolfo Leon Ossorio is leader of the Vanguardia Nacional paid by Nazis to attack the democracies and rouse fears that U. S. will annex Mexico. Here he demands expulsion of Jews from Mexico. Once he led anti-U. S. demonstration at U. S. Embassy.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 54

SET YOUR COURSE FOR
"Double-Rich"
 PLEASURE!



SCHENLEY'S *Cream of Kentucky*

THE *"Double-Rich"* Bourbon

Pleasure-craft ahoy! Take aboard a store of the "Double-Rich" Cream of Kentucky straight Bourbon that gives more pleasure to more people... the largest-selling straight Bourbon whiskey in the world! Able-bodied in robust sea-goin' character—but gentle as a summer breeze in "easy-going" taste. Put in at your favorite place and *try* it!

"DOUBLE-RICH" MINT JULEP

In bowl, crush fresh mint covered with powdered sugar and just enough water to melt it. Half-fill glass with shaved ice. Add mint; then fill with ice. Pour Cream of Kentucky, to top. Stir till frosted. Garnish with mint, sprinkle with sugar... Serve!





THE EXPERIENCE OF LEADING RAILROADS A BUYING GUIDE TO CAR OWNERS

IT is not by chance that many leading railroads depend on Exide Batteries to make hot-weather travel *continuously* pleasant—at all times free from heat and dirt, constantly cool and clean. For, in the selection of batteries, as with all other important equipment, railroads buy only proved performance.

Dependable, too, is the Exide Battery for your car. Since all automobile batteries *look* pretty much alike, avoid guesswork; be guided by the proved dependability of Exide in buying a new battery for your car.

But never buy any battery before you are sure you need a

new one. Good batteries as well as worn-out batteries run down. You can be sure if you have yours tested on the Exide Sure-Start Tester, a new scientific instrument that shows a battery's true condition. This test is free. Look for the Exide Dealer Sign—symbol of honest service.

THE ELECTRIC STORAGE BATTERY CO.
Philadelphia... *The World's Largest Manufacturers of Storage Batteries for Every Purpose*
Exide Batteries of Canada, Limited, Toronto



WHEN IT'S AN
Exide
YOU START

EL REY DE LOS BATRACIOS



As "King of the Toads," Winston Churchill appears thus in a *Timon* cartoon with the caption: "If a toad lays a thousand eggs a year, how many lies has this amphibian told since the beginning of the war." Nazis urge Mexico stay neutral in the war.



German War Bulletin giving the Nazi version of war news is sent by mail to many Mexicans, wrapped up with packages purchased in German stores. Germans are leaders in hardware, drug, photographic, optical and chemical businesses in Mexico.



War cartoons like these appear regularly in *Timon*. They exploit the might of German arms and the skill of the German soldier. The British, French and Americans are portrayed as greedy imperialists, weaklings, Jewish capitalists, double-crossers.



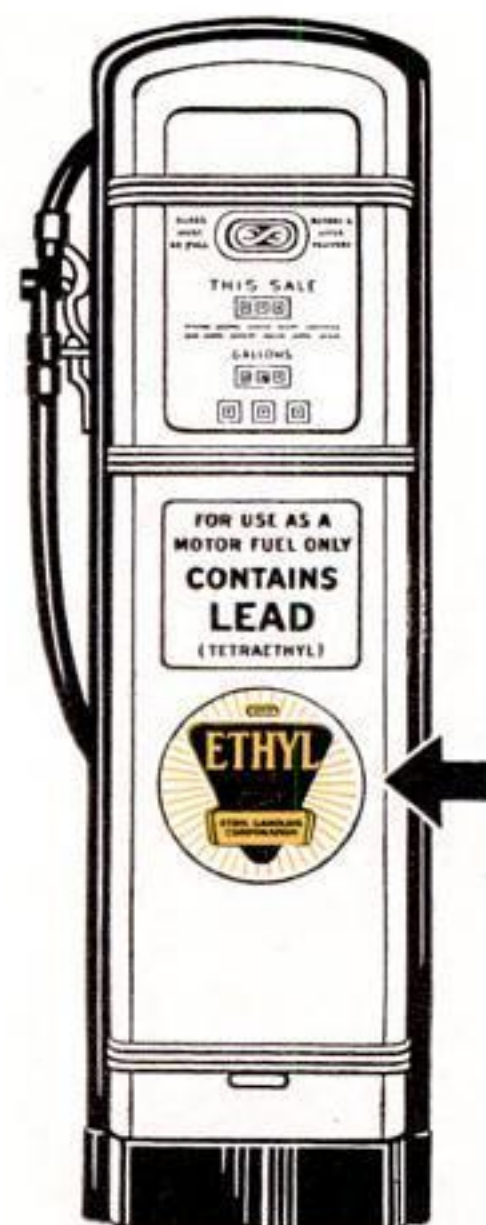
Anti-Nazis are not lacking in Mexico. After Scandinavian invasion, members of Danish and Norwegian colonies in Mexico City nailed sign to doors of German Legation reading: "THIS HOUSE SOON FOR RENT—LEGATION OF THIEVES."

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Here are the signs of improved gasoline



THIS SIGN on a gasoline pump means that lead (tetraethyl), a liquid, has been added to the gasoline to improve its anti-knock quality. More than three-fourths of all the motor fuel sold today in the United States and Canada is "leaded" gasoline. Lead tetraethyl is manufactured by the Ethyl Gasoline Corporation.



THE "ETHYL" EMBLEM on a pump or its globe means that: 1. The gasoline contains enough lead (tetraethyl) for highest anti-knock. 2. It is your gasoline dealer's finest motor fuel. 3. It permits you to have your engine's spark advanced closest to the point of maximum power and economy, without "knock" or "ping."

The better the gas - the better your car!

TUNE IN EVERY MONDAY NIGHT—Tony Martin, Andre Kostelanetz and his orchestra, featured on "Tune-Up Time" over coast-to-coast network, Columbia Broadcasting System.



THAT HELPS EXPLAIN

Why Sealright Containers mean Better Protected Ice Cream

Wash Your Hands Every Hour! That's a law with Sealright workers—to help make certain that Sealright Containers are cleaner containers which give ice cream better protection. Manufactured under rigid sanitary control, as exemplified by the pictures below, Sealright Containers for ice cream, cottage cheese and other foods are easily identified by the Sealright Emblem on the cover.



Extra Clean Containers demand extra clean paper—so Sealright makes a special highly sanitary paper, in its own mill devoted exclusively to paper for food packaging.



Many Foot-Operated Washstands, throughout the vast Sealright plant, help carry out the strict sanitary code among workers. Every hour there's "time out" to wash up.



Under Strict Laboratory Control, millions of Sealright containers and other food packaging products are made daily. Constant tests check true cleanliness at every step.



Eat More Ice Cream! Patronize dealers and manufacturers who give you Sealright Sanitary Service. They're easy to identify—by the Sealright Emblem on the container cover.



Entire contents of this advertisement copyright, 1940, by Sealright Co., Inc., Fulton, N. Y., Kansas City, Kan., Los Angeles, Calif., Peterborough, Ontario, Canada.



T. Ifor Rees, consul general, is the chief British diplomat in Mexico since relations were broken over oil expropriation.



Vicente Lombardo Toledano, boss of C.T.M., dropped anti-Fascism after Hitler-Stalin deal, is now pro-Nazi.



Lázaro Cárdenas (center), retiring Leftist President of Mexico, reviews May Day parade last month. In Presidential election July 7 the Administration candidate,



Diego Rivera, muralist and ex-Communist, is now one-man Dies Committee, exposing Communists in speech, press.



James Ford, U. S. Communist leader, was threatened with deportation from Mexico after agitating against U. S. imperialism.



General Avila Camacho, is opposed by General Andreu Almazán, a Rightist rated friendly to the United States. There is much talk of revolution by the losing side.

LI'L ABNER by AL CAPP

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

THET CRASH!!—IT WERE THET CITY GAL WHICH TRIED T' VAMPIRE ME LAST NIGHT, BUT AH RUN AWAY!—HAINT A GAL LIVIN' AH CAINT RESISK!



TWO KINDS—"NEW 5 MINUTE" and "REGULAR"

CREAM of WHEAT

"Cream of Wheat" Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



HOW TO Celebrate A Great Occasion

WILL CUPPY EXPLORES A MERE 2500 YEARS OF HISTORY AND GIVES YOU THE BENEFIT OF HIS DISCOVERIES¹

Illustrated by CHARLES ADDAMS



MAN is the only animal that celebrates. You never saw a horse handing out cigars to the other horses to polish off a great occasion. Or if you did, it was a most unusual horse.

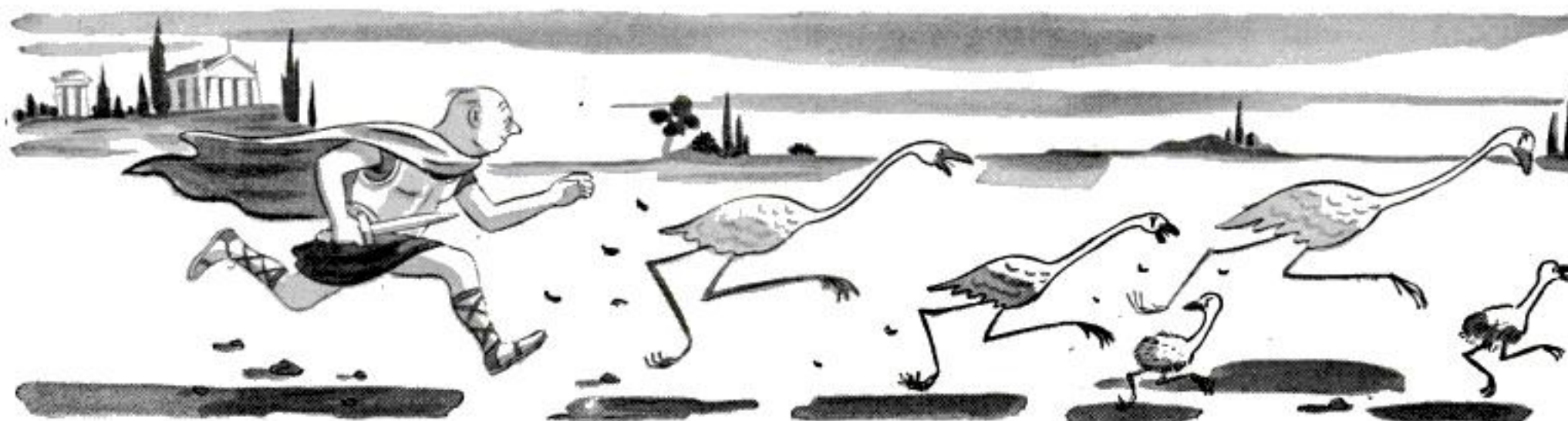
But man knows a big moment when he sees one, and he does something about it—often in ways that seem a bit odd at first glance.

Look how Cleopatra behaved when she met Mark Antony at Tarsus in 41 B. C. and started all that talk. She dissolved a pearl worth somewhere around \$375,000 in vinegar and drank it, so they say.² The trouble with that sort of thing is that it costs you \$375,000 besides the vinegar—and you finally run out of pearls. Most of

us couldn't afford it.³

Or take the Emperor Vitellius, who entered Rome in triumph A. D. 69, after defeating one Otho. What did *he* do to celebrate his good fortune? He just ate and ate, mostly flamingo tongues. He once had 1500 of them served in a single dish and was ready for more the next meal. Those were dark days for flamingos.

Milo of Crotona carried a four-year-old bull on his shoulders the length of the stadium at the Olympic Games back in the sixth century B. C., establishing a world's record for the event and sending his name down the ages.⁴ Do you know how he broke training? Well, he killed the poor bull, cooked it, and *ate* it—which



¹ Mr. Cuppy is the author of "How To Be a Hermit" and "How To Tell Your Friends From the Apes," so he must be an expert on such matters.

² Some historians hold that it is impossible to dissolve a pearl of that size in a cup of vinegar, but none of them seems to have tried it.

³ Later, back in Alexandria, Mark and Cleo went in for less expensive larks. They would disguise themselves in old clothes, pound on doors after nightfall, and then run. That's more like the real thing.

⁴ He had lugged the animal around every day since it was a tiny calf, so he never noticed how hefty it was growing—a smart trick!

strikes me as no way to treat a pal. I suppose it seemed like a good idea at the time.

A much more elegant feast was thought up by Messer Marco Polo, his father, and his uncle to mark their return to Venice in 1295 after years of absence in far Cathay. At the proper moment the three appeared in their ragged garments, slit the seams, and released streams of diamonds, rubies, sapphires and such, thus proving to all concerned, including some snooty cousins, that they were genuine Polos and relatives worth having. Some comeback, I'd call it.⁵

Which brings us to that grand old American, Benjamin Franklin, and how he celebrated certain advances in science in the year 1750. He decided to kill the Christmas turkey by means of the latest thing, electricity, and proceeded to do so for the edification of a circle of friends.⁶ In all the excitement, Dr. Franklin forgot to let go of something and the current missed the bird completely, giving our hero one of the shocks of his life. The joke, it seems, was not on the turkey.



Marco brings home the jewels

By the way, I wonder what Shakespeare did when he finished one of his little pieces—say "Hamlet". *There* was something to celebrate! Aren't there tales of the Mermaid Tavern, where he and Ben Jonson and those fellows hung out when they knocked off work? (No, I am not comparing Shakespeare with any minor author of today. I'm just wondering.)

As for me, when I finish this article, I

⁵ I've always wanted to throw a party like that, but I'm afraid it wouldn't work out. I don't shed diamonds.

⁶ Speaking of Dr. Franklin and his kite, isn't it strange that less than 200 years ago people didn't know that lightning was electricity? Seems as though anybody ought to know that!

am going straight to the kitchen. And gently lift the cap from a cool, brown bottle of Schlitz A. D. 1940. And drink it. If I had Will Shakespeare here with me now, I'd be glad to pour him a frosty beaker.



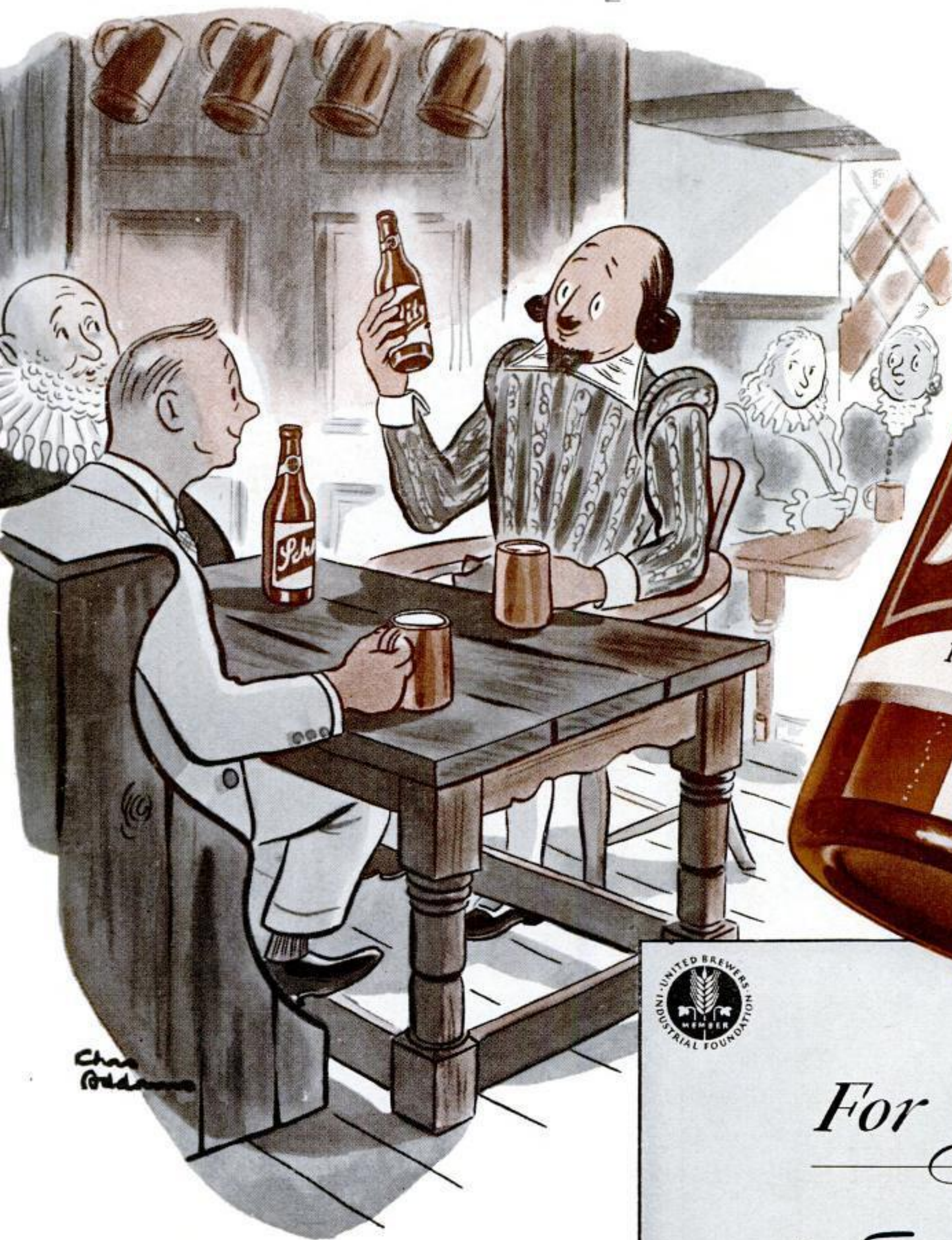
Shocking to Dr. Franklin

Or, if it could be arranged, I'd like to whiz back through time to the Mermaid and do the honors there with the Beer for Great Occasions. I'd like to ask Will what he thought of Schlitz, after his

experience with that harsh Elizabethan brew, and I'm pretty sure what his answer would be. It would be pure poetry.

I might explain to the Bard how the superior science of our day has played its part in making Schlitz the delight it certainly is. There's a special Schlitz process that takes air out of the bottle a moment before the beer pours in, so that this noble beverage retains its original freshness and glorious flavor right up to the moment you drink it. Oh, boy!

And while I was about it, I'd also ask Mr. Shakespeare whether or not Hamlet was really mad. Personally, I don't think he was.



William Shakespeare and the author celebrate a Great Occasion by splitting a couple of aristocratic bottles of Schlitz.



By its new cream, brown and gold label you'll recognize it at once as America's most distinguished bottle of beer.

Copyright 1940
JOS. SCHLITZ BREWING COMPANY
Milwaukee, Wisconsin



For Great Occasions

AN EVEN FINER **SCHLITZ**

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS



S FOR SILK
SM FOR SILK MESH
C FOR COTTON MESH
N FOR NYLON

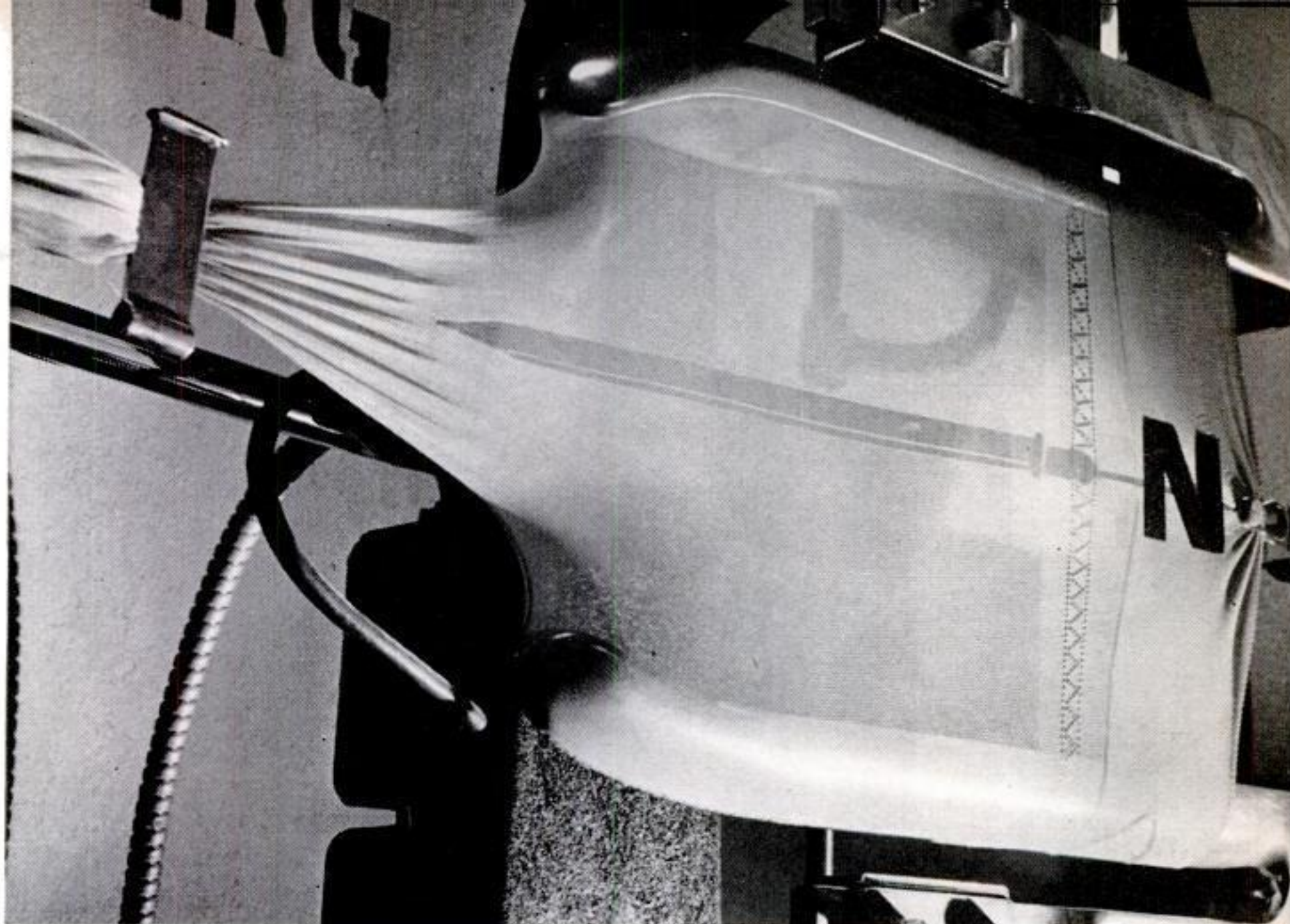
NYLON

Women hope new yarn will halve their stocking bill without loss of glamor

As long as skirts are short, women will wear nothing but sheer, leg-flattering hose. Up to October, 1939, the most a woman could expect of a three-thread silk stocking was about 150 hours of wear. A glamorous two-thread stocking might, with luck, give 100 hours of wear. In October, the first stockings made of du Pont's nylon fiber were put on sale in Wilmington, Del. Women stormed counters to buy these new stockings whose sale had been preceded by tales of fantastic durability. They found hose, as sheer and sheerer than silk, which wore infinitely better.

Assured by the Wilmington experiment that women were ready and eager to accept nylon hosiery, stocking manufacturers began quantity production, offered 4,000,000 pairs for sale throughout the U. S. on May 15. In New York, 72,000 pairs were sold the first day. The nation's supply of most wanted sizes was exhausted in four days. Women were jubilant at the prospect of cutting their \$400,000,000 annual silk stocking bill in half or less.

To determine the wearability of various types of stockings, LIFE asked the United States Testing Co. to test four popular types (see the opposite page). Nylon outwore silk on every test.

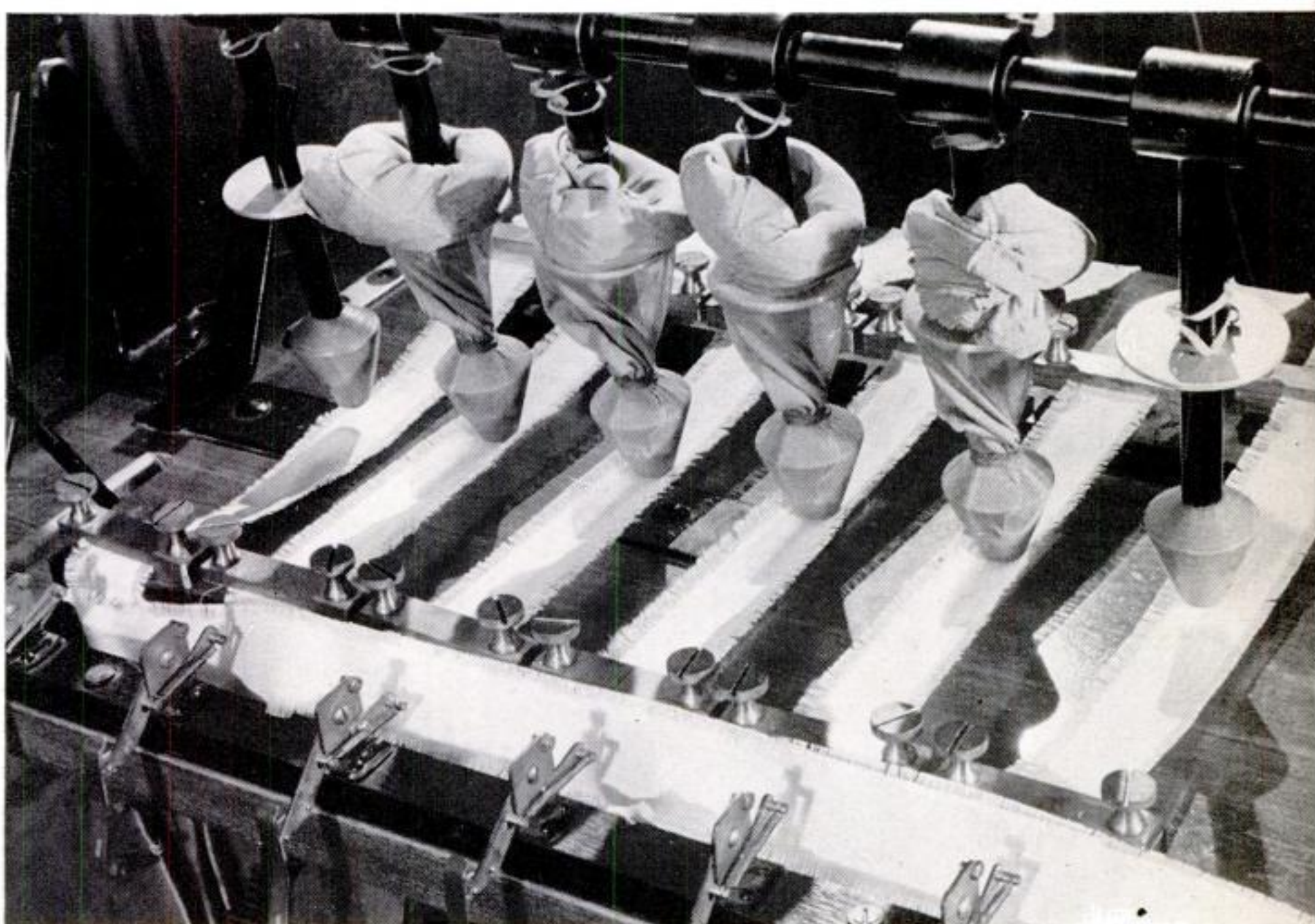


In the flexing test, machine simulates the bent knee action with garter pull. After 20,000 flexings, the nylon stocking was none the worse for wear, had to

be pricked with scissors to make it run (above). Comparable silk stocking broke after 2,778 flexings; cotton mesh after 13,830, silk mesh after 1,195.

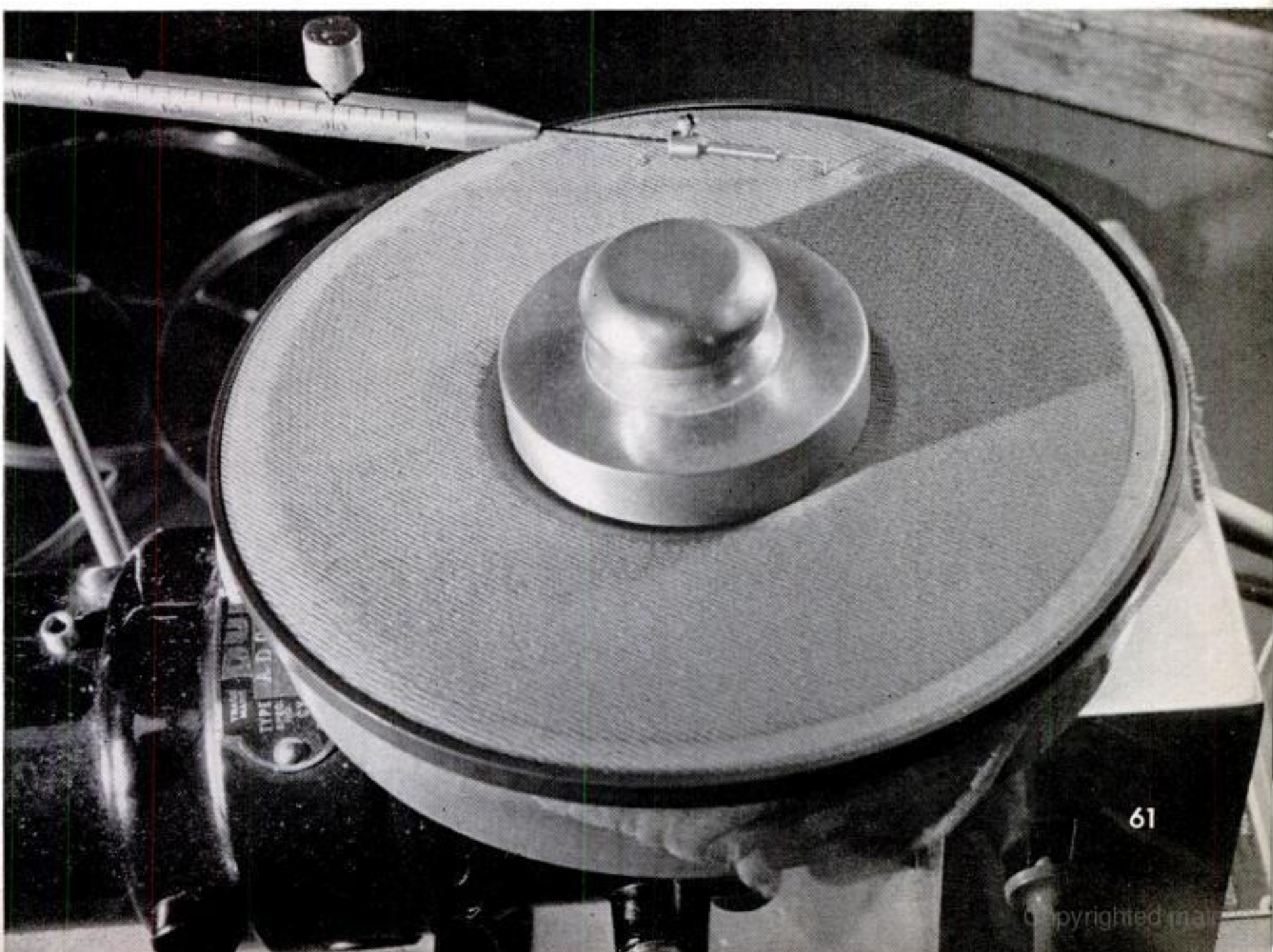


Flattery of nylon (above) is preferred by women to utilitarian, non-run cotton mesh (below), developed by the U.S. Department of Agriculture.



In abrasion test, nylon toes broke at 19,760 strokes, silk at 1,748, cotton mesh at 4,846, silk mesh at 1,418. In the snag resistance test (below) a pricker

is pressed onto a stocking stretched over a rotating disc. Pressure on pricker is increased until stocking snags. Nylon resisted up to 40.1 grains, silk to 19.25.





A GAS FLARE WAVES FEATHERS OF FLAME OVER AN OIL LEASE IN ILLINOIS. AT LEFT IS A SMALL REFINERY WITH ABSORPTION TOWER AND STORAGE TANKS. IN THE BACKGROUND



OIL IN ILLINOIS: RIGS RISE OVER FIELD AND FARM AS BOOM UNLOCKS A NEW U. S. FRONTIER

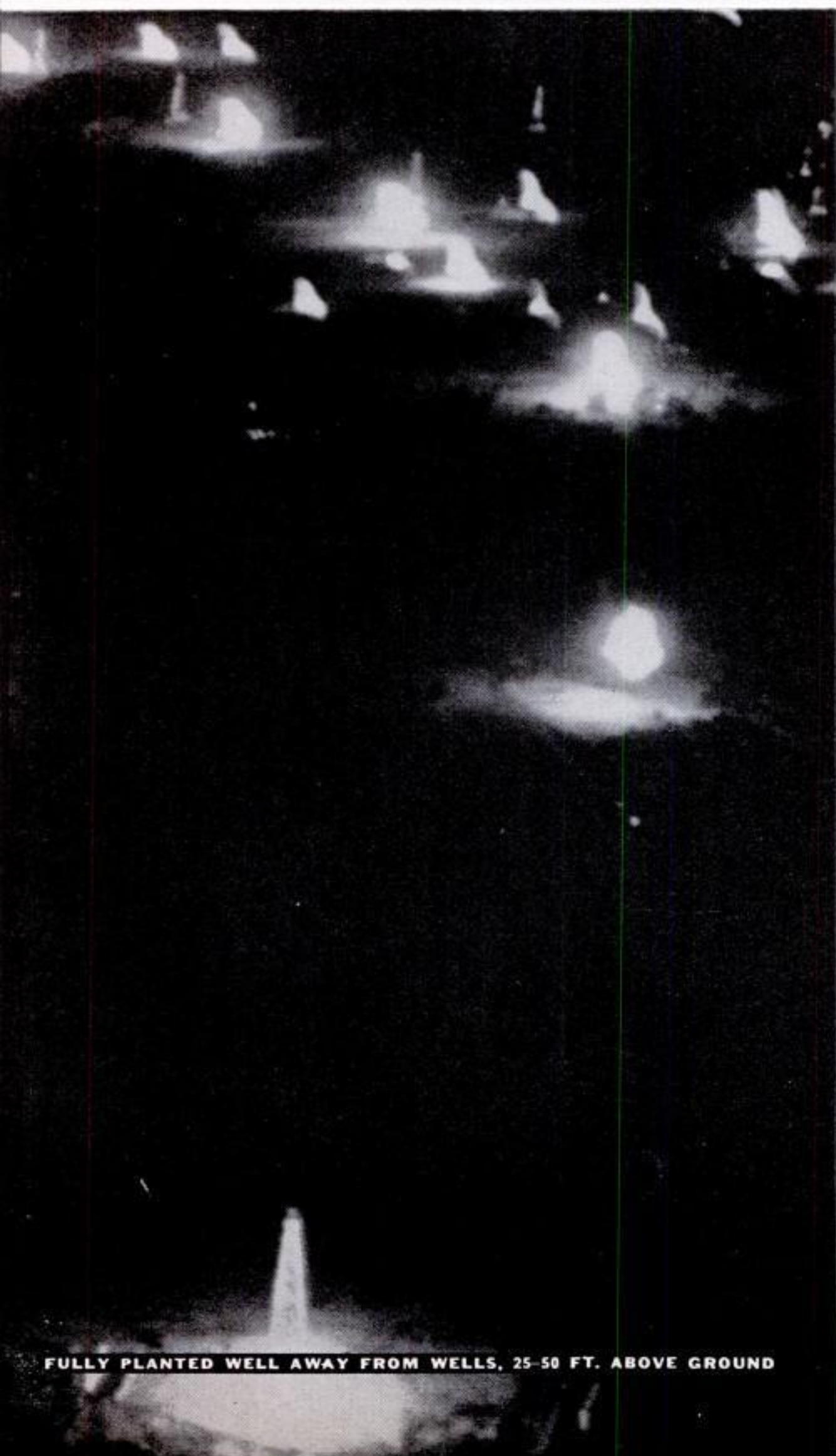
One night last week a LIFE photographer flew over the oil fields of southern Illinois and looked down on constellations of fire, grounded on the dark plain at left below. Today the great Centralia-Salem field is the most active oil-producing area in the entire U. S. Its innumerable drillers each week point new steel fingers at the sky. By night the leases are lighted by a thousand tongues of flaming gas, waste gas exhaled with the rich dark oil, separated, ignited and consumed in flares that flicker torchlike among the rigs. From Illinois' wells last week huge companies like Shell, Gulf and Texas, scores of smaller firms, independents and wildcat drillers daily took 434,000 barrels of oil. Quick exploitation and no conservation laws have lifted Illinois in a few fast months to third place among oil-producing States of the land.

Though oil had welled from Illinois' sand and limestone formations since 1882, the entire State was producing but 12,000 barrels a day four years ago. Coal miners long suspected a pool for oil seeped constantly into their shafts. But not till the summer of 1938 did drills begin to tap the richest fields of Illinois' southern counties. Then abruptly the fever raged. Money flooded across State lines. Farmers tore up their fields for what was underneath. Rigs rose in parks and pastures, front yards, back yards, church yards, cemeteries and streets. Rents rose as hotels, inns and lodging-houses filled with busy booted men in big hats. The great corporations followed in the wake of the independents. Last year the Texas Corp. increased its total annual production by 16,000,000 barrels, owing largely to its new wells in Illinois.

Of the newly rich towns in this jubilant region, Centralia is the newly richest, loudest, lustiest. Before oil its coal business had faltered, its railroad shops closed, its 13,000 people dwelt dully among old warehouses and idle plants. Now 668 derricks dot its streets and fields. Last week they spat forth 220,000 barrels of oil. Last week also 59 new holes were drilling, eight rigs were going up and 22 new wells had started work with a combined initial output of 16,700 barrels. On these pages you see views of booming Centralia, a town that has suddenly discovered a new frontier.



LOOMS A DERRICK STRUNG WITH RIG LIGHTS FOR NIGHT DRILLING



FULLY PLANTED WELL AWAY FROM WELLS, 25-50 FT. ABOVE GROUND



The Young's Chapel Christian Church of Centralia has just been built with \$20,000 derived from five wells on

church property, pumping 350 barrels of oil daily. In left foreground a pumping jack is hard at work.



**MORE FUN
...Less Cost in
NORTH CAROLINA
Variety Vacationland**

WHETHER you prefer the Seashore or the Mountains—or both, your vacation dollars go further in North Carolina. There is every variety of good golf... scenic highways of breath-taking beauty... sapphire lakes and mountain streams teeming with game fish. Horseback riding, hiking, swimming, boating, all outdoor sports and recreations in a cool healthful climate. A coastal section steeped in earliest Colonial history... miles of white sand beaches...

every seashore attraction. Excellent food and accommodations at reasonable cost.



Blowing Rock, N. C.

Governor's Hospitality Committee,
2242 Dept. of Conservation and
Development,
Raleigh, North Carolina
Gentlemen: Please send illustrated booklet,
"NORTH CAROLINA, VARIETY VACATIONLAND"

Name _____
Address _____



Acid is pumped into a well to eat away deep limestone, open up producing zone. The man on tank truck is using a measuring rod to determine how much acid has gone in.



In Centralia cemetery, derricks rise among the tombstones and oil surges up between the bodies of the dead. Here behind a grave stand storage tanks, a separator.

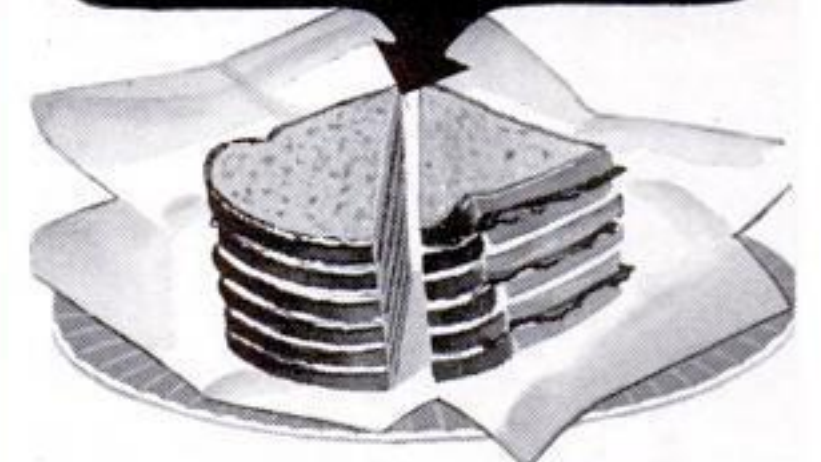


The main road to the main pool has been chewed into deep ruts under constant use by heavy trucks and tractors. It is scheduled for concrete-surfacing in near future.

**BEST FOODS
MUSTARD
WITH
HORSERADISH**



puts racier flavor in
PICNIC SANDWICHES



In fact, Best Foods Mustard-with-Horseradish gives new zip to the flavor of all the foods on which you formerly used ordinary mustard. So inexpensive, too! Why not try it this week?



Your Eyes Are
PRICELESS
Don't Risk Serious Harm by
Wearing Imperfect Sun Glasses



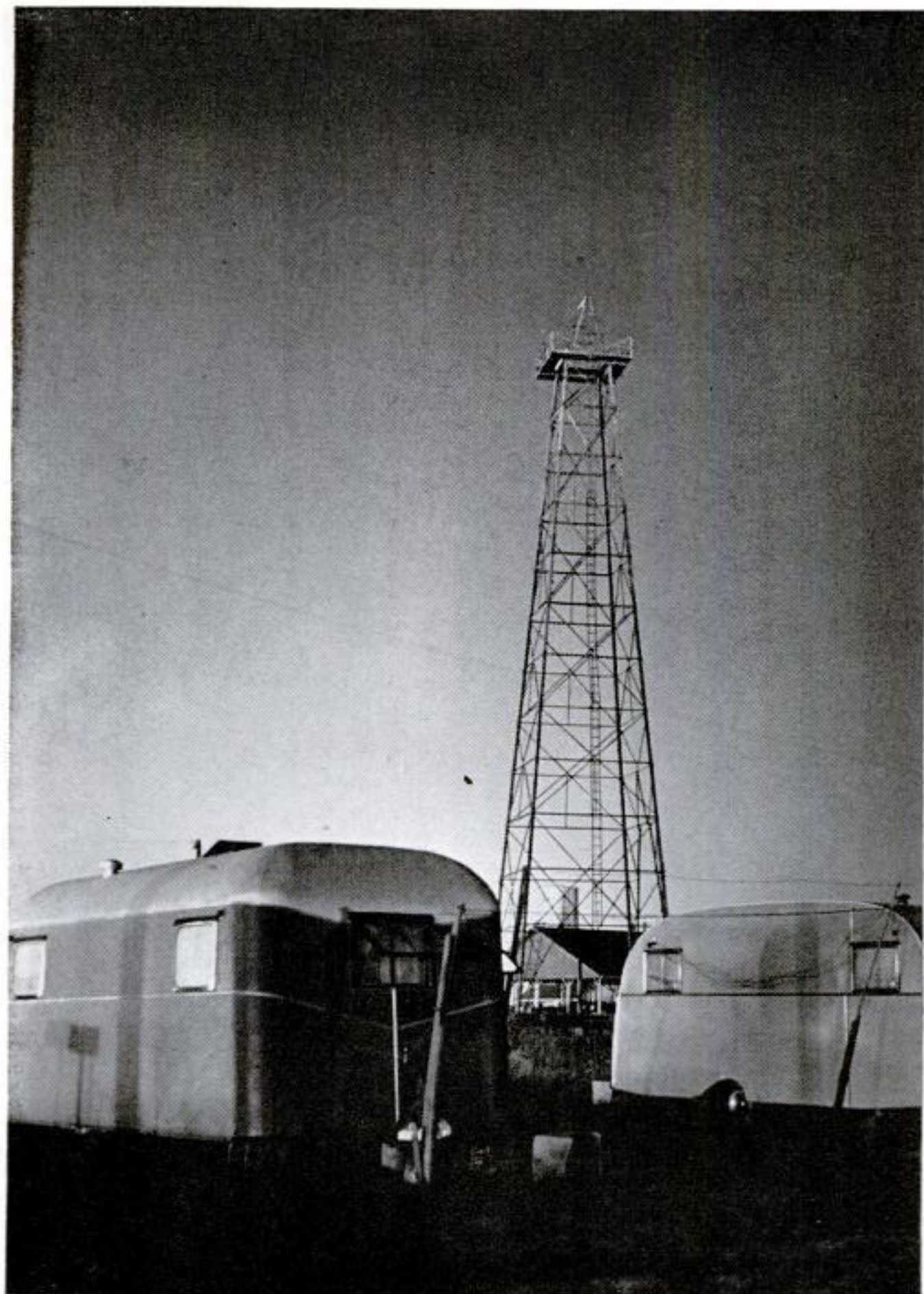
**SUPER
SOLAREX
SUN GLASSES**
PERFECT OPHTHALMIC LENSES



\$1.75 \$2 \$2.25

Blackout 94% of Sun's Irritating Infra-red Rays yet retain Natural Outdoor Colors. Every Lens Guaranteed Perfect, Optically Ground and Polished to highest requirement. No distortion, no strained eye muscles that may cause permanent damage. You'll find a selection of flattering styles in the Solarex Glass Display Case (shown at left) at the better Sun Glass Counters.

BACHMANN BROS., INC., EST. 1833
1420 EAST ERIE AVENUE, PHILADELPHIA



Trailer clusters among wells house Centralia's sudden new oil population. The invasion of outlanders has altered the political picture throughout southern Illinois.



Farmer Shanafelt, 71, sits on a pipe-line manifold, contemplating his good fortune. On his 80-acre farm, 24 wells are at work. In one peak month they paid him \$22,000.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Charming hostess—Mrs. Robert W. Armstrong, well known in Toronto's younger set, is very active in government society.

(At right) Beautiful Lake Muskoka is a favorite haunt of smart Canadian sport enthusiasts—including Mrs. Armstrong!



MRS. ARMSTRONG, where do you find time—busy as you are—to keep your skin so soft and fresh?

ANSWER: "Why, my skin care is really simple—and quick! First I give my skin a thorough cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream. And then I spread on a thin film of Pond's Vanishing Cream—a single application smooths little roughnesses right away."

QUESTION: Does using 2 Creams help you keep your make-up becoming—fresh longer?

ANSWER: "Yes, it really does. My make-up is more flattering when I get my skin clean and soft with Pond's Cold Cream and then give it a smooth finish with Pond's Vanishing Cream. And my powder clings all evening!"

In the Social Whirl

BUT BOTH CARE FOR THEIR COMPLEXIONS
THE FAMOUS POND'S WAY

In the Workaday World

MISS HOLDEN, in your opinion, what things help most in a career girl's success?

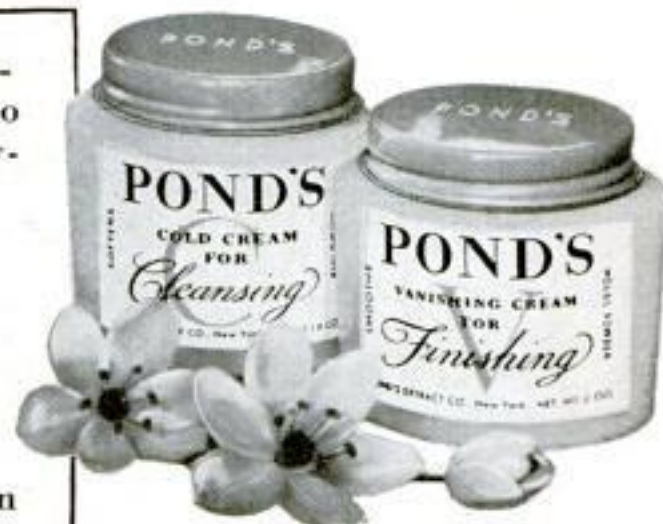
ANSWER: "Interest in her job, willingness to work and a *good appearance!* But nothing cheats your looks like a dull, cloudy skin, so you can bet I'm always sure to use Pond's Cold Cream to keep my skin really clean and soft. I can count on it to remove every trace of dirt and make-up!"

QUESTION: Doesn't the wind off Lake Erie make your skin rough and difficult to powder?

ANSWER: "Well, Cleveland is mighty breezy, but little skin roughnesses don't worry me a bit. I just use another Pond's Cream to help smooth them away . . . by that I mean Pond's Vanishing Cream. And besides smoothing and protecting my skin, it's perfect for powder base and overnight cream because it's absolutely non-greasy!"

Ambitious salesgirl—Miss Janet Holden, who sells and models ready-to-wear in one of Cleveland's leading department stores.

← Miss Holden entertains. The rugs are rolled back, she takes her turn at changing the records, and it's "on with the dance" to the tune of the latest swing!



SEND FOR TRIAL BEAUTY KIT
POND'S, Dept. 21CV-F1,
Clinton, Conn.

Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of Pond's Vanishing Cream, Pond's Liquefying Cream (quicker-melting cleansing cream), and 7 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

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"...attempting to build tires down to a price results, inevitably, in a lessening of quality."



The price of Top-Quality is the little more you pay for Generals

THE ONE AND ONLY
SQUEEGEE
TIRE



At a time when the appeal of price is being used generally, to tempt tire buyers, car owners are recording emphatically their confidence in General's Top-Quality. Sales of Squeegie-Generals show spectacular increases. New thousands are joining the millions who have learned that speculating on tire quality is risky business. For maximum mileage and safety, see your General Tire dealer.

STOPS like this
Flexible ribs wrinkle into squeegie-action ... hold with super-soft grip ... stop you quick and straight, every time.

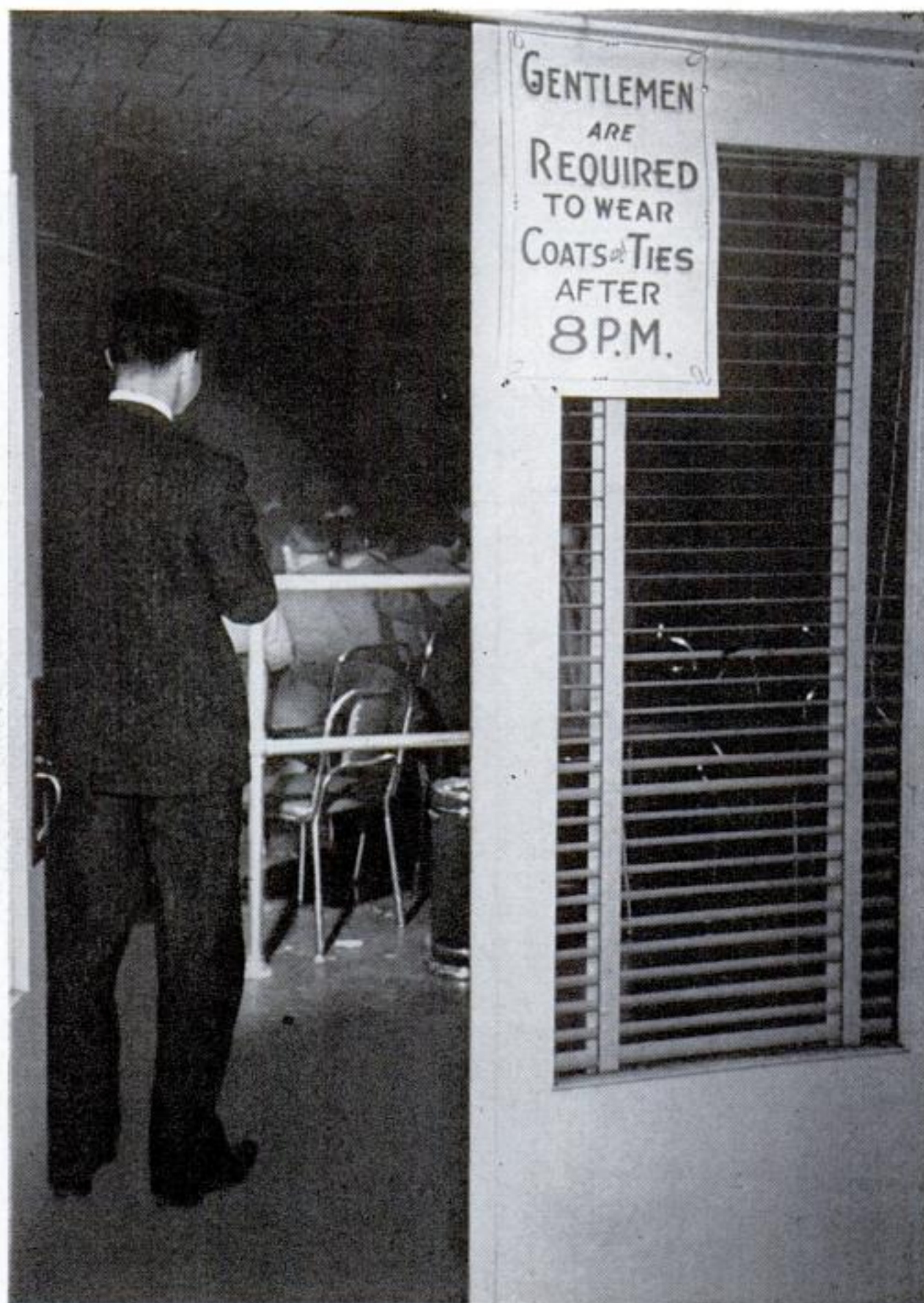
RUNS like this
No wrinkle when running. Silent riding. Easy steering. No sway on sharp turns. Non-cupping. Slow, even wear.

The General Tire and Rubber Company • Akron, Ohio
In Canada—The General Tire & Rubber Co., Ltd., Toronto

COPYRIGHT 1940, THE GENERAL TIRE & RUBBER CO., AKRON, O.

The
GENERAL
TIRE
—goes a long way to make friends

Oil in Illinois (continued)



The Paramount Club, like all of Centralia's oases, is jammed nightly with happily oiled petroleumfolk. It fastidiously frowns on shirt sleeves and naked collar buttons.



Mrs. Hugo Evischi's hotspot offers a more authentic frontier atmosphere. Here jitterbugs, like the gentleman above, may spread their shirttails to the wind and sail.

You, Too, May Get a Heavenly Tan Like This

WITHOUT PAINFUL BURNING



HERE'S a marvelous scientific product, SKOL, that actually filters out those rays of the sun that cause blisters and ugly, painful redness.

• Skol lets you bask in the sun for hours. Lets you tan comfortably, beautifully, even if you are blond. Made after a formula originally developed in Sweden for snowburn, Skol is now used on beaches in 25 countries.

Be sure to apply Skol before you go out in the sun and again after each swim! It's not greasy, doesn't show, won't pick up sand. Skol Company, Inc., New York.



NOT
OILY
NOT
GREASY

HELPS RELIEVE DRY, CHAPPED SKIN



↑ **This is the WRONG way** to try to get your tan. You burn painfully first — look lobster-red and unattractive . . . suffer

↓ **This is the RIGHT way** to encourage a lovely tan. Use Skol and tan gloriously without redness or painful burning



Don't Forget to Remember

Interwoven

REG. U.S.
PAT. OFF.

THE GREATEST NAME IN SOCKS



FISH NET MESH
SHORT SOCKS

*DOESKIN TONES and CRICKET STRIPES
... many wonderful Color Blendings

"Hey Fellers!
See what I got Dad"

FATHER'S
DAY
June 16th

SHORT SOCKS
for
COUNTRY
WEAR



COPYRIGHT 1940 INTERWOVEN
STOCKING COMPANY

BY THE LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF MEN'S SOCKS IN THE WORLD

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SON OF HEAVEN

JAPAN'S LAST LIBERAL, THE GOD-EMPEROR
HIROHITO, IS PRISONER OF HIS OWN POWER

by ERNEST O. HAUSER

The terrible events across the Atlantic have drawn all American eyes away from the dangerous state of affairs in the Pacific. Yet if America gets into war soon, its likeliest adversary is not Germany but Japan. What makes it so difficult is the great gulf between the way a Japanese mind works and the way an American mind works. Nowhere is the Japanese mind better revealed than in its attitude toward the Emperor.

Mr. Hauser, the author of the following Close-up, returned recently from six years in the Orient. He has written an excellent new book, *Shanghai: City for Sale*.

In the age of gods, Amaterasu, the Sun Goddess, looked down upon the peaks and valleys of Japan and said: "This land shall be ruled hereditarily by my descendants." And she turned to her grandson, Prince Ninigi, with the words: "You, my grandson, go and govern it, and may the prosperity of the Imperial House be everlasting like the Heaven and Earth."

Prince Ninigi, invested with the three sacred insignia of power—the sword, the mirror and the necklace—left the skies and descended upon the rich lands of Kyushu Island in the south of Japan and ruled it. His great-grandson, the Emperor Jimmu, who felt the urge to expand, crossed over to the central island of Japan, subdued hostile tribes and founded the Japanese Empire. This event took place in the year 660 B.C. His Heavenly Majesty, Hirohito, the present Emperor of Japan, is the 128th direct descendant of Amaterasu, the Sun Goddess, and all Japan is celebrating the 2,600th birthday of the Empire this year.

Japan's origin may be a myth. The myth, however, is the most important single political influence upon the fate of 500,000,000 human beings—one-quarter of mankind. The divinity of the Japanese Emperor offers a clue to the understanding of Japan, the world's strangest nation; and it partly explains Japan's ruthless, fearless, hopeless war against China which, completely eclipsed by the war in Europe, has been going on as usual since last September.

The 72,000,000 people in Japan walk, talk, laugh, cry, eat, love; they wear suits, hats, spectacles; they work in offices, pilot airplanes and shoot; they write, read, argue and die. These things they do more or less like Americans or Europeans. This is as far as the similarity goes. Everything else is different.

In the first place the Japanese soul is in the belly. Discuss his soul with a Japanese and he will tap his belly gently while he speaks to you. If he is "searching for your belly," he is beating around the bush. If his "mouth and his belly are different," he is a liar. If his "belly is black," he is pretty wicked. If "there is something in his belly," he has an ax to grind; if he's "unable to set his belly," he is angry, and his anger might reach the state where he "stands up his belly." On the other hand he may "split his belly wide open," i.e., talk frankly (if you haven't "read his belly" anyway) and insist that he really "possesses a very large belly," which makes him a broadminded person. To prove it, he may "show you his belly," and, if your only reaction is to "laugh into your belly," he may yell, "if that isn't true, I'll cut my belly!" (I'll be damned.)

For several centuries more than four Japanese have cut their bellies every day. The word for belly is *hara*, the word for cut is *kiri*. There are 1,500 cases of *hara-kiri* every year. If the Japanese is deeply offended, if he has committed a crime requiring exoneration, he chooses to bare his soul by opening his belly, painfully demonstrating his inner purity. Such atonement first became fashionable in the 8th Century and was a privilege of feudal barons. The technique was complicated. First, the baron received a jeweled dagger by special messenger from the Emperor, with a polite note expressing Imperial regret. Several days of ceremonious preparations then occurred before the belly was ready to cut. Finally the baron crouched solemnly on a dais erected in his own hall. While friends, officials, servants looked on, arrayed in a silent semicircle, he painstakingly stripped to the waist, tucked his long sleeves under his knees to prevent falling over backward, and did it. The bloodstained dagger was brought back to the Emperor as proof and for future use.

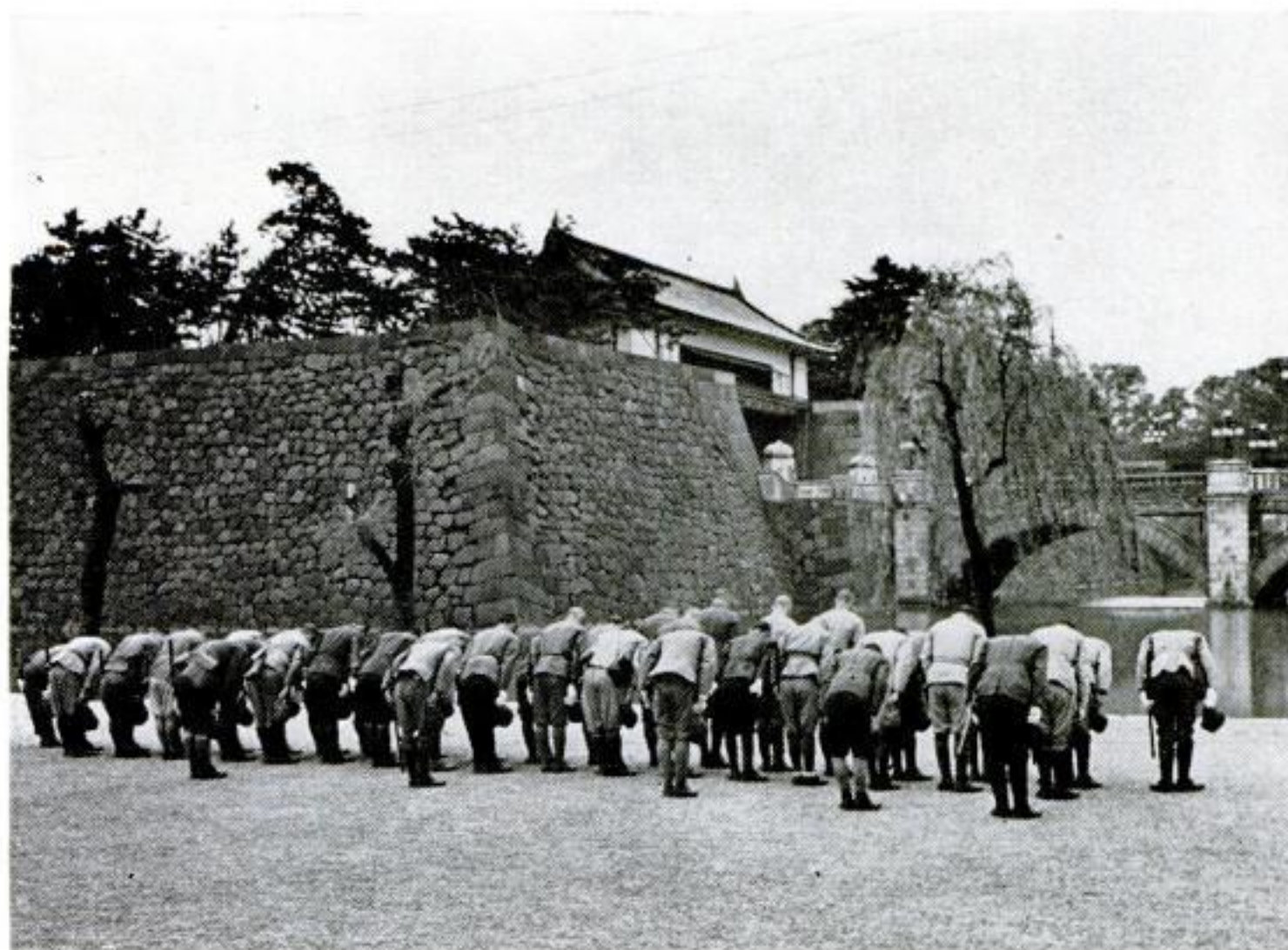
Hara-kiri is properly executed with a 9½-in. dagger. Before use, the dagger should be cleaned carefully with sheets of rice paper. It must



Emperor Hirohito was enthroned in these robes in 1928. They are the silk robes of priesthood, embroidered with the sacred paulownia blossom. He carries a priest's scepter.



Empress Nagako was this 18-year-old school-girl when Hirohito chose her as future bride. Hirohito's divine ancestors reproved him for love match by giving Nagako four girls.



Soldiers bow towards the Emperor outside the Palace wall and moat. Japanese get spiritual joy from bowing in the Emperor's direction, are embarrassed and dazzled by actual sight of the Imperial person. It is forbidden to look down on the Emperor. Tower of Tokyo police headquarters was left unfinished upon discovery that it would overlook the Palace gardens.

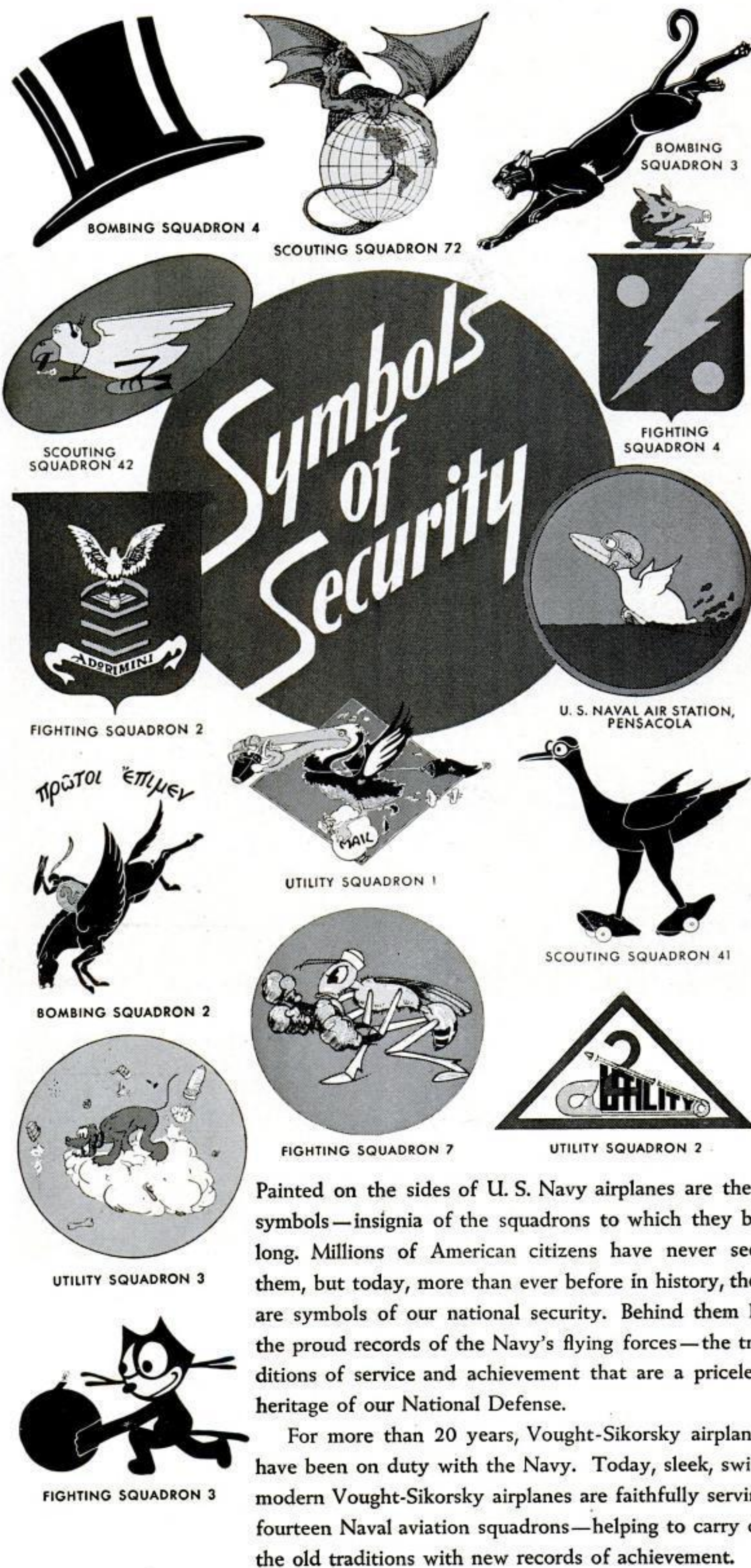


Crown Prince Akihito, 6, started school this spring in a blue-serge suit and cap with cherry blossom, prepared by his mother. The Peers' School was rebuilt for him near Palace.



Princess Yori races at the Peeresses' School. Each Imperial child gets a sword from the Emperor at birth and each princess also receives a small purple ceremonial skirt.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



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HAMILTON STANDARD PROPELLERS



Hirohito, aged 4, held hands with his father, Emperor Taisho (right). The other little boy is his brother, Chichibu, now the popular prince who visited America three years ago. Taisho, son of the great Emperor Meiji, lost his mind in 1921.

SON OF HEAVEN (continued)

then be inserted in the left side slightly below the waist and pulled through (if necessary using both hands) to the extreme right of the abdomen. The operation ends with a slight upward cut. Death will not come instantaneously. To avoid long-drawn agony, a second may be employed who decapitates the exonerated victim with a single sweep of his sword. Reports tell of one Japanese who cut his belly thrice horizontally and twice vertically. Women do not cut their abdomens but their throats. "Obligatory" hara-kiri went out of style a century ago. Only one of the Army officers who had partaken in the Tokyo mutiny of Feb. 26, 1936, performed the operation when reprimanded.

Before evaluating Japanese Emperor-worship, one must know something about the Japanese ancestor cult. The spirits of dead ancestors are floating around in every Japanese house. They are fed with choice food, incense is burned before the family shrine for them, and guests are liable to be introduced to them. Each living Japanese is merely a link in an endless chain of ghosts. He is identical with them except for the immaterial fact that he breathes and can be seen.

Japanese are probably the cleanest people on earth. They use different sets of chopsticks for arranging charcoal in a stove, for picking caterpillars off rose bushes, and for eating. They may, at any time, be possessed by foxes that have entered them surreptitiously through the spaces between the fingernails and the flesh. They can comfortably grin when up to the neck in water just below the boiling point, drive a car with alarming speed through city traffic, make their wives walk in respectful distance behind them wherever they go, and consider it impolite to say No. If in a fruit store one says, "Oh, you haven't got bananas," the man behind the counter will say, "Yes, we have no bananas!"

Japanese bathe in public bath-houses without wearing anything at all, both sexes in full view of each other, but are shocked by public kissing or petting. Kissing (even in private) was unknown to the Japanese and has been unsuccessfully experimented with since Japan was opened to the West in 1853. Geisha girls, who, when seeing Italian sailors to the pier two years ago, kissed them goodbye, narrowly escaped arrest. Focal point of a man's sexual affection for a lady is the back of the latter's neck, whitened with rice powder and gracefully framed by the kimono's drooping collar.

Volumes have been written about Japan's religion. If one thinks of Buddhist temples, Shinto shrines and the myriads of gods, it seems complex. It reveals itself in its imposing simplicity when one strolls around the remote fishing villages of Kyushu and watches its people come out of their huts and junks and pray to the Sun. Sun worship is the age-old, living, national religion of Japan.

It hurts your eyes to look at him

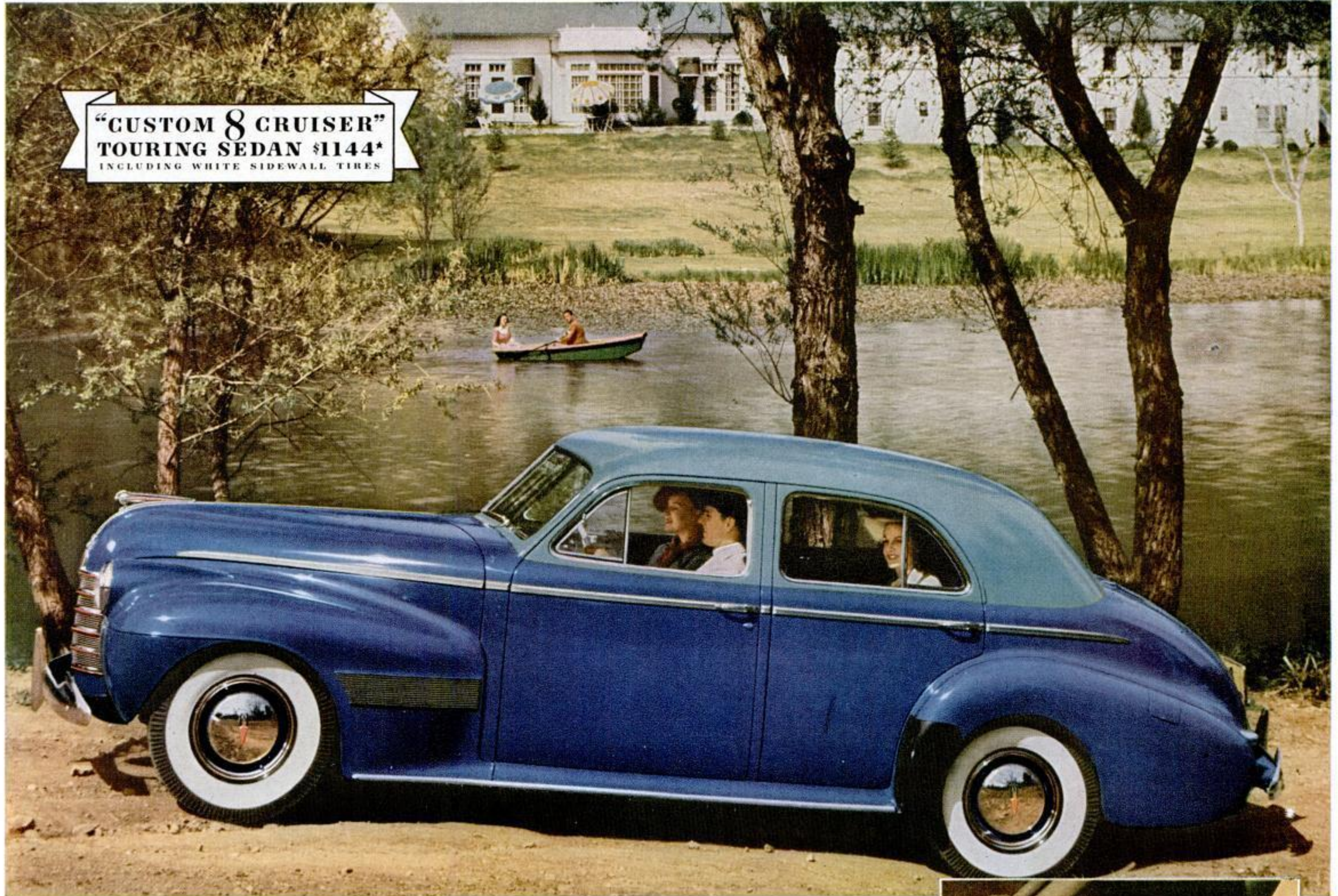
The Emperor, to 72,000,000 Japanese people, is simply the present head of the Sun Family. He is, furthermore, by way of the ancestor cult, *practically identical with the Sun*. If you are Japanese, it actually hurts your eyes to look at the Emperor, just as it hurts your eyes to look into the blazing sun. It makes no difference whatever whether you bow and pray to the Sun itself, to one of the shrines where the Sun Goddess is revered, or to the Imperial Palace in Tokyo; all day long Japanese of all ages pray silently outside the Palace gates, bowing deep or going down on their hands and knees. Hundreds of miles away people bow in the direction of Tokyo. There is no archbishop to crown the new Emperor. He simply rises, like the morning sun, dressed in a robe of rising-sun red. If you take the train for Tokyo somewhere in the northern reaches of Japan, you are never going "down to Tokyo" (although you are going south), as you would go "down to Washington" from New York; you have to take

CONTINUED ON PAGE 73

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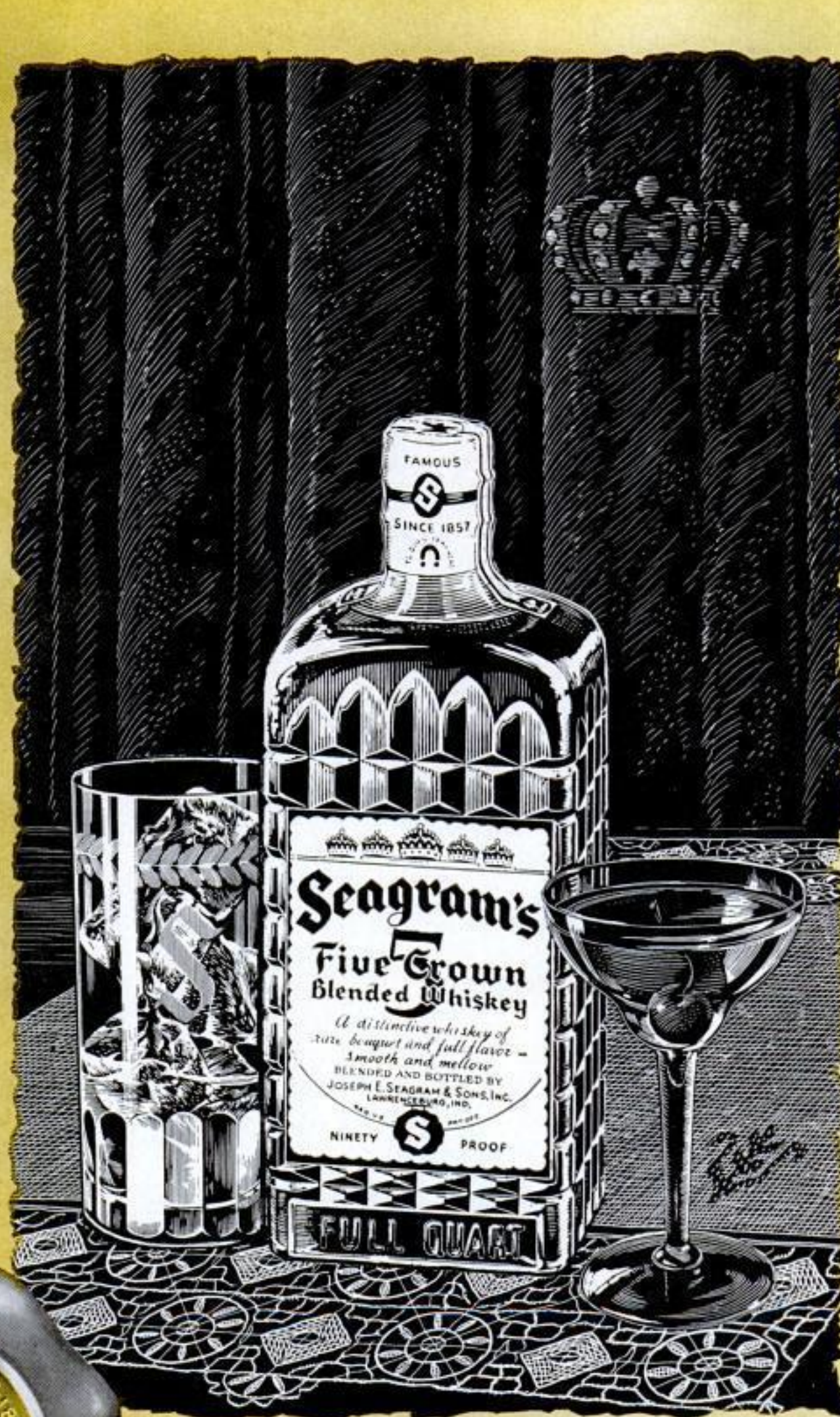
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Entering Palace, the court physician removes his shoes. He must not touch the Imperial person except with silk gloves.



Leaving Palace after New Year's audience, high officials carry home presents of cake and sweets given by the Emperor.

SON OF HEAVEN (continued)

the "up-train" because the Sun-Emperor lives in Tokyo and the Sun-Emperor is "higher" than anything else. And you remove your overcoat in the presence of the Emperor. Who would wear a coat in the presence of the Sun?

Outwardly, Japan is a constitutional monarchy. The constitution of 1899, modeled after Bismarck's constitution for the German Reich, hastens to make this point quite clear: "The Emperor exercises the legislative power with the consent of the Imperial Diet" (Art. V). But although 47 out of the Constitution's 76 articles limit the Emperor's powers, and although Prince Ito, who framed the Constitution, privately damned "despotism," both Japanese and foreign scholars overwhelmingly call Japan an absolute monarchy. Dr. Minobe, a law professor of Tokyo, who dared to challenge this theory and declared the Emperor a mere "organ" of the State, was swept out of his job and the House of Peers as recently as 1936. Hence it is safer to state that the Imperial will which emanated from that Constitution remains above it.

In any case, to his 72,000,000 subjects, who are not concerned with legal finesse, the Emperor is far more than temporal ruler of the State: he is simply the Supreme Being functioning in their midst.

"The Empire of Japan shall be reigned over and governed by a line of Emperors unbroken for ages eternal," says Article I of the Japanese Constitution. Scholars, even in Japan, take this with a grain of salt, considering the widespread practice of concubinage as well as adoption. But even when one discounts the first millennium of this unbroken rule, as historians do, the Japanese dynasty emerges as the world's oldest family. It has been positively known to "reign" since the beginning of Japanese history some 1,600 years ago, which is the longest reign on record. The family has no name and never had one, which not only makes it unique among the dynasties of the world but also makes its claim to an "unbroken line" almost impossible to disprove.

One Emperor was a beggar

On the other hand the official dogma, taught in all schools and believed by Japan's millions, that Japan has been "ruled" by its reigning dynasty for ages eternal, is a grandiose fake. For a thousand years at least, prior to 1868, Japan was a military dictatorship, with its Emperor reduced to the unsatisfactory and uninfluential position of a religious idol. A shogun (generalissimo) with a well-disciplined army and hordes of feudal retainers, exercised actual power, keeping the Emperor in sacred Kyoto, closely watched by a strong garrison and reduced to near-starvation. Despite his divinity, one Emperor was found begging in the streets. One was allowed to copy classic poetry and thus work for a living, and one lived in a hut with a roof through which the rain poured in and one was left lying dead in a dark corner for more than a month because there were no funds for his funeral. Emperors have been fought by usurpers of the throne. Some were assassinated, some committed suicide and some were thrown into prison. When Commodore Perry "opened" Japan, a little-known, completely isolated, quaint Oriental country, in 1853, he found two governments: the shogun's in Tokyo; the Imperial Court at Kyoto. The shogun was the head of the administration; the Emperor rode in a shiny black lacquered cart drawn by two white bullocks. Confused, the American presented the wrong man with gifts labeled, "To the Emperor of Japan."

The forces of the New World and the suppressed forces of native clansmen dissatisfied with the dictatorship pushed the shogun out of his feudal palace in 1867. A "restoration" (in reality a bloody civil war) re-established the young Emperor, the great Meiji, as the

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



**Why take harsh
Laxatives
to relieve
CONSTIPATION?**

M.E.K., Registered Nurse, from Saraka World's Fair Exhibit answers typical questions asked about constipation by 218,000 visitors.

Mr. J. D.,
Northampton, Mass.

**IS SARAKA
A FORM OF
"ROUGHAGE"?**



Mrs. M. A. N.,
Baldwin, N. Y.

**MANY LAXATIVES LEAVE ME
WEAK. HOW ABOUT SARAKA?**

A. Doctors warn against laxatives that leave you feeling "washed out." They say that many drugs of a purging nature frequently found in pills, salts and liquid laxatives are often irritating. Your doctor will tell you Saraka is safe. Its soft, moist, lubricating bulk helps provide more natural bowel action. There's no griping, no urgency. Many say they are reminded of their childhood days when constipation was never thought of.

**IS SARAKA MILD ENOUGH
FOR CHILDREN?**

A. Of course. It is as gentle as it is effective. And it is easy and pleasant to take.



Mrs. A. Y. C.,
Montclair, N. J.

A. No, it is "softage." Saraka supplies bulk in a soft, moist, gelatin-like form. There is none of the irritation so often caused by sharp seeds or scratchy particles. That's one reason it's so wonderful for chronic constipation.

- 1 No griping pains
- 2 No violent action
- 3 No dangerous drugs
- 4 No coarse roughage
- 5 Mild, pleasant
- 6 Economical

**FOR CONSTIPATION Take
SARAKA**



*"Don't look now . . . but I think the Bryants
have also bought a Servel this time!"*

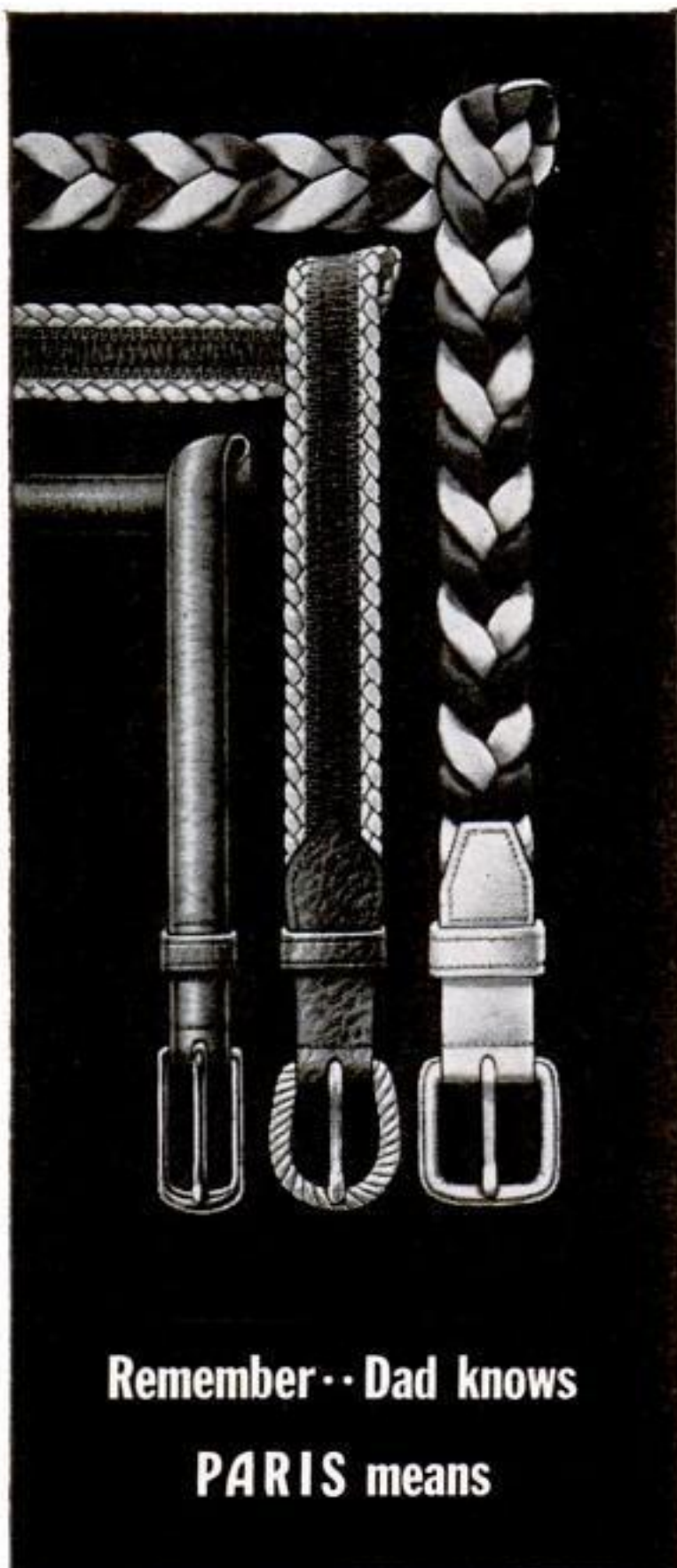


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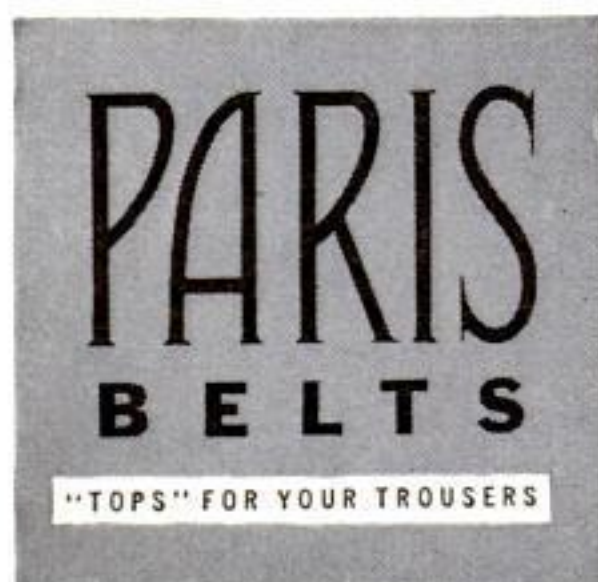
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Paris Belts illustrated from left to right:

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To commit hara-kiri, a Japanese kneels and takes a $9\frac{1}{2}$ -in. dagger from sheath.



The knife is cleansed with rice paper and inserted on the left side just below waist.

SON OF HEAVEN (continued)

nation's head. Then hastily history was rewritten. If Japan's unity and strength were to be preserved, the "divinity" of the Imperial House had to be exploited to the ultimate. The awkward facts of the last thousand years were stricken off the record. It became a sacrilege to mention them. Under the coaching hand of clever statesmen, the rejuvenated nation rallied around its new symbol of national unity: His Majesty the Sun.

Unfortunately the second Emperor after the restoration, Taisho, was weaker than his father. He lost his mind in 1921 and the Empire had to be ruled by a regent. His son, Hirohito, thus had an opportunity to practice the Imperial business while he was still officially the crown prince.

Hirohito was a bright boy. He was born in the Aoyama Palace, Tokyo, on April 29, 1901. Following an ancient custom, the infant prince was taken away from his mother and entrusted to foster parents, Admiral Count Kawamura and his wife. At the age of 2, the Imperial baby was brought into the Emperor's palace to be taken care of by special tutors. He was brought up a little more sternly than other eldest sons in Japan who enjoy much parental indulgence. At the boys' festival, he was given carp streamers and dolls. But his every step was watched by armed guards and the youngster once broke into tears, cried: "I am sick of seeing policemen's faces all the time!"

At the age of 7 Hirohito was turned over to the exclusive Peers' School where he met the other boys of Japan's aristocratic families, many of them his blood relations. Under brilliant tutors—Admiral Togo, Japan's Nelson, and scholars who had been to Europe or America—he continued his studies in politics, history, military and technical sciences, languages (English, French, German) and biology. The latter caught his fancy; he has been an enthusiastic biologist ever since.

Young Hirohito was a good swimmer and enjoyed sailing in the often rough waters of Tokyo Bay. Once he attended a baseball game and decided to learn the finer points of the game himself. In 1921, on completion of his education, he left Japan for a grand tour of Europe—the first Japanese crown prince to go abroad. Apparently he had the time of his life. He went to the theater ("impossible" at home!), swam in public and even gave some interviews. The great adventure of his life occurred in Paris when he exchanged clothes with a servant and slipped away for half a day. Just what he did that afternoon no one will ever know.

By the time he got back to Tokyo, officials were busy selecting a bride for Hirohito. Not indifferent to the problem, he caused them to choose Princess Nagako who, although not a descendant of one of the five lines of the Fujiwara family which heretofore had furnished Empresses, was beautiful. The marriage took place in 1924. Hirohito, who had been regent since 1921, ascended the Throne on Dec. 25, 1926. He was formally enthroned at Kyoto on Nov. 10, 1928, and was invested with the sword, mirror and necklace originally given away by the Sun Goddess, according to the official myth.

The Palace: Western furniture in a temple

Hirohito currently lives behind the moats and pine-crowned ramparts of the Imperial Palace, covering vast grounds in the very heart of downtown Tokyo, a Forbidden City to the ordinary citizen. There, between ancient trees and well-kept lawns, a labyrinth of one-storied structures, interconnected through galleries and corridors, houses the Court. The State rooms look like a Japanese temple outwardly but have Western-style furniture. Large chandeliers dangle from the ceilings; carpets—not mats, as in Japanese homes—cover the floor. Several studies with several desks are at the Emper-

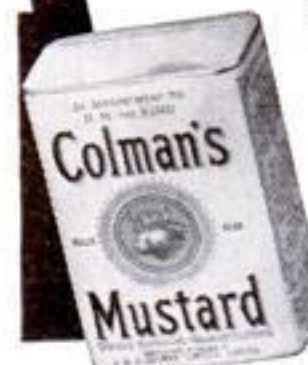


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Knife is drawn slowly across the belly, ending with slight upward cut at right.



The victim falls forward, may or may not remove knife from belly before death.

or's disposal; he dislikes to get desks messed up, preferring to have special rooms for special business. Emperor and Empress live in a small house with a large marquee, between flowering bushes. This building is more distinctly Japanese than the main structure of the Palace, although the furniture in most rooms is foreign. Hirohito's private sitting room, square and moderately large, has a rug-covered hardwood floor. There are tables, chairs, a desk, a few pictures. Gold screens and dwarf pines add Oriental accents.

Hirohito rises at 6 a. m., shaves with a safety razor, dresses without attendants and then breakfasts with the Empress. Breakfast, foreign-style, includes fruit, coffee, oatmeal, eggs, toast and is eaten with a fork instead of chopsticks. Hirohito then carefully reads the morning papers, including English-language papers published in Tokyo, which have been laid on his desk.

Visitors appear early. Cabinet ministers, provincial governors, military officers are received in audience to report on the affairs of the State. They enter the room in silence, bow thrice from the waist and are then asked to sit down. While liveried male attendants serve green tea, the visitor reports without ever being interrupted. Hirohito listens with a blank face, then asks questions. Politicians trying to gloss over important but disagreeable details have time and again been shocked by Hirohito's harking back to these details, revealing intimate knowledge of the subject matter. Well-known scholars regularly visit Hirohito to lecture on scientific subjects, especially international law and biology. Foreign ambassadors wishing to present credentials are usually received at 11 a. m. for a brief and formal call. Obligatory attire for visitors to the Palace is top hat and formal clothes or uniform. Japan's court refuses to admit Japanese men in Japan's national costume, the kimono. Ladies wear silk kimonos. A dozen ancient nobles enjoy the special privilege of carrying canes in the Palace.

Golf on the Palace course

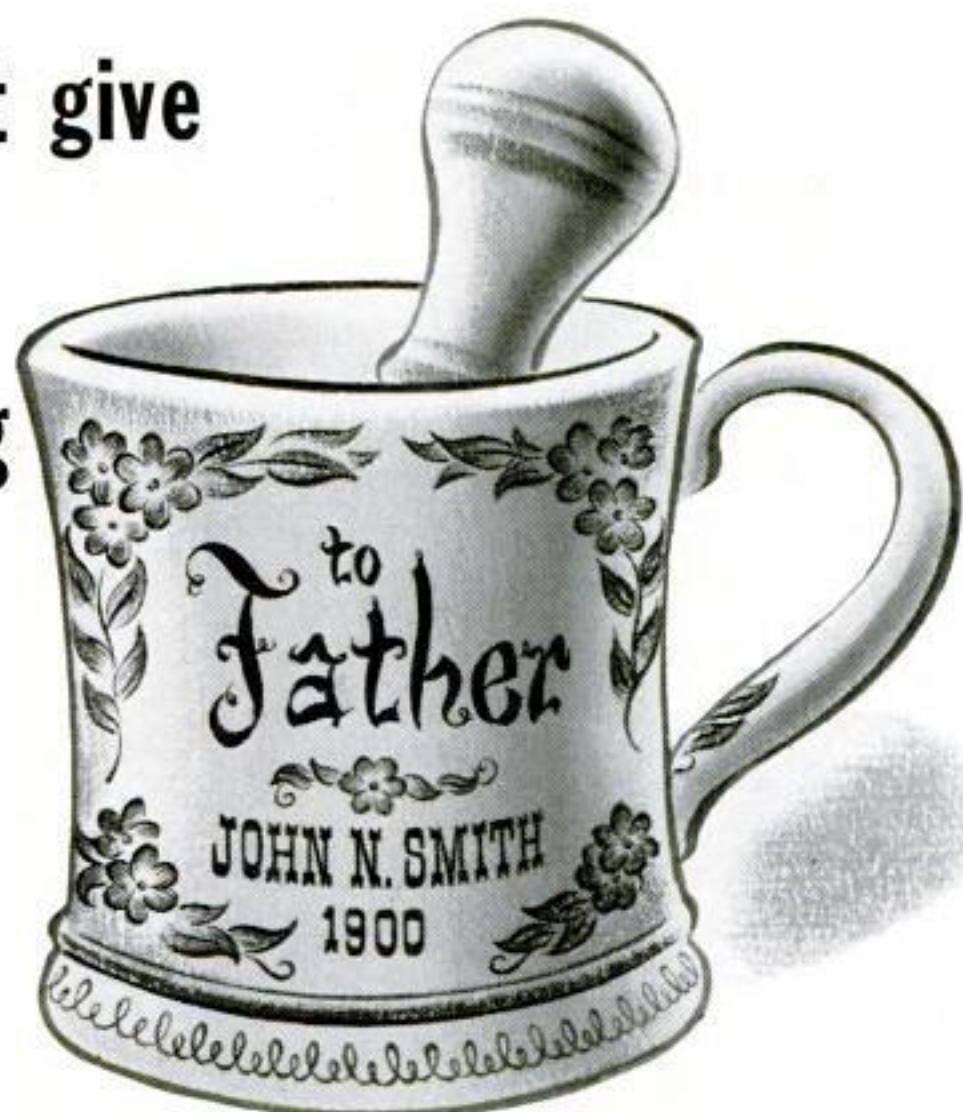
Luncheon at Court is preferably foreign style, although occasionally Japanese (with chopsticks). Large official luncheons are frequent, guests being Imperial princes or officials. After lunch an hour used to be reserved for exercise. There is a nine-hole golf course in the Palace grounds and Hirohito played, before the outbreak of the Chinese war, with partners whose names were never disclosed. War business has now swept both golf and riding off the Imperial schedule. Documents pour onto Hirohito's desk during the afternoon, especially between 4 and 6 p. m., when Government departments close. Gentlemen-in-waiting who live outside the Palace and who bathe and change clothes every morning after entering it, submit papers for signature. Hirohito does not sign his sacred name. He merely affixes the Imperial seal in the lower left-hand corner (Japanese read script from top down, starting at the right). At 6:30 Hirohito likes to retire, take a hot bath, slip into a kimono and dine *en famille*. He then talks with his children, reads the evening papers and listens to the news on the radio. Emperor and Empress customarily retire before 11. They sleep not on the floor, according to Japanese custom, but in regular beds.

Most of the Empress' time is given to her children. The first four, one of whom died, were daughters. Crown Prince Akihito, her fifth child, was born on Dec. 23, 1933. The youngster lives in a palace of his own under the care of special tutors where, every Wednesday and Saturday, he plays on the lawn with 24 little aristocrats who have been selected as his playmates. He has a bicycle and a baby automobile and climbs trees. Recently, on his birthday, former War Minister Terauchi gave him a Mongolian pony and a dog. Hirohito receives him in formal audience frequently. In March 1939 Empress Nagako gave birth to another girl, her seventh child. The baby princess was bathed in a brand-new tub of cypress wood,

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

FOR FATHER'S DAY

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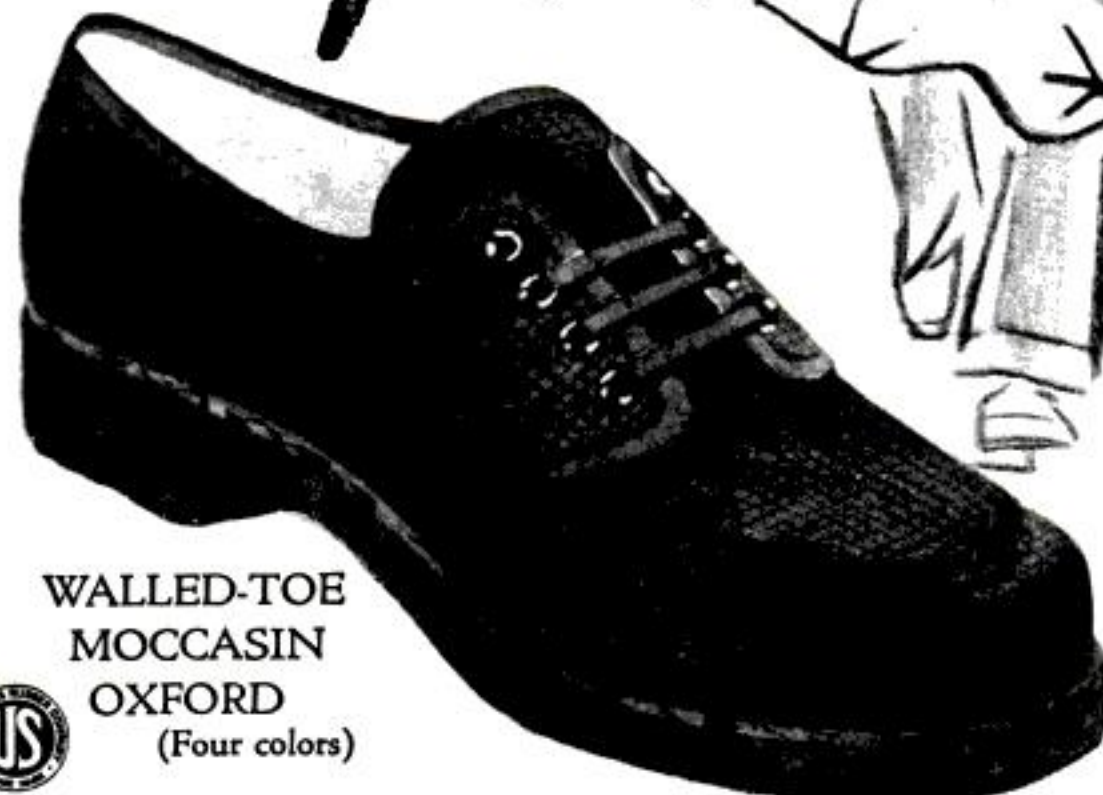
•Wherever you go, whatever you do . . . Arrow Ties dress you up in handsome fashion. They're exceptionally neat-looking. They tie into perfect knots. They are tailored of superfine, wrinkle-resistant fabrics. Why not fill your summer needs today? \$1.00, and \$1.50.

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SON OF HEAVEN (continued)

while ancient courtiers twanged bowstrings to expel evil spirits. Her name is Suga.

The idea that the Emperor physically owns all of Japan is not taken literally now. Still, Hirohito is richer than anybody else. The private fortune of the Imperial House is immense, though probably smaller than that of the former Russian Czar. Its bulk is real estate, strewn all over Japan, covering 6,000 square miles, or 4% of Japan's meager soil. Imperial estates are exploited conservatively (horse breeding, forestry); prospecting for oil or gold has not been permitted. This, in the view of some Japanese economists, means that Japan has not yet reached the end of the rope. Besides, Hirohito owns large blocks of shares in major concerns, including the Bank of Japan, Yokohama Specie Bank, N. Y. K. (Japan's foremost shipping line, operating between Japan & U. S.), Tokyo's famous Imperial Hotel. Income from these investments has been conservatively estimated at more than \$100,000,000 a year. Hirohito's salary, the civil list granted by the Diet for court expenses, amounts to \$1,350,000 a year. His finances are administered by the Imperial Household Department whose 5,000 employees work in the Palace.

Hirohito's public appearances are rare: the formal opening of the Diet session, an annual Army review where he appears on his charger, White Snow. As the nation's high priest, Hirohito also conducts rites at 21 religious festivals every year, such as the Spring and Autumn Festivals and the First-Fruits-Sacrifice. Dressed in sacerdotal robes of flawless white, he silently worships for the nation before the shrines of his ancestral gods, both inside the palace and outside. Japanese refer to their Emperor as Heika Dehka or Tenshi Sama—His Majesty the Heavenly Ruler. Often he is called the Son of Heaven. No one says Mikado, which means Honorable Gate (or, maybe, Gate of Heaven) and was used long ago to signify Imperial headquarters. The present Emperor's name, Hirohito, is hardly ever mentioned. After his death he will be known to history as Showa—Radiant Peace. He chose this name himself on ascending the throne.

The telephones on Hirohito's desks are little more than trappings. He can lift the receiver and talk to the courtiers in the next room but never to anyone outside the Palace. This is in line with the traditional limitation of his activities. For all his legal omnipotence, the Emperor is not expected actually to show his hand in politics. His high position as a religious symbol might be damaged by personal involvement in controversial issues. Although his official business includes the declaration of war, the signing of treaties, the establishment of martial law, promulgation of ordinances, rescripts, laws, high command over Army and Navy and the right of pardon, Hirohito never acts alone. He arrives at conclusions after conferences with advisers in the Palace and as a rule merely sanctions policies already formulated by organs of the State. He never gives interviews and never speaks over the radio. He is too sacred to have his picture appear on postage stamps. Thus Hirohito, 70 years after the "restoration," is almost back in the ornamental position of his ancestors—with one crucial difference: if he *wants* to take action, he has to defy only tradition, not a shogun.

Horried by Japan's war

The Emperor of Japan got the first news of the outbreak of the Sino-Japanese War one summer day when vacationing on the beach at fashionable and exclusive Hayama, near Tokyo, where an underground passage, emptying into a sunken concrete runway, links the summer palace directly with the ocean and where the biology-minded ruler likes to hunt for strange shells. Hirohito, who had not chosen the by-name "Radiant Peace" for nothing, was alarmed. He returned to Tokyo, went into conference with Government and Army leaders and talked with them deep into the nights. It is a historic fact that he was horrified at the thought of war, shocked beyond words and tried to avoid it. Also historic is the fact that by 1937 the Japanese Army had become more powerful than the Emperor.

Army arrogance first became rampant in 1932, when Manchuria was taken and turned into "Manchukuo." Clusters of young officers with fascist leanings have tried to assume full power over Japan ever since, trying to "save" the Emperor from those seasoned, moderate, urbane advisers who form the inner circle in the Palace. On Feb. 26, 1936, part of the Tokyo garrison, led by such young firebrands, mutinied. Strategic points in the capital were occupied and several elderly statesmen were murdered in their homes. The Empire was paralyzed. Would the Emperor endorse his "saviors"?

Then, for the first time, Hirohito showed his true colors. Disregarding all rules, he plunged into the controversy, signed a personal

CONTINUED ON PAGE 79



From Barn to Boudoir, or the Rise of Elsie the Cow

ELSIE, THE BORDEN COW, was toying with a hair-brush in her wonderful new boudoir at the *New York World's Fair*.

She was terribly excited about the room, but trying hard to look nonchalant.

Elmer, the Bull, cleared his throat and said, "Some place, eh? Even better than we had last year."

"Why shouldn't it be?" Elsie replied. "I was the hit of the Fair last year. I expect a couple of million more



people will want to shake hoofs with me this summer. To think that I owe all this to my milk!"

"And to The Borden Company," Elmer grunted. "After all, Elsie, they really brought you here just to give visitors a fancy-dress version of how well you live back home."

"Also to show how many important products are made from my milk," Elsie added. "Like ice cream."

"I've never tasted ice cream," murmured Elmer. "Is it as good as clover?"



"Better!" exclaimed Elsie. "Borden's Ice Cream is about a million times better...rich...smooth...unbelievably pure. Ask the young veterinarian who checks my health. Ask the scientists in the lab. Ask all those other folks who account for Borden's 'Quality Control'."



They know that Borden's Ice Cream and the other Borden products are as good and pure as can be made."

"What are the other products, Elsie? The last time you told me, I was reading the funnies."

"Well," said Elsie, "for one thing, there's Borden's Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk. Cooking magic starts when you pour it out of a can. It creates cake frostings and cookies and candies that would make even the Trylon's mouth water."



"And," she went on excitedly, "there's Borden's Irradiated Evaporated Milk, too. It's used by smart housewives in mashed potatoes and casserole dishes. Doctors also approve it for babies. It's rich in the bone-building, 'sunshine vitamin,' Vitamin D."

"Come down off the soap box, Elsie," smiled Elmer. "You'll get so excited you'll curdle your milk."

"Humph," declared Elsie, "some of my milk is deliberately curdled by experts...that's what happens to all milk that is made into cheese. One of the most



delicious cheese foods is Borden's Chateau, made to an old Canadian recipe that lots of people have tried to imitate, but can't. Mmmm, but it's good!"

"Gee, Elsie," said Elmer, "there is a lot more to you than milk. I can see why Borden's show you off in the boudoir. But, even if you are a big shot, how about a tour of the Fair this noon?"



"Gladly," Elsie smiled. "But you'll have to promise to buy me a glass of Borden's Malted Milk. Now that I'm a celebrity, I have to watch my school-girl figure, so I've taken up the habit of the Hollywood stars. They drink Borden's Malted Milk daily as the mainstay of a light lunch...it's so nourishing and satisfying. And, what's more, it's the malted milk the Quints drink."

"I'll have one, too," Elmer said, "provided it's good."

"Good?" exclaimed Elsie. "If it's Borden's, it's GOT to be good!"

Be sure to see Elsie in her Boudoir at the Borden Building, New York World's Fair.



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It's not a Fad—It's a Habit

Lady Buxton "Three-Way" in Color

For this newest Lady Buxton is the very last word in organized usefulness... versatility... and beauty

LIKE literally thousands of women, you may first be intrigued by these newest "Lady Buxtons" because they're so correct in color, so smartly "streamlined" in design, so completely good-looking. But carry one for even a few days, and we'll wager that its sheer usefulness will be what wins you over, lock, stock and barrel, to this modern way of keeping organized and handy your bills, checks, papers, coins, etc.

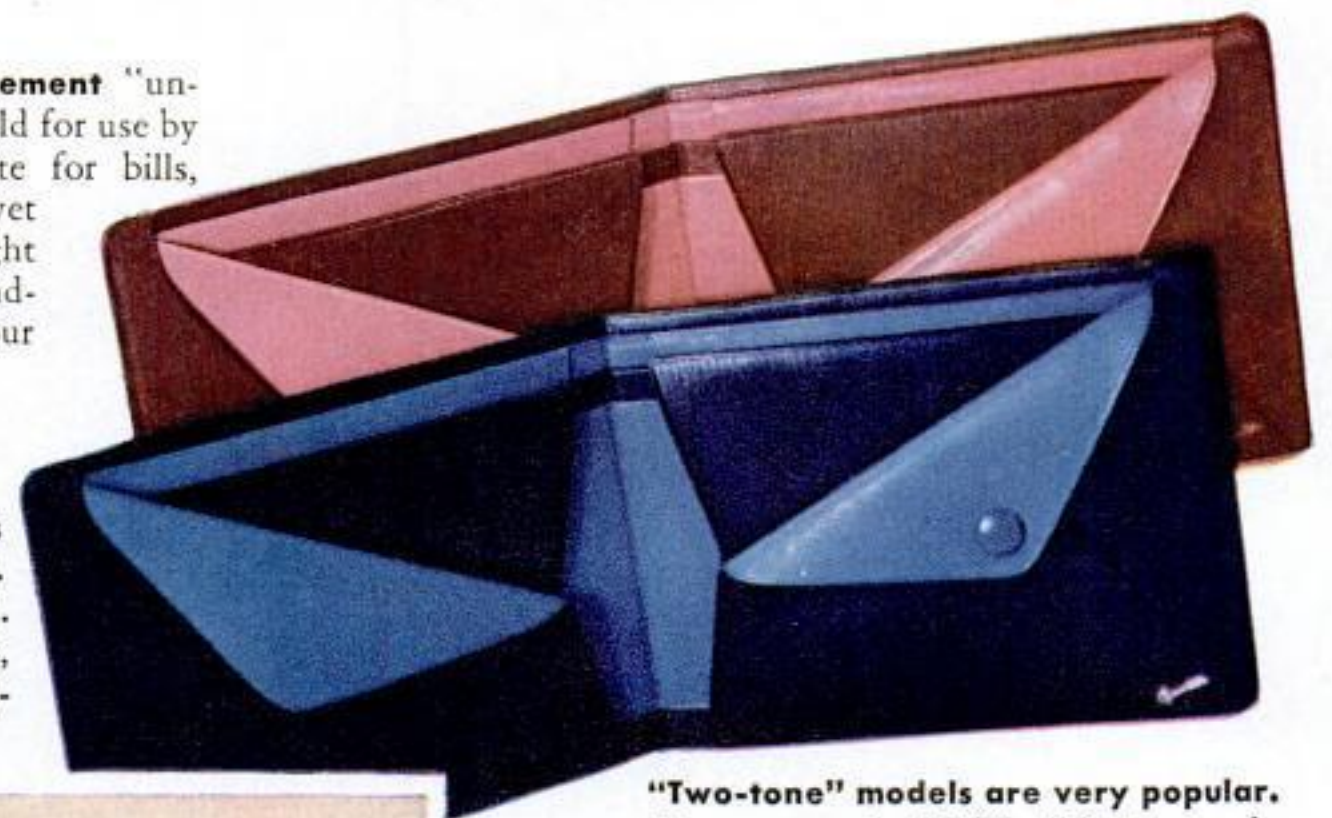
For Lady Buxton "3-Ways" were carefully thought out to keep pace with Milady's activities and needs from mornings in the shops to gay evenings out. There are places

for simply everything, so conveniently arranged that you can tuck things away (or find them again) in a jiffy. There are compartments for bills, checks, shopping list. There are pockets for cards, driving license, sales slips, tickets and stamps. There's even an expansion pocket that holds an amazing amount in coins (without getting "bulky," either). There's a trick "secret compartment," too, when you want a place to keep larger bills or personal papers out of sight. Finally, to slip into your evening bag on dress occasions, the ingenious, paper-thin "inner fold"... a complete billfold in itself, a gay color accent to your ensemble.

Expensive? Not a bit! Lady Buxton "3-Ways" in rich, genuine leather are priced as low as \$3.00. De luxe models, \$5 and \$7.50.

A simple movement "unlocks" inner fold for use by itself. Complete for bills, cards, etc. ... yet paper-thin, light as a pocket handkerchief in your evening bag.

Other Lady Buxton Billfolds (shown below) from \$1.00. Slide-fastener models, \$3.00. Safety Loop Key-Tainers, in matching leathers and colors, from \$1.00.



"Two-tone" models are very popular. Here you see the "3-Way" in Burgundy and Rose, and in Navy and Powder Blue. Others come in Lincoln and Apple Green, in Lipstick, in Chocolate and in Black—and in White for summer.



The "Three-Way" offers 3 full-length compartments to separate bills, checks, etc. There are also pockets for cards, license and even coins.



Or you can remove the inner partition entirely. It's a billfold in miniature, smart, paper-thin, "streamlined," yet complete by itself.



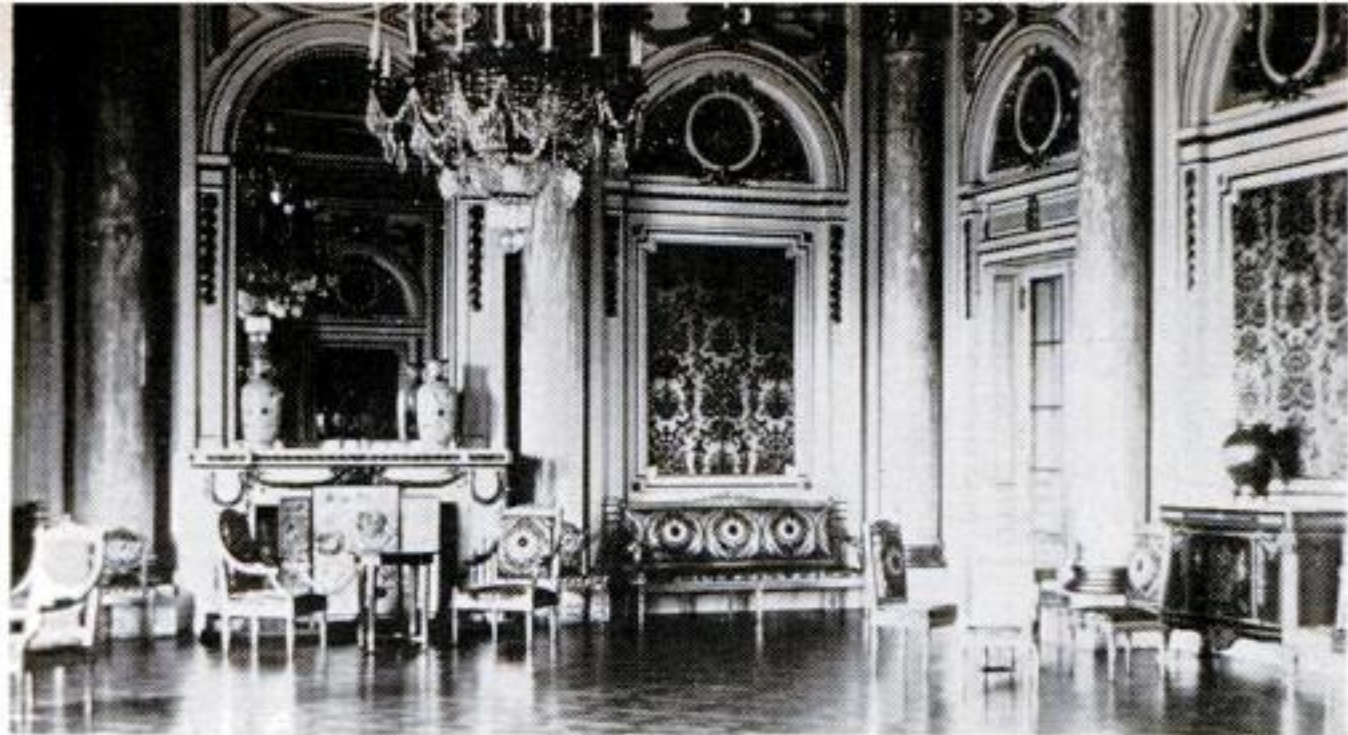
Reverse the center partition—you have a secret "hideaway" for personal papers or larger bills. It locks in, keeps contents out of sight.



Just reverse the "inner fold," and you have a secret compartment which locks into place, hiding completely any bills or papers you wish to keep out of others' sight.

Write for a folder showing the complete Lady Buxton Line. Buxton, Inc., 4083 Orleans Street, Springfield, Mass. New York Offices: 47 West 34th St.

Lady Buxton "Three-Way"



The Palace rooms are furnished in orthodox Buckingham style, with nothing Japanese but the vases. This is the Imperial audience room in the Akasaka detached palace adjoining the main Palace. Here the crown prince will live when he grows up.

SON OF HEAVEN (continued)

order commanding the mutineers to surrender to loyal troops, thus causing the collapse of the revolt. To discredit the fascist movement further, the Emperor surprised his parliament by sorrowfully mentioning the "incident" in his formal opening address. He finally rubbed it in by publicly announcing the naughty behavior of Imperial soldiers to his divine ancestors.

But the spirit of the "young officers" persisted, culminating in the war on China. The "Imperial Principle," now taken to justify aggression, was interpreted as "a thing that must be propagated over the seven seas and extended over the five continents. Anything that may hinder its progress must be done away with even by the use of force." Such words, written by impetuous General Araki, tie in with words written by 18th Century scholars: "Japan is the country which gave birth to the Sun Goddess, which fact proves its superiority over all other countries." And "The Mikado is the true Son of Heaven who is entitled to reign over the four seas and the ten thousand countries."

Fighting for the Sun, who lives in Tokyo

This was in the back of those Japanese minds that unleashed the horrors of war upon 450,000,000 Chinese. Japanese soldiers could see their point. The Sun, a strictly Japanese institution, was to shine over the vast lands of China. The Sun was sitting behind a desk in the Imperial Palace in Tokyo. The Sun was enshrined in a thousand temples where Japanese soldiers went to pray before they boarded China-bound transports. The Sun was burning in a bright red on the Japanese flag, which is, to the Japanese peasant boy in uniform, a portrait of the highest Goddess, a portrait of the Emperor, a tangible thing to die for which is sweet and honorable. Behind the red sun flag, Japanese columns pushed deep into China for the greater honor of the Rising Sun. Only once in all history has a symbol of such tremendous emotional appeal inspired Western armies: during the Crusades.

Paradoxically, the Sun that sat behind a desk in the Imperial Palace did not approve. Instead, while all Japan intoxicated itself on easy-won victories, while even so-called liberals were swept off their feet and their principles by a nationalism gone wild, the man in the Imperial Palace grew bitter. Hirohito had been brought up in the atmosphere of a Westernized court. He had learned all he knew from men who believed in progress, a good measure of democracy and peace. Now, in the midst of forces bent on war and glory, Hirohito emerged as Japan's last liberal. The rarefied air in which he lives does not permit drastic action. But with the subtle means at his disposal Hirohito has done much to stem the tide that threatens to transform Japan once again into a military dictatorship.

One of Hirohito's means, which seems ridiculous to most Westerners but which is important as a political gesture, is the publication of a poem from the Emperor's brush every New Year's Day. The 1938 poem, inadequately translated, says:

*Peaceful
is morning in the shrine garden;
World conditions, it is hoped,
will also be
peaceful.*

This was taken as a sign of Hirohito's disapproval of prolonged warfare. But the war dragged on and, in 1940, threatened to involve Japan in a clash with Western powers, especially the U. S. Mused the Emperor:

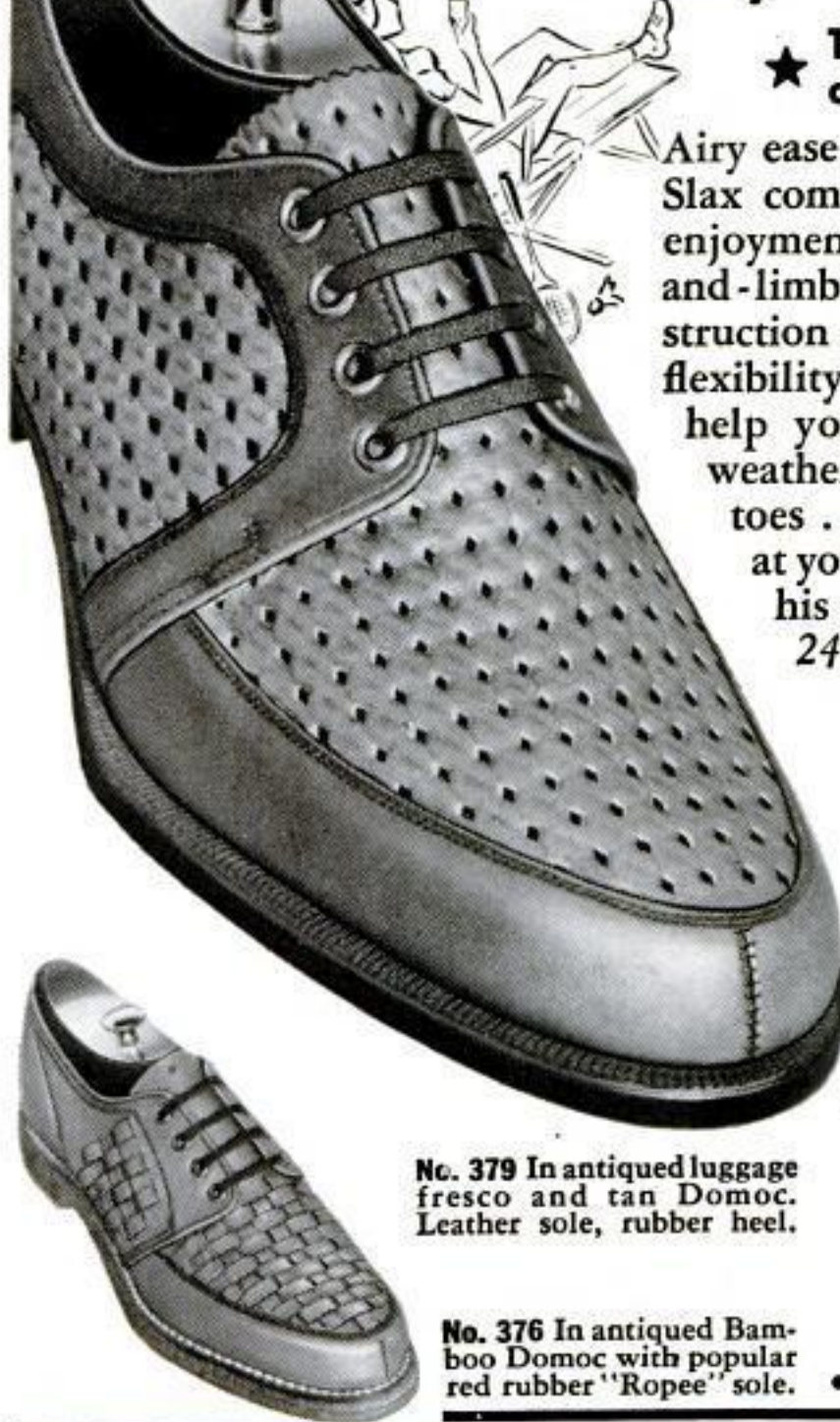
*At the beginning of the New Year
we pray that
East and West will live together and prosper.*

The war has affected Hirohito's private life. He has given up physical exercise and laboratory work to devote all available time to his business. In November 1937, a brain trust for the conduct

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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DEAR and gentle reader, how can we make you realize the difference when you use Tampax? Doesn't it mean something that over two hundred fifty million have already been sold? Doesn't that give you assurance? There is an old saying "What others can do, you can do."

The principle of *internal absorption* has been long known to physicians. Tampax has simply made it available to all women for regular monthly sanitary protection. No pins or belts. No chafing, wrinkling. No odor can form. No disposal troubles. Tampax is made of pure surgical cotton, greatly compressed. Each is hygienically sealed in dainty, patented one-time-use container. Your hands *never* touch the Tampax and the user is unaware of it.

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"Grade B health— a serious disadvantage to the man or woman looking for a job"

*says
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**William Theile—President of the
Catalin Corporation of America, says:**

"Health is one of the first considerations in choosing applicants for a position. The man or woman with Grade B Health is under a serious handicap—for Grade B Health tells against personal appearance and tends to create an unfavorable first impression, besides cutting down actual usefulness and earning power."



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**Is Grade B Health
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EXHAUSTED NERVES make it difficult to meet emergencies—work under pressure



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**To help win success and happiness—fight
Grade B Health with Fleischmann's Yeast**

**Learn the common cause
of Grade B health—and
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Grade B Health is not a disease. It's not even an illness in the common sense. But it can cause more misery, more failure in life, than many an acute malady.

Three things—in fact, any one of them—often go with Grade B Health. These are Sluggish Digestion, Incomplete Elimination and Exhausted Nerves. They can give you headaches, stomach upsets, irritability, chronic tiredness... make you both look and feel down.

To help get out of this condition, hundreds of thousands of people today are turning to Fleischmann's fresh Yeast, because in addition to being a great natural food, it is one of the world's greatest sources of the Vitamin B Complex.

Fleischmann's Yeast, in test cases, so improved the flow of sluggish digestive juices that the speed of digestion was very greatly increased.

Fleischmann's Yeast, eaten regularly, helps to increase the activity of sluggish intestines. It is not a cathartic, but a mild conditioner.

Fleischmann's Yeast—rich in the Nerve Vitamin B₁—helps restore nerves exhausted by lack of this vitamin.

Today, in this country, thousands of men and women who used to be nervous, irritable, chronically tired have been helped back to more vigorous, happy living, simply by adding this fresh yeast to their diet. We have their letters in our files. You, too, should benefit by eating Fleischmann's Yeast regularly. Get it from your grocer.

**How to get the full benefits
of Fleischmann's Yeast**

1. Eat 2 cakes a day, plain, or in milk or water. 2. Eat it first thing in the morning and half an hour before supper.

Fleischmann's fresh Yeast should be eaten as regularly as bread, to get its full, lasting benefits. It has something your system needs and should have every day.

Fleischmann's Yeast is a remarkable natural storehouse—one of the greatest known—of all the parts of the amazing Vitamin B Complex, made up of perhaps as many as 10 different B vitamins.



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SON OF HEAVEN (continued)

of the China campaign was set up in the Palace; Hirohito takes part in its sessions, studies maps and listens to reports late into the night. He works seven days a week, and nowadays hardly ever leaves the Palace grounds. Public functions, such as the large banquet on his birthday, are canceled. At official parties, hot sake (rice wine) is served nowadays instead of imported liquors and wines. Strawy homemade cigarets replace foreign brands. The Imperial messengers have been reduced to one instead of two automobiles. Imperial gifts now bear silver instead of gold crests, and gold articles from the Palace were turned over to the Bank of Japan. Recently Hirohito created a stir in court circles by admitting a commoner, a former employe of the Tokyo Municipal Research Bureau, as gentleman-in-waiting "to learn more about the common people."

Roosevelt: "Inform the Emperor."

When Japanese bombers wantonly attacked the U. S. gunboat *Panay* on the Yangtze River, wounded and killed American officers, President Roosevelt ignored Hirohito's position on the outside of politics and angrily requested his being informed of what had happened. This was done; official reports said His Majesty had "appeared unmoved." Empress Nagako partly makes up for Hirohito's aloofness during the present crisis. In her modest way she keeps up those contacts with the nation that do not interfere with her semi-divinity as the consort of the Sun. Dressed in Western fashion and smiling a smile not unlike Queen Elizabeth's, she visits Army and Navy hospitals and there talks to invalids. She is in the habit of sending fruit cakes and poems to their bereaved families. "There are no words," she said in one of them, "with which to console families who live in worry over sons and fathers at the front."

Currently, Hirohito is making a shrewdly camouflaged effort to step up his personal influence. During the last few years, ever since Army dictatorship became an imminent threat, he has broken through traditional limitations of his power for the sole purpose of toning down khaki-clad hotheads. Japan's "last liberal" is doing his bit, with the subtle and often touchingly ineffective means at his disposal, to keep his people sane. If some of his "children" misbehave once too often he may again use the big stick on them: report their misbehavior to his divine ancestors.

This responsibility of answering his ancestors for anything that is rotten in the State of Japan weighs heavily on Hirohito. The only time that he has ever been known to lose his poise was when his Railway Minister was involved in a scandal. To have him prosecuted Hirohito had to sign a formal waiver of immunity. He stared at the document which was laid on his desk by a secretary, did not move for ten minutes and finally affixed his seal with trembling hand, pale and silent. Then, when the secretary was bowing his way out of the room he heard Hirohito mumble: "This was my fault; this is my responsibility."

The year 1940, in which Hirohito is conducting the rites at the 2,600th anniversary of his dynasty, is also a pivotal year in Japan's march toward an unsplendid isolation from the rest of the world. Will Hirohito act to straighten out badly aggravated relationships between his country and the U. S.? The American nation is represented at Hirohito's court by Joseph C. Grew, most popular among the foreign diplomats in the capital. The exceedingly able ambassador is working overtime, trying to make Japanese officials see our reason for disliking Japan's "New Order in Asia." Grew's contact with Hirohito has been limited to formal dinner parties and an occasional duck-shooting excursion. But during his long and often trying career in Tokyo he has come to see that Hirohito is a sober, intelligent, realistic fellow who secretly believes that Japan and America might yet be able to "match their bellies."

Off for a duck shoot as guests of the Emperor, these solemn Japanese officials and generals are riding in a railroad coach to the Imperial Hunting Preserve at Koshigaya. The blinding honor of shooting with the Emperor is not to be taken lightly.



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COLORADO Pueblo	INDIANA Fort Wayne Hammond	NEW JERSEY Andover Cedar Grove Chatham Matawan Ocean City Ridgewood Short Hills Westfield	OREGON Portland
CONNECTICUT Manchester Wethersfield	IOWA Davenport	PENNSYLVANIA Altoona Sun Valley Farms Drexel Hill Orwigsburg Pittsburgh Uniontown Wilkes-Barre	TEXAS Brownsville El Paso Houston
DIST. OF COLUMBIA Washington	KENTUCKY Lexington Louisville	UTAH Salt Lake City	WEST VIRGINIA Clarksburg Huntington
FLORIDA Bradenton Tampa	MARYLAND Baltimore Hagerstown	WISCONSIN Appleton Milwaukee	CANADA Mount Royal
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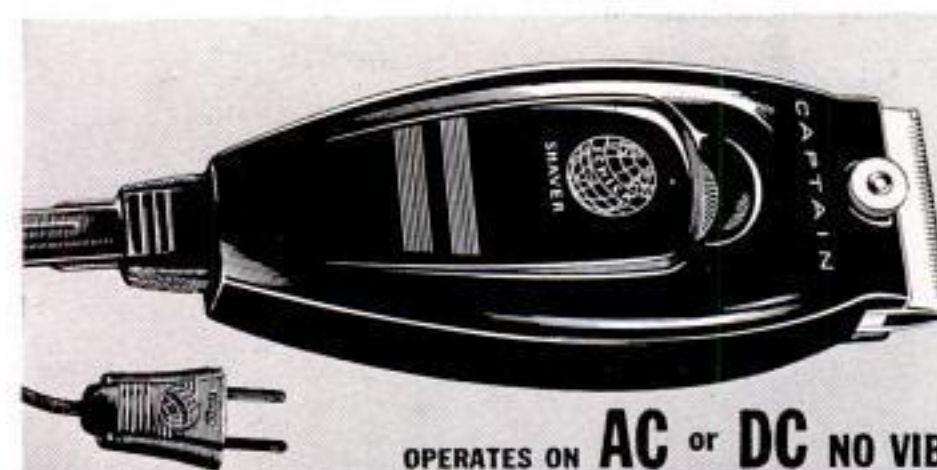
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Take your old razor—any type, any age, any condition—to your nearest Schick dealer. He'll give you a \$2.75 trade-in allowance for it. You pay only \$9.75 for the amazing new hi-speed Schick "CAPTAIN"—embodying advanced engineering improvements no other dry shaver can offer.

Use the "CAPTAIN" 30 days. Then, if you don't get faster, cleaner, safer shaves than ever before, return it and get your money back. *You can't lose! But hurry!*

P.S. Don't forget June graduations and Father's Day. Give America's most popular dry shaver—Schick.

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YOUR RAZOR . . . 2.75
NET ONLY \$9.75
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OPERATES ON **AC or DC** NO VIBRATION!

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NO OTHER DRY SHAVER GIVES YOU THESE AMAZING FEATURES

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FASTER SHAVES . . . The only dry shaver that shaves with 100% of its shearing surface . . . more cutting area in contact with whiskers . . . hence, faster shaves.

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CLEANER SHAVES . . . The only dry shaver with the famous "wedge" slots . . . "combs" whiskers firmly into scissor-action . . . snips 'em off close and clean.

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SAFER SHAVES . . . The only dry shaver with the patented Safety-Bevel shearing action, admits all hairs—no skin—can't nick or "burn" your face!

4

THE KING OF DRY SHAVER MOTORS . . . Faster, quieter, more powerful—14,000 cutter actions per minute. A real Universal motor, not a mere vibrating mechanism.

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PLEASANTER SHAVES . . . No after-shave irritation . . . Prove it by the lotion test. Lotions (or alcohol) can't sting after a shave with a standard Schick Shaver—because no skin cuts or nicks are possible.

SAVE AS MUCH AS \$5.00 TO \$10.00 A YEAR . . . The new Schick "Captain" pays for itself within 2 years . . . No blades . . . no brushes . . . no soaps . . . no lotions . . . nothing to buy. Costs practically nothing to run. Built for years of trouble-free service . . . and faster, cleaner shaves.



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R. A. F.

NEW GLORY WON FOR BRITAIN BY "CLOUD CAVALRY"

As the great battle of Flanders began, the planes of Great Britain's Royal Air Force took off in mounting rows from their airports in England and France (see opposite page). On sunny May days and moonlit May nights, they flew out over the furious battlefields to meet the onrushing swarms of German air-planes. Outnumbered, they could make up the great odds only with their own personal skill and boldness. And out of their bravery, the men of the R.A.F. were emerging as the battle's most glorious heroes.

They were flying and fighting an incredible twelve hours a day, more than a man's nerves should stand. Their keen eyes were rimmed with red. Their alert faces were stretched white with weariness. Their gaiety had turned to grimness. But pilot for pilot and plane for plane, the R.A.F. was proving itself more than the equal of the vaunted enemy air arm. Its carefully trained men and its carefully made machines were superior to the mass-trained, mass-produced German force. But the Germans were still too heavy with numbers. The R.A.F. could not stop the enemy. Heroically hampering and harassing, it could only slow the advance.

In 1917, Lloyd George gave the Commons an un-

forgettable description of the R.A.F.: "The heavens are their battlefields," he cried. "They are the Cavalry of the Clouds. High above the squalor and mud, they fight out the eternal issues." But this high-flung poetry gives no hint of the screaming dogfights, the desperate aerial dodging and diving or the lonely danger of the rear gunner out in the tail turret of a bomber (see p. 89).

But as the fighting went on in Flanders the British found that their fliers were giving out before their machines—unable to stand the strain of constant use as well as their planes could. Numbed by the cold of high altitudes, suffering with "bends" from the thin air, tensed with the task of maneuvering complicated aircraft, they pushed themselves until utter exhaustion grounded them.

When the battle began the R.A.F. had some 4,500 first-line planes. The Germans had some 8,000 first-line planes. Because the German fliers were going into battle with suicidal eagerness, destroying themselves en masse for victory, their losses far exceeded those of the British. But the British knew that in a month of such terrific fighting, even they themselves would lose at least half their men and planes.



Fledgling fliers of the R.A.F., dressed in their flying kits for the first time, march out to the hangar for their first flights.

Their early weeks of training have been spent on ground work. From now on they will be airmen. When the war be-

gan, the R.A.F. trained men in a stiff eight-month course. Need and efficiency have since cut the training time down.



(continued)



Short Sunderland Flying Boat, one of the four-engine, long-range coastal patrol planes, takes off on a gray morning heading out to sea to escort a freighter convoy into an English port.

THE COASTAL COMMAND WATCHES OVER THE SEA

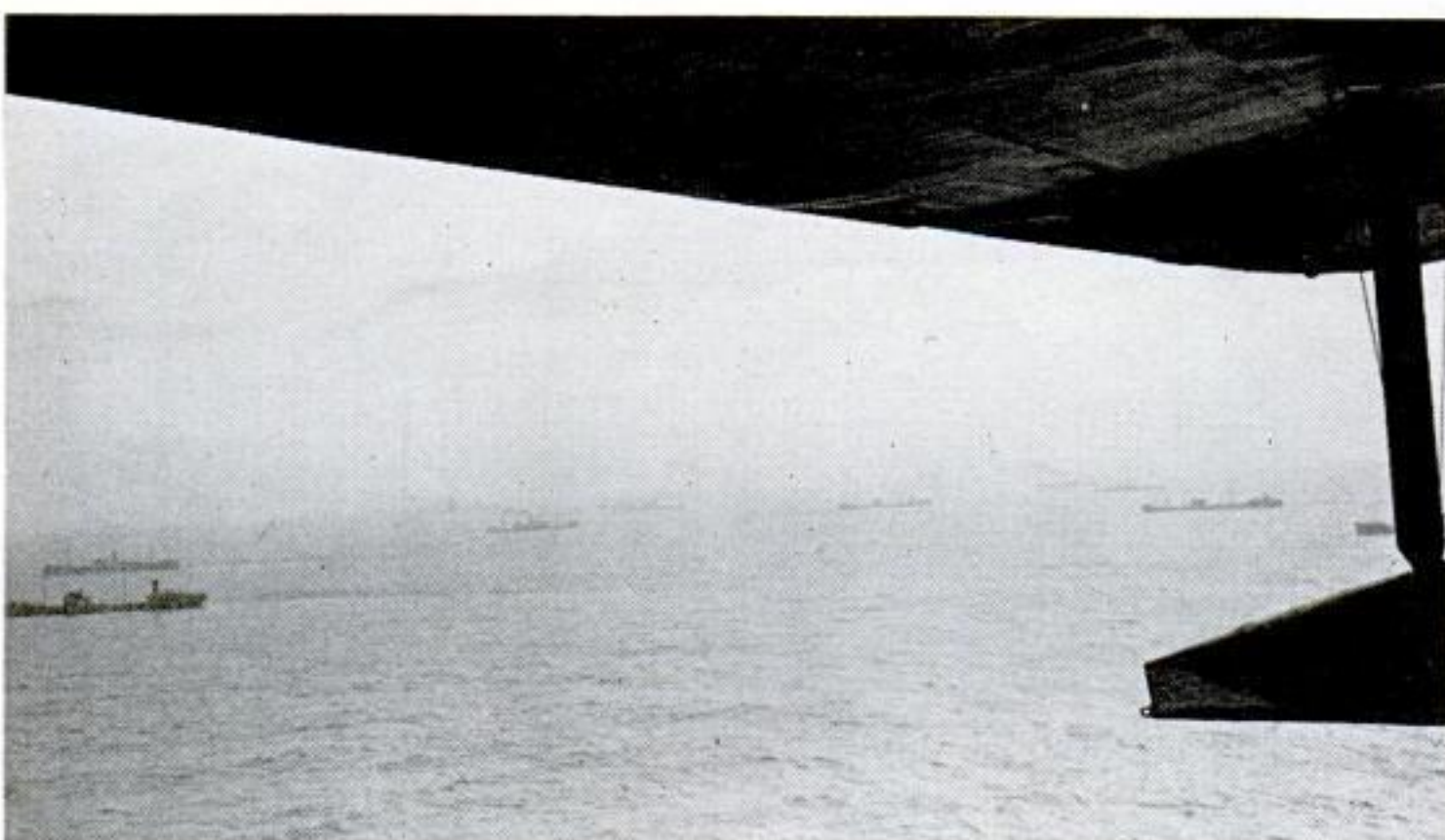
When the battle-dazed British soldiers came back to England from the horrors of Flanders, they spoke first of the unending armies of Nazi airplanes, coming on in mass after mass to kill them before they could reach safety. Then they spoke grateful praise for the Royal Air Force. "Our fliers are wonderful!" said one wounded soldier, "but it's volume we need." And another said: "The Nazi airmen are no match for the R. A. F. and they know it. We saw one Spitfire take on seven Germans and bring down three of them."

Into the great task of covering the Channel retreat and evacuation, the R. A. F. threw all its planes and all its weary men. Into the fight went planes of the hard-working Coastal Command, which for long months had been the busiest of all the R. A. F. divisions. Coastal Command planes have the job of covering the sea which means so much to Great Britain. In big flying boats (like the Short Sunderland shown here) and in long-range bombers, they escort convoys, help contraband control, hunt U-boats, patrol against German planes. Their beat goes westward for 1,000 miles in the Atlantic, south to Gibraltar, north to the Arctic Circle. Pilots have averaged 4,000 flying miles a week and the total miles flown mounts into the millions.

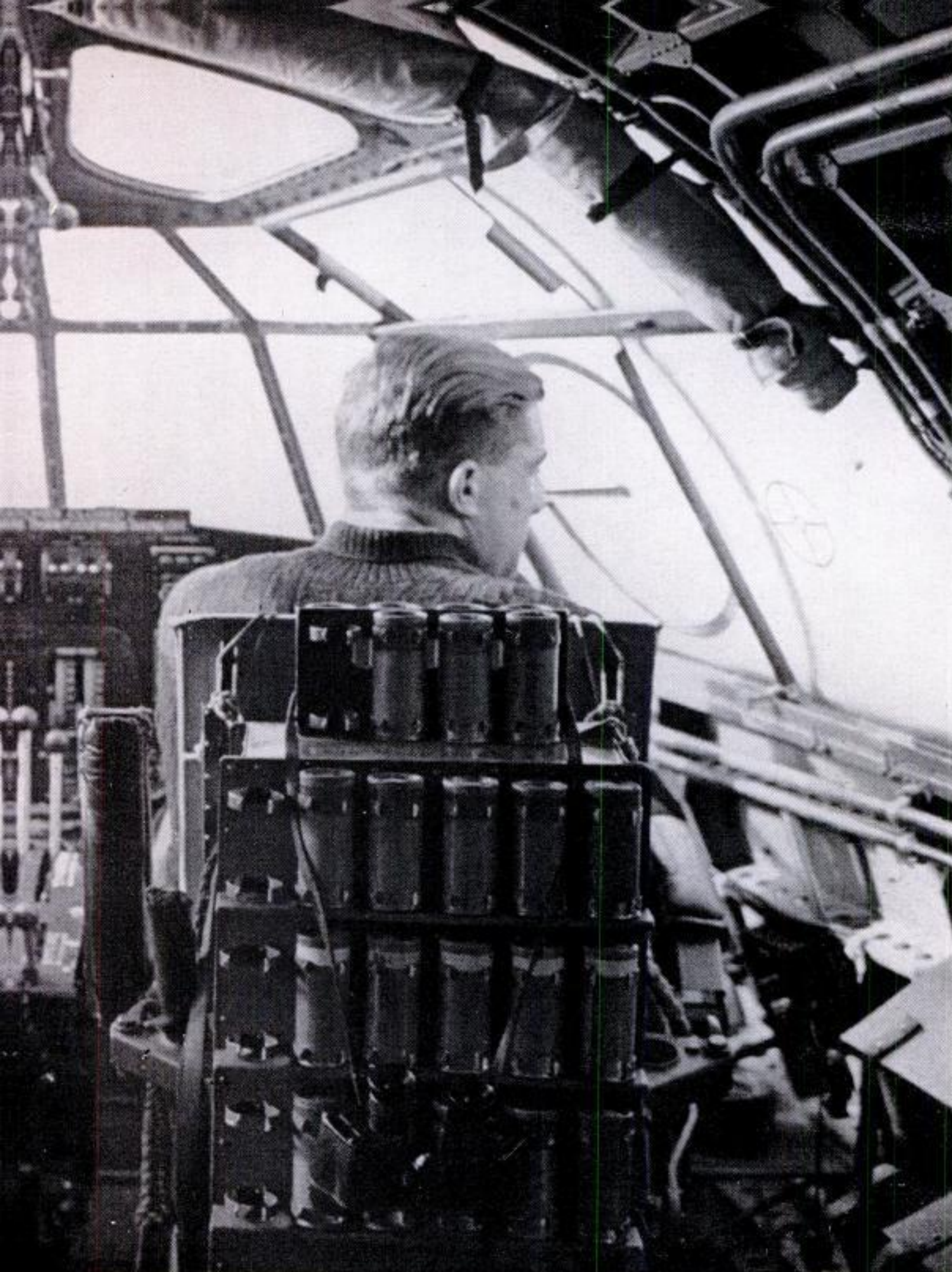
To other R. A. F. units, Coastal Command planes are known as "kipper kites" because of the motherly care they take of the fishing trawlers that feed England. They warn them of mines, fight off air and underwater raiders, rescue the crews when ships are sunk, even help find lost nets. Frequently the fishermen send boxes of fresh fish to the squadrons that guard them. To the convoys the coastal planes are like watchful sheep dogs, flying out to herd the ships in, searching for the inevitable slowpoke freighter which, like Dopey the Seventh Dwarf, always lags behind, gets lost, has to be brought safely back to the flock.



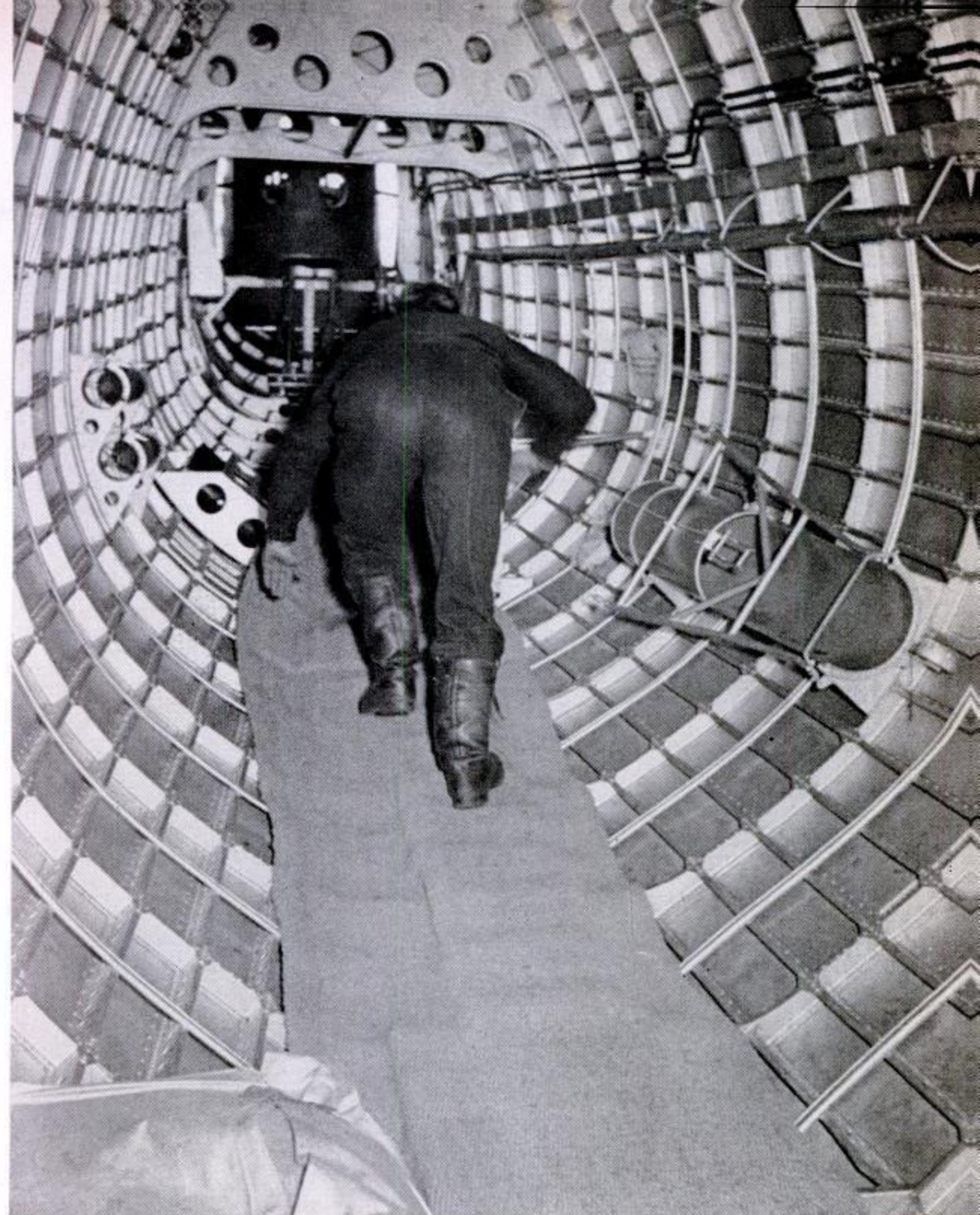
In the control cabin of the Short Sunderland the captain (*left*) sits at the controls taking his big plane out to sea. He is a 24-year-old Cornishman with a liking for classical music. His 19-year-old brother is in the Merchant Marine. The chief engineer at right is a 21-year-old garage mechanic from Suffolk. The cylinders behind him are signal flares.



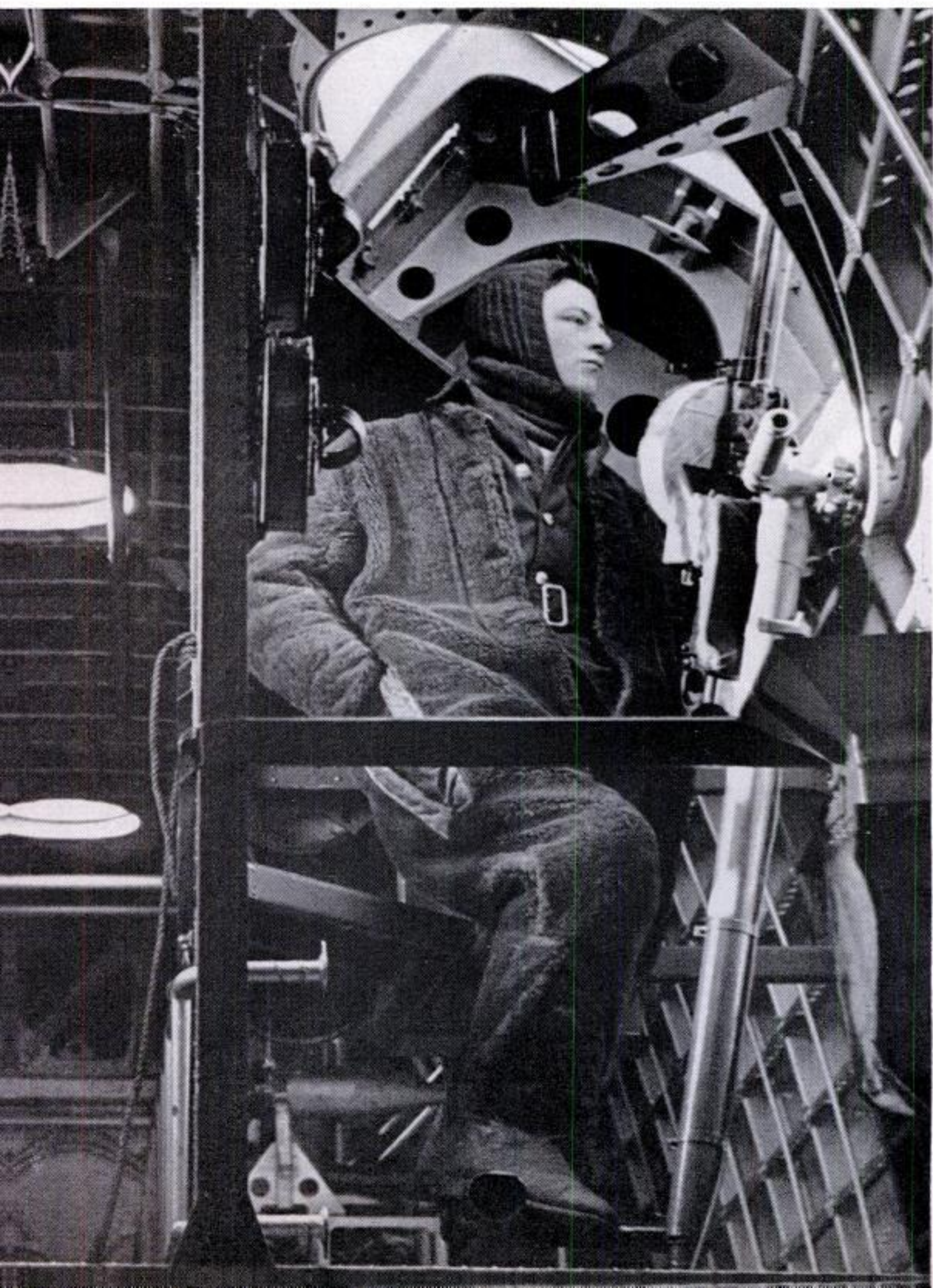
The **convoy** is sighted from the Short Sunderland about four hours out in the Atlantic Ocean. Many of the ships in it are tankers, heavily laden with oil, the lifeblood of the R. A. F.



The midships gunners stand watchfully at their stations. The 23-year-old lad at left is a former lathe worker. The 19-year-old gunner at right quit the Merchant Marine to get away from the sea and finds himself now flying over it. Near Norway six Junkers attacked this plane. One of these men brought down one German, the rear gunner another.



Running back to his station, the rear gunner crouches down the long, oval tail of the fuselage. The gadget attached to the wall at his right is a chute which is used to drop illumination flares. As the Short Sunderland came back from its trip with the convoy, it flew over the four-stacked *Aquitania* (below) bound somewhere southward on an unrevealed mission.





Second pilot of a Whitley bomber is ready for flight. Whitleys are night fliers that bomb behind Nazi lines.



Squadron leader commands twelve Hurricane fighter planes when they go into action. His rank is equivalent of a major in infantry.



Gunner of a multi-seat Blenheim fighter mans machine gun, acts as radio operator to keep in touch with home base, other planes.

THE R. A. F. FLIERS ARE YOUNG AND BRAVE

Here are the faces of the Britons who fly for the R. A. F. They are smiling, keen and confident, for these pictures were taken just before the beginning of the big battle of Flanders. By now these faces are tight and gray with the strain of fighting. By now, surely, some of these men are beyond smiles or strain, their deaths noted on the growing casualty lists.

Most of the faces are young. Top age for a man accepted for flying duty in the R. A. F. is 28 but the average pilot is only 23. Youngest of all are the pilots who man the fighters. The bulk of them are barely 21. At 24, a fighter pilot is considered an elderly man. His arteries are losing their elasticity. In his high-speed plane, he shows dangerous tendency to "black out" (lose consciousness) in tight turns or pull-outs.

But these are not the callow untrained youths who went to certain death against hard-bitten enemy fliers in the last war. They are far better chosen and trained. Nor is this war's flier the devil-may-care aviator of the last war. If he is a fighter pilot alone in his plane he may take great chances with his own life. But a bomber pilot must worry about bringing a whole crew back to safety. It is a grave responsibility, at 22 or 23 years, to be charged with the lives of other men.

Gone from this war too is the desperate, romantic drinking of the last war. The war pilot today simply cannot fly with a hang-over. With many instruments to watch and mechanisms to maneuver, he must have a clear head. Air fighting today is far more businesslike than it ever was. But it is still a very brave business.



Marshal of the Royal Air Force, King George VI, visits a Scottish airdrome of the Fighter Command. He is greeted by a group captain, head of the station. At the left stands an Air Chief Marshal.

Group captain is commanding officer of a bomber station. His rank equals that of colonel in the infantry.



Flight lieutenant, leader of a section of three fighters, is a five-year veteran of the R. A. F. He got the scar on his right cheek in a crack-up.



Flight lieutenant, captain of a bomber, was a motor mechanic when he joined the R. A. F. He comes from London and is married.





Sergeant in training is too old for active flying but he is kept in the R. A. F. and assigned to teach younger Britons how to be airmen.



Flight sergeant is a 15-year veteran of the R. A. F. though only 31. He comes from Chatham, had three brothers in the last war. One died.



Sergeant pilot comes from Essex. In last war most pilots were commissioned officers. Today many are non-coms.



Somewhere in France the maintenance men of the R. A. F. are pulling an engine from a Hurricane for overhauling. Most Hurricane fighters are based in France. Spitfire fighters are based in Britain.



Lining up the guns of a Spitfire fighter is a precise and important job. These fast interceptors carry four machine guns in each wing. All together they can fire 160 rounds a second.

Bomber captain has the rank of flight lieutenant. Only 22, he has been in the R. A. F. since 1936, has two brothers in the R. A. F.

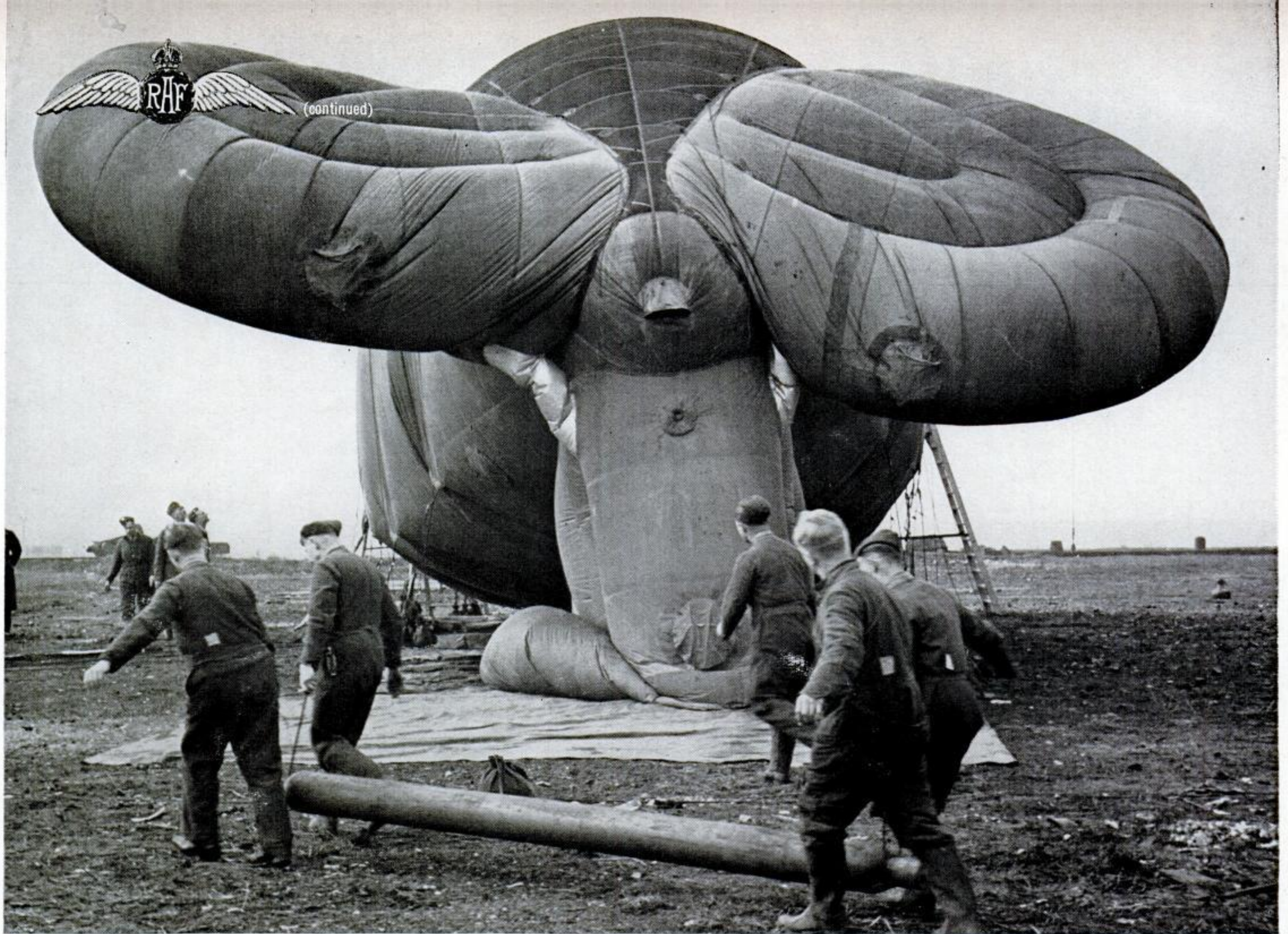


Fighter pilot has been an R. A. F. man since 1935, is 29 years old—old for this job. He is married and lives three miles from his station.



Flying officer, second pilot of bomber flown by man at bottom right of opposite page, comes from Aylesbury.





↑ **The air defense of Britain** is entrusted to the Fighter Command, which governs all anti-aircraft activity on the island. Above is a unit of the famed, fantastic balloon barrage that will weave a web of wires around the big cities to keep enemy bombers at high altitudes, limit their field of operations. The men of the squadron are here carrying out a long cylinder filled with hydrogen gas to inflate the queer-shaped air-bag.

↓ **An anti-aircraft gun crew** stands on watch somewhere in eastern England at sunrise on a cold day. This is one of the excellent Bofors guns of which the Allies do not possess nearly enough. It can fire a supersensitive shell to a height of 10,000 ft., where it explodes on contact with a plane. But even direct hits of this kind may fail to bring bombers down. The only sure defense against bombers is the fighter plane.





**THE REAR GUNNER IN A
BOMBER HOLDS A LONELY
AND VULNERABLE POST**



Sigrid Undset, aged 58, whose flight from Norway to Sweden is shown on the map below, is the daughter of a noted archaeologist. Germany banned her books in 1936.

MY ESCAPE FROM NORWAY

A NOBEL PRIZEWINNER TELLS HOW IT FEELS TO FLEE FOR ONE'S LIFE FROM A HOMELAND INVADED BY NAZIS

by SIGRID UNDSET

Sigrid Undset, whose account of her escape from Nazi-invaded Norway appears here-with, is generally recognized as one of the world's greatest living authors. Her books, particularly her historical novels of medieval Norway, have been acclaimed by critics in 14 languages. More than 200,000 copies of her masterpiece, *Kristin Lavransdatter*, have been sold in the U. S. alone. She won the Nobel Prize for literature in 1928.

Mrs. Undset became a refugee in April 1940. Her eldest son, Anders, was killed in action on April 27. Mrs. Undset is currently staying in Stockholm. Written especially for LIFE, this moving article was translated from the Norwegian and cabled to the U. S. by Mrs. Undset's good friend, Mrs. Daisy Harriman, able U. S. Minister to Norway—ED.

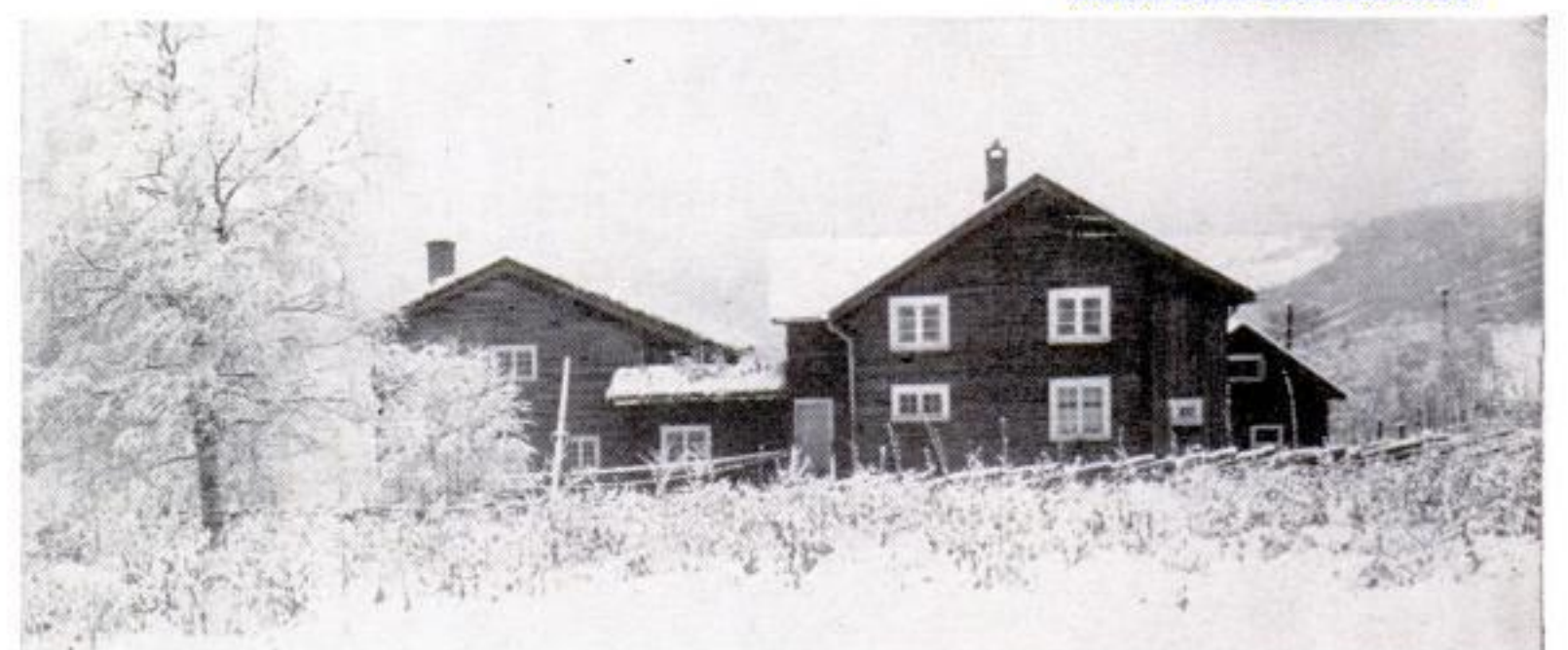
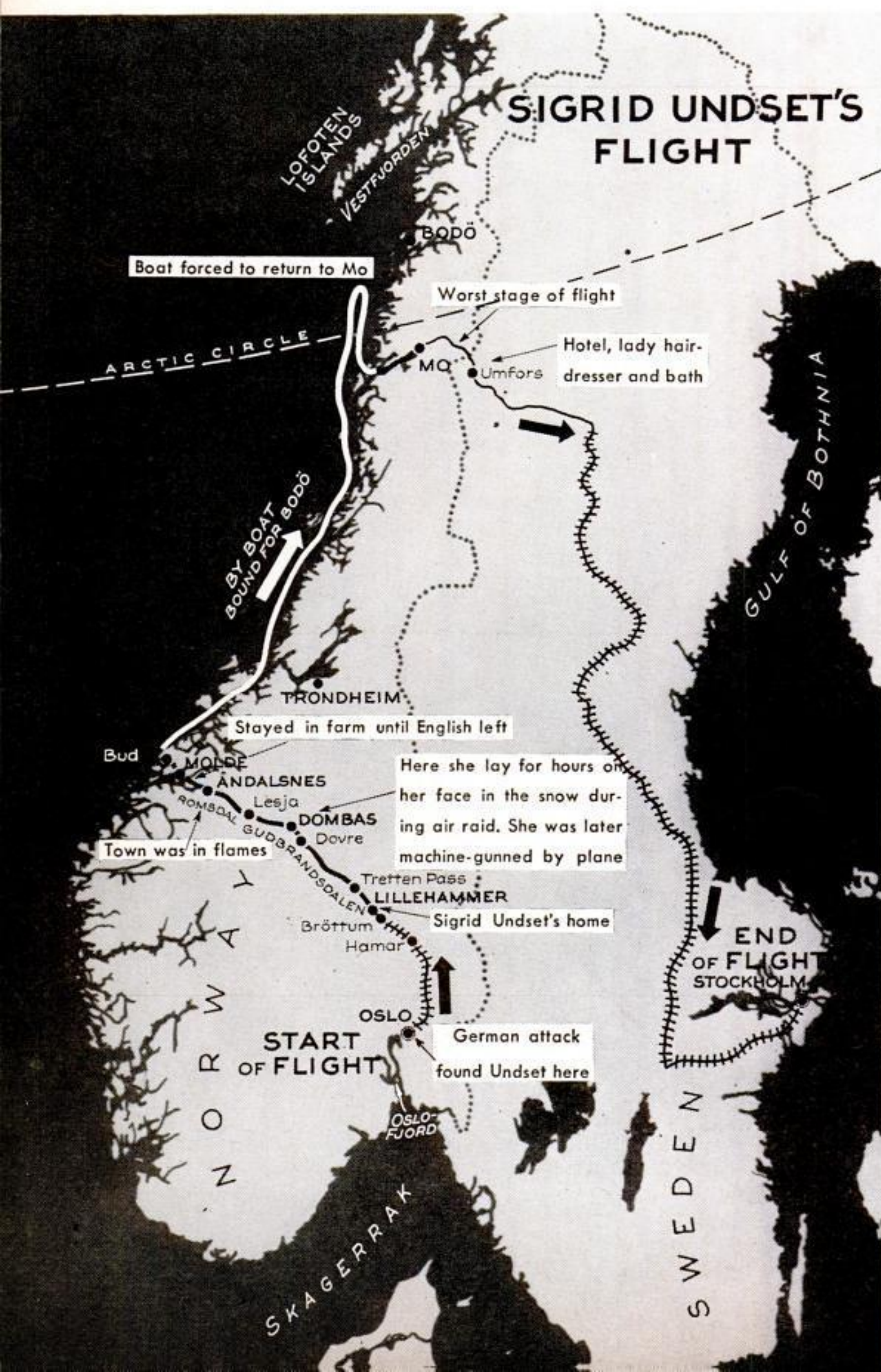
Stockholm, May 24, 1940 (by cable)

Norway has become a peaceful nation. We have only 3,000,000 people to run this difficult and inhospitable country. No wonder then that we have always spent our strength in saving precious lives rather than in wasting them. Heroic deeds on sea and land in the saving of endangered lives have, thank God, been daily happenings in Norway. But crimes of violence have been rarer than in any other country in Europe. During the 58 years of my life not a single case of capital punishment has occurred in Norway. The last execution took place in my father's youth. It was exciting to hear him tell about it but it was as if we could not believe it to be really true.

It was our misfortune and our stupidity that we did not really believe that the war was true either. That war was a thing that happened elsewhere in the world we knew well enough but perhaps we did not believe it could happen to us. Finland's struggle for life awakened some of us to a more realistic view. But it did not awaken enough of us, and those of us who should have been alert were not. Thus the German attackers found a country that was almost wholly unprepared. (That the Germans later on, here as in every other land they have invaded, found the documents for evidence that their attack was merely justified self-defense is another matter.)

Feine Leute haben feine Sachen und was sie nicht haben lassen sie sich machen (Good people have good things and what they don't have they have made), I read in a German primer as a child. I happened to be in Oslo on the night of April 8 when the warning was sounded. At 12:30 a. m. there was not a soul in my hotel who knew whether it was meant seriously or if it was only a test of the sirens. About a score of us were standing in an icy-cold cellar for the air-raid shelter was locked and the person who had the key could not be found. Somebody suggested that there was a naval battle off Ferder and said some airplanes had been seen over the Oslofjord. We felt cold, we joked and laughed and smoked cigarettes in the dark. Not one of us suspected that the Germans were landing in Norway. But in the morning when I went to church the black bombers circled over the roofs of the houses so low that we could clearly see their national mark, the iron cross. From the housetops the anti-aircraft guns went off apparently without bothering the machines at all. And before noon, when my youngest son and I had boarded the train for Lillehammer, a couple of bombs dropped just outside the railway station, making the whole train shake and tremble.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 32



Her home at Lillehammer, decorated with Norse antiques, consisted of a series of frame build-

ings, some of whose foundations date back to 1000, the year the Vikings discovered America.



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MYSELF

YEP, HE OUGHT
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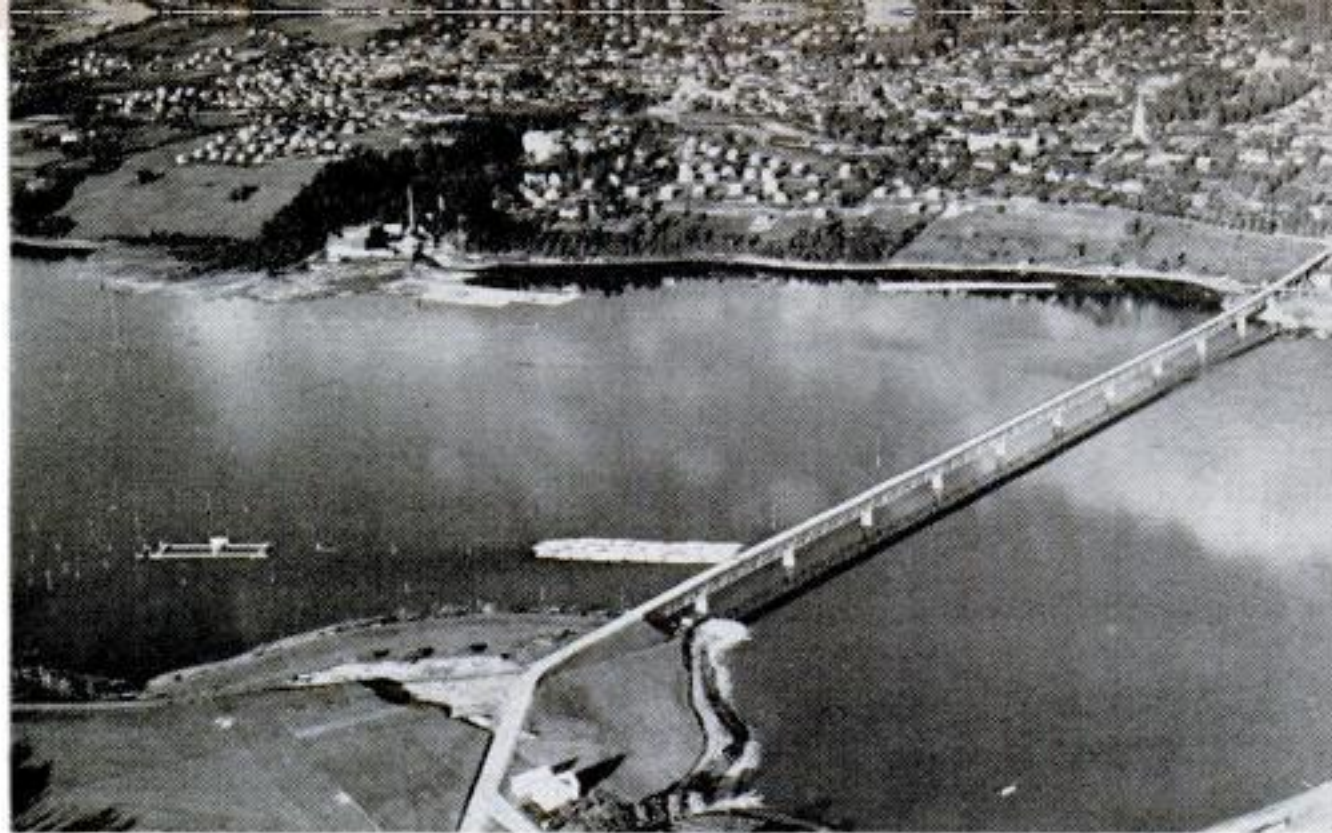
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At Lillehammer, her home town, she watched Norwegian soldiers fight a 45-min. en-
gagement ending in the capture of the crew of a Nazi plane that had crashed nearby.

MY ESCAPE FROM NORWAY (continued)

In the course of the day we learned that our King and the Gov-
ernment had refused to accede to the German demands that we
surrender our country to them. We would defend ourselves—and
praise be to God for that. We knew that we were ill-prepared but
we have a saying in Norway that one has to do one's best with
the tools one has. We relied upon being able at least to delay the
German advance into the interior of the country until help arrived
from the Allies.

It is not so easy to mobilize after the enemy has got a foothold in
the country and help from traitors at home. Nor had we taken our
home Nazis seriously enough. To the bulk of the Norwegian people,
the whole National Socialist ideology was such an alien phenomenon
that we were mostly inclined to treat Quisling and his crowd with a
shrug of the shoulder as hysterical halfmen. All the more are we
ashamed of them now, all the more glowing is the hatred for traitors
felt now by the bulk of our people. There were hardly so many of
them as I suppose people abroad imagine. Now their ranks have
probably been increased by the addition of spineless opportunists
such as are found in all nations—who, given the chance, turn their
coats with the wind. But with God's help, surely the day will come
when we settle our accounts with these.

Our boys were not downhearted when they went out to fight from
occupied Oslo. The young men went in thousands, on skis through
Nordmarka, the forests that enfold the city on three sides for
many miles, making a natural park where the children of Oslo have
played since infancy and where they know every trail and path.
They made their way to places where troops were gathering and
joined up willingly to fight for their country.

At my own home, at Lillehammer, it was the same. The young
men were burning with eagerness to take a hand. My eldest son went
immediately on the first morning and joined up at the Jørstadmoen
camps. Since the division at Oslo to which he belonged could not
be set up, he telephoned from the camp and asked his younger
brother to cycle across with his uniform and equipment. And then
my youngest son telephoned home (he was a freshman and a pacifist,
below military age) to say that he and his comrade of the same age
had joined the ambulance corps. They had met one of the doctors
who told them he could find good use for them.

She sees an actual fight

There was enough to do at home even if the boys were gone. In
our incomprehensible optimism, we felt almost sure that the Ger-
mans would never get to Lillehammer. Evacuated people from Oslo
and Trondheim came to me every day for food and advice and help.
In recompense they told their experiences and all the contradictory
rumors that were being circulated. Lillehammer was altogether
without anti-aircraft guns or defense, so the German planes flew
bravely over the town many times, lower than the roofs of the houses
up on the hill where I live. But for the time being they did not
attempt to hurt us.

In spite of the airplanes over the town, in spite of lorries packed
with Norwegian soldiers driving through the streets all day, in spite
of the guards with fixed bayonets in front of all public buildings, in
spite of motorcyclists with dispatches running in every direction, a
real sense and feeling of there being a war did not come to us until
the afternoon that a German transport plane dropped down just out-
side my garden fence. The Germans came with a roar, so low that it
seemed as if they were bound to run right into the wall of my house
and for once my housekeeper and I ran down into the cellar. Shortly
afterwards we heard the staccato of the machine guns. It sounded as
if they were just outside the door. We rushed up to see what it
might be. Norwegian soldiers were hurrying through my garden

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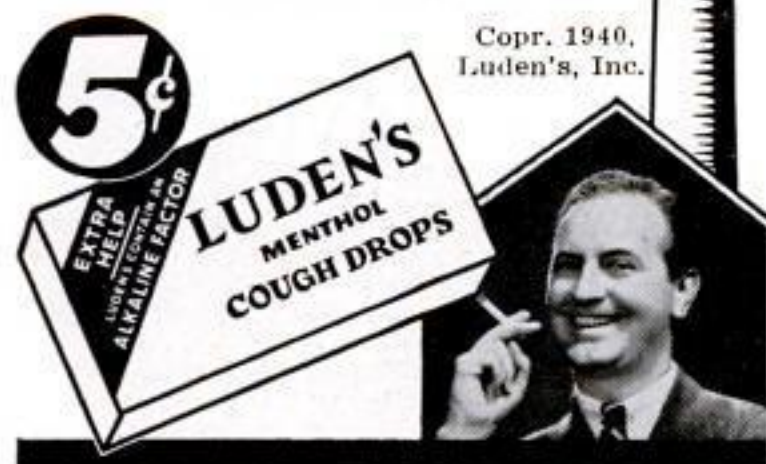
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and women and children were running along the road. They had innocently come out to see the airplane that had crashed in the meadow in front of their houses and got badly scared when the machine guns began to chatter. The whole row certainly did not last more than 45 minutes—after which the German pilot shot himself and the crew were taken prisoners. But now we knew that the war had really come to us in earnest; and on Saturday, April 20, we heard that the English had abandoned their positions at Bröttum and we might expect the Germans to march into Lillehammer during the day.

As I have constantly written and spoken against Naziism and have also taken an active part in the work of assisting refugees from central Europe, I was advised to leave town before they came. A friend had provided a place for me in a motorcar that was to proceed northward through the valley. In the afternoon, with one small suitcase as my entire luggage, I arrived at the People's High School at Hundorp where I met some friends who had also fled from the invaders. We wanted to reach a place where we could be of some use on the radio or in the news services. The Norwegian broadcasting stations at Hamar and Vigra had been silenced but they were attempting to rig up a fresh station farther north in the Gudbrandsdalen. On Sunday my friend, who was a professor, and I drove north. We made some records for the radio in the loft over an outhouse at one of the stations. We lay in the forest near Dombås together with a few hundred soldiers while the place was being bombed. This was the day the American air attaché, Captain Losey, was killed by a shell splinter at the mouth of a tunnel where he had sought shelter. It was one of those wonderful winter-spring days that we have in Norway when everything smells good and fruitful. It smells of wet moss wherever a stone raises its head above the snow. And there was a gentle and sweet sough through the treetops—a sough that became audible each time the harsh roar of the aircraft engines died down for a little while and there was a pause in the gunfire.

She dodges machine-gunning planes

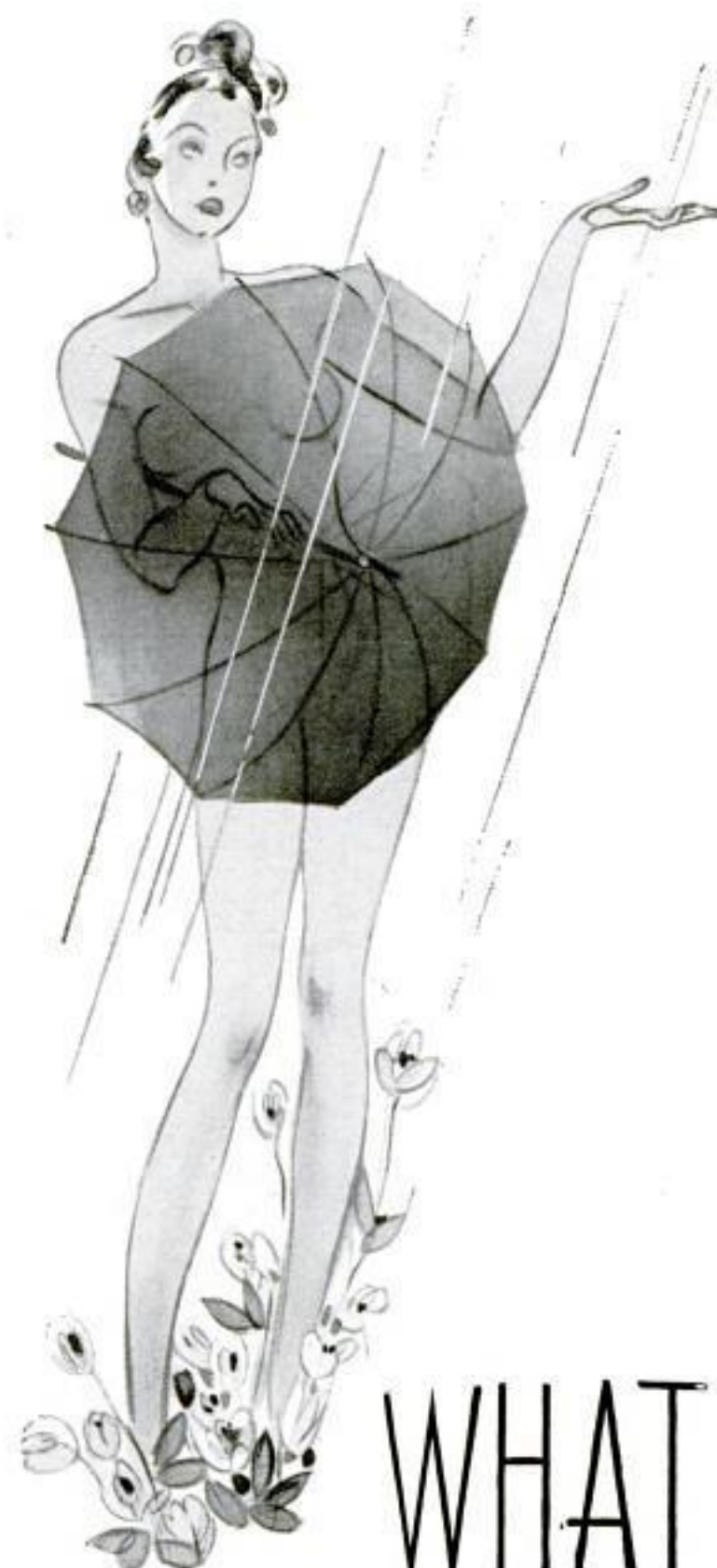
We lay flat on our faces for two hours in a hole in the snow between two pines. Every now and then some branches and boughs fell down on us and once from the neighboring pit a soldier raised his head and reminded me of a dance that my boys had had last Christmas and it seemed to me as if he had been there. He was from Lillehammer. But what mother in our days knows one-half the young people who come to dance at her house?

Soon it was rumored that the English and Norwegian positions in Tretten Pass were threatened and a detachment of the ambulance corps went out to establish a field hospital in the schoolhouse. We had to flee higher up the valley. The professor had with him his wife, his two children, who were 8 and 10 years old, and a young servant girl. We packed ourselves into the car and drove during the night northward to a farm in the Dovre Valley where my friends had some friends. The strongest impression from this flight through Norway—all the time behind our retiring lines—was how unspeakably beautiful this country of ours was and how incomparably kind and helpful the people were wherever we met them.

In Dovre the Germans bombed the railway station every day while we were there without ever hitting it. On the whole, it was surprising to see how little they accomplished with their bombing of the open country where the farms are spread about very much, while they smashed our small towns into matchwood and set them on fire with their incendiary bombs. The only result of their bombing was that the byre of a poor widow was burnt down and she lost both her cows. Outside a motor repair shop a man was killed by machine-gun fire. While I was in Dovre, we had an impression that the Germans fired with machine guns at every living thing they saw moving.

We were standing outside on the hill in front of the farm—the helper, another man and myself—watching a fight between aircraft over Dombås, when a plane came along very low and tried to pepper us. Fortunately the bullets spread two or three yards apart so none of us was injured. But I must say that we ran as hard as we could to find shelter in the stone stables of the farm. Every now and then the Germans also dropped a load of incendiary bombs on one of the farms—so far as I know without hitting the houses anywhere. At any rate, whenever I saw them the incendiary bombs merely lay where they fell and gave off a lot of smoke, coloring the earth yellow on the slope of the valley. Nevertheless, we thought it was safest to go up on the hills in the daytime, to one of the small farms located far up below the edge of the mountain. And there we sat out in the open air and let ourselves be warmed by the spring sun, entering the house between times when aircraft came farther inland.

On both sides of the valley the high mountains rose dazzlingly white, with snow-white blue shadows in the hollows between the



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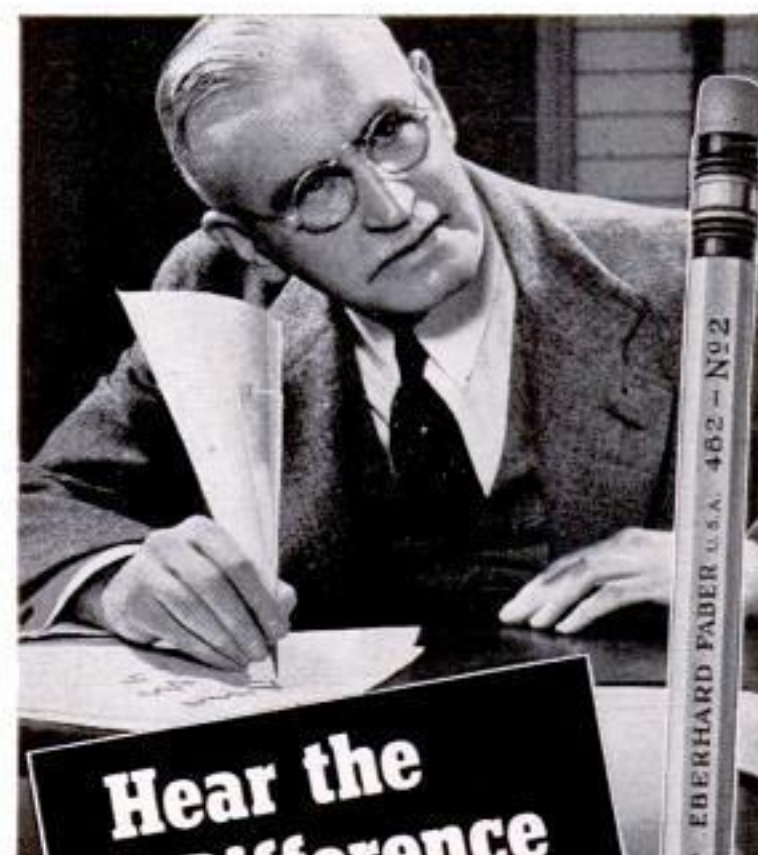
Up the Romsdal Mrs. Undset fled from the Germans by automobile over "a road so narrow that in many places it was difficult for two automobiles to pass each other."

MY ESCAPE FROM NORWAY (continued)

two peaks of Jetta Mountain, which a farmer once likened to a woman's breasts. In the valley the snow had almost disappeared but the grass was a pale brown. On the ground there was not a tinge of green to be seen. Dovre is an old cultivated region. The sides of the valleys are almost wholly tilled fields. Midway up the sides of the hills that face the sun stand rows of large, stately farms with old sun-scorched timber buildings. The oldest settlements in our valleys are generally situated like that, for in the bottom of the valleys along the river the frosts and mists come early in the autumn. Below them lies the new construction that has sprung up along the main roads and around the stations: stores and shops, schools and artisans' dwellings. They are half concealed in the forest of pine trees, which had assumed a vernal pallid snow-washed tint over their crowns, and of birch which were beginning to turn a shiny brown and glittering violet because the buds were almost ready to burst into leaf. The valley lay beneath the strong flood of the spring sun in holiday silence for it was not possible for people even to till the soil. The cattle stood lean from the winter. The horses had been commandeered but sheep with their lambs and goats with skittish kids played about the outhouses and snatched greedily at the dead grass. It was this forced inactivity that tried the peasants' nerves most severely, much more so than the aircraft that came at brief intervals throughout the day and disturbed the Sunday feeling.

Origins of the Nazi Trojan Horse

The farm where we stayed was near Lindsö, where a section of parachutists had entrenched themselves in a stone stable and tyrannized the whole neighborhood until the Norwegians got some guns up and forced them to surrender. The parachutists were, of course, the great subject of discussion in the district. But what has made the strongest impression on the peasants was that the old housewife at Lindsö thought she recognized one of the parachutists. He had come hiking to the farm one day in summer, had been entertained there with board and room and given some money before he went away. It is possible that the housewife was mistaken, but it is certain that many of these *wandervögel bettelvögel* ("beggar hikers," we call them) who have traipsed through Norway in thousands summer after summer—without any money, practically without any luggage other than the ever-present camera, who got cheap rides in our motorcars and were allowed to sleep free of charge at the farms, who received food and many a time clothing or money from the farmers and peasants—have now returned. It is also certain that among the soldiers of the invading army there are quite a good many of our *Wienerbarn* or Viennese children—the Germans who, during the lean years after the last war, were taken into Norwegian homes in town




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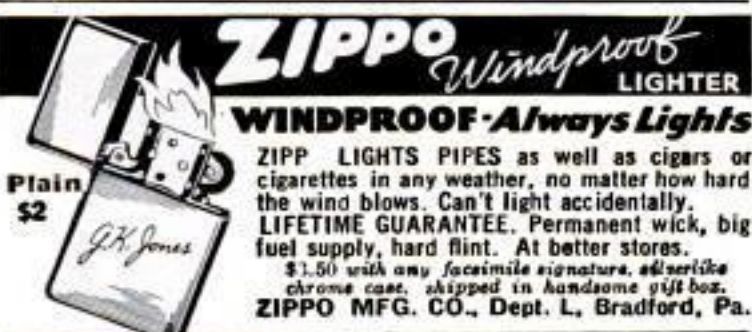
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or country and there fed and clothed and looked after until they had regained their health and normal childhood.

If this German way of giving thanks has not disgusted the Norwegians almost more than anything else in the invasion, it has at any rate put an end to the belief that there could be any close kinship between the German people and ourselves. They and we of one and the same race? Say the peasants, "Never in your life!"

In the dusk when we returned to the farm we found soldiers there—boys who had been sent behind the front to rest a few days. Many of them had been fighting in battle after battle from the first days of the war when they still fought in the regions north of Oslo. They had retreated, always retreated; but none of those I spoke with was disheartened. They sat in the dark kitchen while we prepared some food for them and our host got together everything that could be found to give them as good quarters for the night as possible. Gentle, well brought-up, nice boys, they were. When they were asked, they talked in low voices, modestly, about their experiences in the campaign. It was a great pity they had not had better equipment and better training and more and better-trained officers, for merely with rifles and a few machine guns and a little artillery it was impossible in the long run to withstand the German aircraft and armored cars. For all of that, man for man, they were as good as the Germans they had seen, and they hoped they would be allowed to fight again. But now they were tired and starved.

Fleeing by car and by boat

At the start they had received as much food as they needed. Outside the large farms in the southern part of the country, women had been standing by the roadside with 2-gallon cans of milk or pea soup, clothesbaskets full of sandwiches and hard-boiled eggs. Towards the end they had had to wait a long time between one meal and the next and all the time they had had little sleep. Mostly they had been able to doze only for a little while on the lorries that took them along from engagement to engagement. The professor's young servant girl had, unasked, taken over the command of the kitchen, and it was a joy to see how respectfully and gratefully the soldiers accepted her services and how anxious they were to help her in clearing away and washing up the dishes before they went on their way to make room for others.

At Molde a Norwegian newspaper was still being published and we were advised to go there. We had to say goodbye to the strangers who had housed and fed us and would not accept anything in return but only wished us "Au revoir—till better times have dawned." And we had to crowd together in a motorcar and drive at night through Dombås, which was in ruins, and through Lesje, where the snow along the road was pitted with bomb craters and the farm buildings stood with smashed windows and burst doors. Down in the Romsdal it was quite clear that the position of the English had been made extremely difficult to hold. The Westlandian scenery starts here. The valley is narrow, with a swift-flowing river in the middle between very steep slopes. Against the clear greenish night sky, sharp peaks and black abysses in the mountains stood out clearly. A single-track railway and a road so narrow that in many places it is difficult for two automobiles to meander through the defile. Traces of bombs on the road and railway track could be seen all along the way. Day was breaking when we drove through burning Åndalsnes and then we were out near the fjord, out in full spring. Down over the sides of the mountain poured brooks filled to the brim. The meadows were green. The soldiers had white anemones in the lapels of their uniforms. The first flowers of the spring had blossomed.

Here at the farm in the Langfjord, where we obtained house room for some days, the farmer went about his task of plowing. Aircraft hovered over the region and tiny gray and white puffs of smoke on the light-blue spring sky over the ridge behind the farm told us that the anti-aircraft artillery at Åndalsnes had not stopped work. Sometimes a stray shell from that quarter whined through the air above our heads. We dropped flat on the ground when they came whistling over but mostly they went into the fjord beyond the houses, and the people in Langfjord refused to be disturbed. "Did you manage to save any of your chairs and beds?" asked a tiny girl from Åndalsnes. Her home had been burned down and her parents had saved nothing but their bare lives. "It is rather hard luck," said her father with grim humor.

One evening we received a message that the English had given up the struggle in south Norway and had embarked at Åndalsnes and that the Germans were on their way down the Romsdal. There was nothing for us to do but to flee farther away. The farmer and his wife, who had given us room and food for four days and done their



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(lower left) The "Lorelei" really stays on without a strap. (lower right) The popular "Dry Seal" in Aviator style. Plenty of other styles, too.

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MY ESCAPE FROM NORWAY (continued)

utmost to make us comfortable, refused to accept any payment. The husband shook us warmly by the hand and wished us a cheerful we-shall-meet-again-someday by way of farewell, but his wife embraced us and burst into tears. In other times it is not in the nature of Norwegian peasant women to wear their hearts on their sleeves like that and it was as if her tears first made us realize how dark things looked in Norway.

In the darkness close inshore, the tiny fishing boat we had been allowed to board stole through the spring night. The fjord lay smooth and pale and reflected the shores and the white mountains, and Venus shone large and clear in her heaven, where the sunset glow turned into the aurora. Thus we went puffing along towards the dark cloud of smoke which showed us where Molde lay. The boat was carrying hospital stores which were to be delivered there. At the hospital where we went ashore we again met people who helped us find a motorcar and through the reeking ruins of Molde, over mountains where it was still winter, along branches of the fjord, we reached Bud. This is the outermost promontory in the Romsdal, where Norway projects a flat foreshore of broad granite slabs, heather-clad hills and brown bogs into the North Sea, which breaks in white foam over the skerries, even on the calmest and sunniest day.

Spring had come here too and the eider ducks sailed in the calm bay. Between the rocks, a brown duck and a black-and-white drake, mews and terns and oyster catchers had come home to their old breeding places. In one of the outer reaches of the sea, near Hustadvik Cove, we got on board a boat that was to go northward to Bodö. Perhaps, at any rate, that part of Norway was still free. The boat had sleeping accommodations for six and we were 36, mostly women and children. There was a man who had been a well-known political writer of the extreme radical wing, who lay there almost lame and broken down by gout and sciatica. His young son and daughter were watching their father like guardian angels. His wife volunteered as stewardess. There were soldiers who had fled when they heard about the capitulation of the Norwegian troops. These last intended to make their way northward to the remnant that was still left of our army.

Reaching safety in Sweden

We sailed in the nighttime. In the daytime we lay hidden in outside harbors between the outermost islands. Day after day the sea lay calm and smooth. Night after night the red evening passed into the aurora. A soldier lent me his sleeping bag. Every evening he made it up for me and put me inside it. It was hard but calm and fresh to lie and sleep on deck. For the gouty editor who was also sleeping on deck it was certainly worse, but not a sound of complaint came from his lips and his acid humor helped greatly to keep up the spirit on board. It was rather thrilling to pass the mouth of the Trondheimsfjord, which was held by the Germans. We had heard that they had got hold of some fishing boats and were patrolling the waters round about. Therefore we kept far out at sea. The aircraft which we saw from time to time took no notice of us. Very likely they were on their way northward to Narvik with their loads of bombs.

We sailed between the white mountains of Nordland and the islands with forms resembling fantastic sculptures. Four hours before we reached Bodö we were told that civilians were seldom allowed to land and that probably we would have to go outside the Lofoten Islands because the Vestfjorden was crowded with mines and countermines; but if we liked we might go by another boat back to Mo in Rana. From there it would then be possible to make one's way across country to Sweden, where both the professor and I had prospects of getting some money, for we were just about cleaned out.

The last stage of our journey, from Mo across the frontier, was the worst. We started in a lorry. The chauffeur who drove us took us in a tightrope dance up a mountain road that was washed out and oozing from the melting snow. Along precipices, in eternal windings and meanderings, we were pitched high up in the air: we slithered to the left and to the right. Sometimes we got stuck in the ice. Then we pushed and heaved and after hours of hard work succeeded in getting the car on the move again. Thus we did only twelve miles that first night. How it felt for the gouty man to get shaken and knocked about during all these hours is not easy to imagine. At the mountain hut where we spent the night we got the accustomed cordial reception. A houseful of road workers was quartered there but they turned out to give their berths to us. Next afternoon at 4 o'clock we continued our journey on foot, with our sick traveling companion on a stretcher which the sons of the owner of the



SPIES Perhaps it's not polite to peek in public. But she simply *must* find out why all the men rave about Sally's sandwiches.



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mountain hut had constructed and carried. Then we traveled by motorcar some distance over the same impossible road. At the end we had in front of us 6 kilometers of skiing across the mountain to the last farmstead on the Norwegian side of the frontier.

The sick man had been put in a hay sledge. When I found it difficult to keep up with the ski-runners (it was more than 20 years since I had had skis on my feet and my fur cloak was not very suitable as a skiing costume) they put me on the sled. By and by, pulled by six young men, we reached the frontier post. The professor's children had been uncommonly brave throughout the trip but they were done in now. So the majority of our company remained there but the young men who had pulled the sleigh had to go back to their work next day, so they continued on with it. With them went the invalid and myself and the editor's son and daughter who wished to stay with their father. While the morning dawned over white mountains, we were pulled across a lake through which the frontier here passes. The ice was rotten with water, so that the men who pulled the sleigh sometimes sank into it up to their knees and the water splashed high around the sleigh.

The first golden sunray was lighting the mountains on the Norwegian side when we encountered the first Swedish frontier guard. The road had been cleared of snow. While the men with the sleigh continued across country, the editor's young daughter and I took the country road. She insisted on carrying my suitcase (and I did not object to this as energetically as I ought to have done) 3 kilometers to the nearest military post. When we got there, we found that it was full. We had to go on but it was now impossible to make further use of the sleigh. The invalid had to be carried on his stretcher again, while his daughter and I tramped along the road.

"Hell, has the war come?"

It was supposed to be one kilometer to the barracks where there were stationed, according to the reports, only a few road workers. One kilometer became 2 and 3. We began to be afraid we had passed it but at last the tiny gray hut showed up at the turn of the road. It was 5 in the morning. It was colder inside the hut than outdoors. There was a stove in the middle of the floor. Along the walls were berths covered with straw and withered leaves, which were empty, except one. In that lay a man rolled in a red counterpane, sleeping like a stone. He did not wake up when we made up a fire in the stove to warm the room before the invalid arrived.

We sat down on two stools, dozed and waited for the stretcher-bearers to come with the invalid. The man in the berth jumped up and stared about with wild blue eyes below a yellow thatch. "Hell, has the war come?" he cried, thinking the stretcher-bearers had come with a wounded man. While we explained the situation, the man pulled on his trousers and socks, put the coffee-pot on the fire and pulled out his store of provisions. Liberally, he invited the whole company to bread and butter, sausage and cheese, coffee and milk. We had been received hospitably everywhere else but never before with such brilliant jolly kind-heartedness, nor pressed to eat and drink with such a merry good-tempered cordiality as displayed by this Swedish road laborer. After 14 hours' exertions we livened up under his infectious joy and goodness.

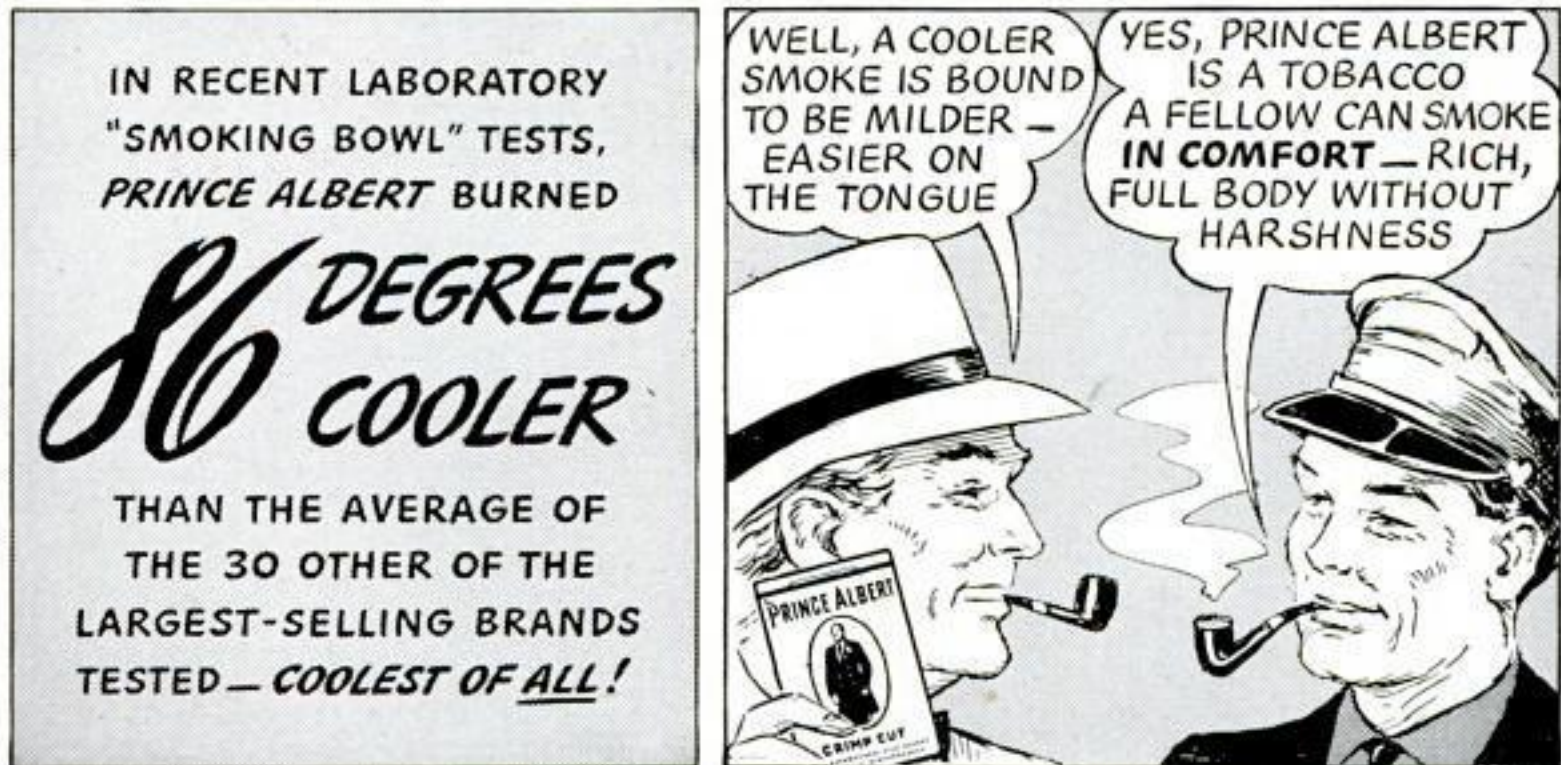
Later in the day the rest of our company came across the frontier and then we were taken in charge by the Swedish military. It was strange to get to a hotel again and still more strange to get into the hands of a lady hairdresser and get properly shampooed and made up. At the hotel we heard about the German invasion of Holland and Belgium and when, by and by, I got to Stockholm, I received my first news from Norway: that my family was all right but that my eldest son had already been killed in action on April 27.

Since then, two more small countries have shared the fate of my own and all the other countries overrun by the Germans—that strange and awful race, whose conceptions of honor are bound up altogether with ideas of death and destruction and never with life and work for liberty and human happiness.

She reached Molde after a voyage in a tiny fishing boat carrying hospital supplies. German bombers had already turned Molde, the "City of Roses," into "reeking ruins."



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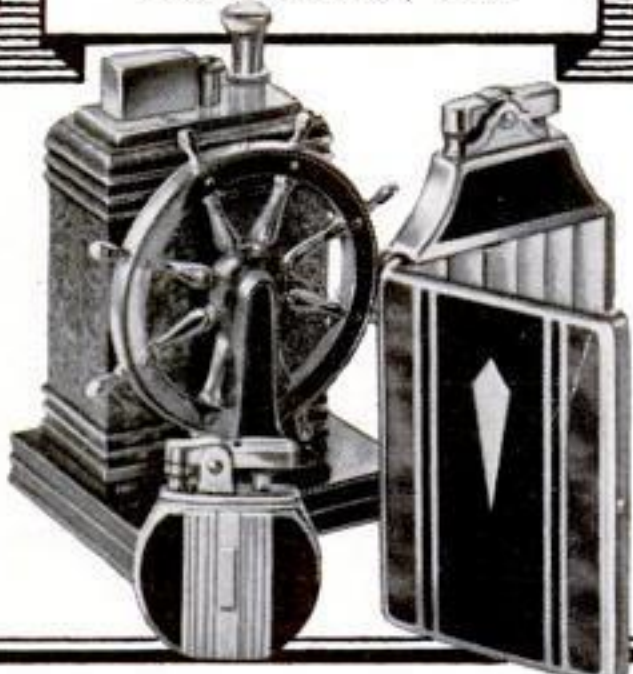
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Nazi mop-up squad plies the Oslo-Bergen railroad in search of Norwegian guerrillas. The empty flatcar in the front of the train is a precaution against hidden mines.

NAZIS MOP UP NORWAY AND MAKE COUNTRY TOE A TOTALITARIAN LINE

The men who dot the "i's" and cross the "t's" to the Nazi conquest of Norway are these expert, well-armed troops shown here, who mop up isolated islands of resistance and harry the flight of refugees like Sigrid Undset (see pp. 90-97) into nearby neutral Sweden.

Since the Nazis conquered Norway except for the Narvik area captured last week by Allied troops, the Germans have been shoving the liberal, democratic round-pegged monarchy into a totalitarian square. They rule some 3,000,000 Norwegians with an estimated 30,000 hard-hitting troops, 200 imported German civil servants and a Reich commissar established in Oslo who is responsible to Adolf Hitler alone. Norwegian quislers and others who can be trusted to fulfill the wishes of their conquerors execute the routine chores of running a country.

The technique of Nazi domination in Norway, polished after experimentation in Austria, Czechoslovakia and Poland, is to be simultaneously sympathetic and merciless, polite and brutal and to play off the Quislings against the patriots. Hitler has personally freed all Norwegian civilian war prisoners. He has not freed prisoners of the regular Army. His administration has completely gagged the once-free Norwegian press, but has introduced in Oslo the "German Newspaper in Norway" in an effort "to draw closer the ties that unite the German and Norwegian peoples."

The Germans have lowered the Norwegian bank rate from 4½ to 3% in order to free capital for investment in reconstruction work. The freed prisoners will now augment the labor supply for this type of work.

Against such domination—half mailed fist, half velvet glove—Norwegian patriots use the only two weapons left to them: guerrilla warfare in the hills and passive resistance in the towns. Germans stationed in Oslo have been given a very chilly reception socially. The population remains aloof. Norwegian girls seen with German soldiers are later seized by their neighbors and have their hair shaved off as a badge of dishonor.



Stations are searched along railroad line to see if they hide any armed Norwegians. A small guard of Germans is then left behind and the train proceeds to next stop.



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INCREDIBLY QUICK in killing fleas! None ever revive to reinfest. Also kills lice, ticks, sticktites. Borated; makes dog more comfortable; helps allay itching from scratching. Kills fleas, too, when put on one spot!

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FLEA POWDER



PULVEX FLEA SOAP oils and
grooms the coat, deodorizes, cleans
and destroys the fleas, only 25c!

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Botany all wool, fully lined,
generously cut, Knox tailored.

SIZES 11 TO 44

MAIL ORDERS FILLED. POSTAGE PREPAID.
MATERIAL SAMPLES IN COLORS ON REQUEST

KNOX **\$5**
MIRACLE FELT HAT

in colors to match coat.. (as illustrated above)

KNOX the HATTER
452 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Clear, Soothe
TIRED* EYES
in Seconds!



Only **TWO DROPS** of this eye specialist's
formula are needed to **SOOTHE** and
REFRESH dull, tired eyes... Its special
EXCLUSIVE ingredient quickly **CLEARs** eyes
red and inflamed *(from late hours,
fatigue, driving, overindulgence, etc.).



Thousands prefer stainless, sanitary,
safe **EYE-GENE**, because it is quickly
EFFECTIVE in making **EYES FEEL GOOD**.
WASH your eyes with **EYE-GENE**
today. On sale at drug, depart-
ment and ten-cent stores.

USE



EYE-GENE



A sudden attack by Norwegian sharpshooters hiding in the hills brings the train to a stop. The Germans take aim with their excellent Mausers and small machine gun.



Germans leap off the train for cover from which to attack the Norwegian positions. Norwegians reply with Krag rifles, which were new at time of Spanish-American War.



Don't forget the
Lasting Beauty of
ALLEGHENY METAL



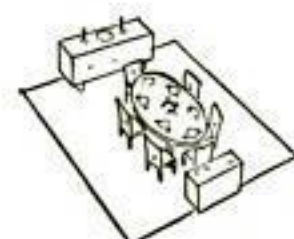
For Modern
Homes



For Gleaming
Kitchens



For Spotless
Bathrooms



For Tableware
and Flatware

ONCE you've sam-
pled the delights
of a gleaming all-
Allegheny Metal
kitchen, you're spoiled
for anything else. In
fact, you'll never need
anything else—be-
cause this famous
stainless steel lasts a
lifetime!

It can't chip or peel,
won't rust or stain—
stays clean and bright
with just soap and
water, no drudgery.

Use it in the bath-
room, too, and for
kitchenware, table-
ware—all through the
house!

Look for it in the
stores—a little star tag
says it's genuine.

ALLEGHENY LUDLUM STEEL CORPORATION

Oliver Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Sales Offices and Complete Stocks in all
Principal Cities



"Good for a Lifetime—Bright for an Age"

A Sample of Allegheny Metal for you!

Genuine Allegheny Metal Meas-
uring Spoon—stands on its own
feet—no spilling. Graduated from
half teaspoon to tablespoon. Ideal
for kitchen and bathroom. New!
10c in coin or stamps! Mail coupon today!



ALLEGHENY METAL

Allegheny Ludlum Steel Corporation C-1
Oliver Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

I enclose 10c in coin or stamps for the Modern
Measuring Spoon of Genuine Allegheny Metal.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....





Zorina embraces Victor Moore in a shameful attempt to ruin his reputation as a Republican Senator. William Gaxton, disguised as a waiter, fears her emotions are running away with her.

DANCES BY ZORINA, SONGS BY BERLIN MAKE "LOUISIANA PURCHASE" A HIT

For speed and color, no movies or radio can beat Broadway's best musical shows. They come once or twice a year and it is doubtful if the American stage produces anything more skilful or more typically its own. Newest comer in this line is *Louisiana Purchase*, with songs by Irving Berlin, who is back on Broadway after seven years in Hollywood. Its producer is B. G. De Sylva, whose other current hit is *Du Barry Was a Lady*.

Louisiana Purchase derives its title and inspiration from the assorted swindles of the old Huey Long regime in Louisiana. As a strait-laced little investigator from Washington, Victor Moore acts with more starch than usual, does a magnificent job. He is teamed again with explosive William Gaxton, who tries to divert Moore from his investigations with various temptations—mostly in the form of beautiful girls.

On the opposite page is Vera Zorina, the show's top temptress. Born in Berlin of Norwegian parents, she began her career as a dancer. *LIFE's* cameraman snapped her in this reclining pose after she had completed a Hollywood film. In *Louisiana Purchase*, where Zorina dances, sings and shows new gifts as a comedienne, you would never catch her lying down.



Zorina dances in this gold-trimmed costume in a scene at the New Orleans Mardi Gras. All dance numbers are directed by her Russian husband, George Balanchine, noted ballet director.



Zorina exerts her wiles on Victor Moore after she has helped him to get tight on the first drink he ever took in his life. Moore is beginning to enjoy a number of interesting and new sensations.



Zorina shows a run in her stocking to Moore, who consoles her by showing a hole in his own sock. They sing, "Two lonely hearts beating as one, Can be miserable and still have a lot of fun."

"Louisiana Purchase" (continued)



Victor Moore protests when lovely Carol Bruce tries to compromise him by peeling off her clothes in his bedroom morning after

Zorina promised to marry him. Over such distressing events as this, Moore breaks into song: "What chance have I with love?"



In Moore's nightshirt Irene Bordoni pops out of his twin bed and accuses Moore of overpowering her the

HOW TO PUT ON A GIRDLE



GAXTON SHOWS HOW A WOMAN BEGINS



SHE PUSHES IN HER MIDRIFF BULGE



AND YANKS GIRDLE DOWN OVER HIPs

HOW TO TALK POLITICS



MOORE SHOWS GESTURES TO USE

Zorina rips into a conga assisted by members of the chorus. As a child Zorina learned to dance in the classic tradition of the

Russian ballet. But, as you see here, when the occasion demands she can manage a hot number, even with her hair in her eyes.

"Louisiana Purchase" is the blue, brassy title song that accompanies this chorus routine. Irving Berlin wrote a





night before. Moore remembers nothing. To avoid scandal, he telephones the justice of the peace, marries Irene and finds himself fascinated by her womanly ways.



HE DRIVES HOME TERRIFIC IDEA



HE ENDS BY STRIKING NOBLE POSE

half dozen such hits for his new musical, ranging from the perky *You Can't Brush Me Off* to the sentimental *Tomorrow Is a Lovely Day*, which is a hit now in London.



You may work like a beaver on your washings and *still* have tattle-tale gray! To get rid of that drab, dingy look, you need a soap that washes out deep-down dirt as well as the surface kind. You need Fels-Naptha Soap—*golden* bar or *golden* chips. And here's the reason why . . .



You get two willing workers in Fels-Naptha—richer *golden* soap teamed with gentle dirt-loosening *naptha*. Two busy hustlers that speed out every last speck of dirt and make clothes dazzling white, sweetly fragrant. Enjoy this *extra* help both ways. Use Fels-Naptha Soap for all bar-soap jobs. Use Fels-Naptha Soap Chips for all box-soap jobs. These *golden* flakes pep up washing machines like magic—because they're *HUSKIER*—not puffed up with air like flimsy powders! No sneezy dust to bother you. And you get the grandest suds ever because they now hold a marvelous new suds-builder. Ask your grocer today for Fels-Naptha Soap—*golden* bar or *golden* chips—and put an end to tattle-tale gray in *your* house! COPR. 1940, FELS & CO.



Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray"
with Fels-Naptha—*BAR* or *CHIPS*

Wherever you use bar-soap, use Fels-Naptha Soap
Wherever you use box-soap, use Fels-Naptha Soap Chips



Lying in state in the little house which she occupied for 63 years, Aunt Elizabeth receives the final homage of her heirs. At left, her daughter, Margaret, looks with forlorn eyes. The two young women (*center*) are granddaughters. At right stands a grandson-in-law, holding a great-grandson. In the rear, the clergy: Rev. S. A. Howerton and Rev. Ewin Spradling.



Aunt Elizabeth leaves home for the long last time. She and her bridegroom built this house of logs they hewed and felled together, side by side, in the first year of the Presidency of Rutherford B. Hayes. Here she lived, worked, died and was embalmed. Now her good friends are bearing her down the hill to the hearse which will take her to the schoolhouse for funeral.

LITTLE LOG BRIDGE IS TOO NARROW, SO MOURNERS PLACE STONES IN HOWARD'S QUARTER CREEK.

ON THEM PALLBEARERS FORD CREEK TO ROAD WHERE HEARSE AWAITS





By the fireplace where Aunt Elizabeth so often sat sewing, chewing tobacco or smoking her pipe, friends and relatives now pause in inarticulate sadness. On the mantel are knick-knacks she assembled over the years. At right is the bed

where Aunt Elizabeth died and in which she used to sleep with her three grandchildren, Minnie, Nell and Norma Jean. It was a great honor to sleep with Grandma. Most of her young kinsfolk enjoyed this privilege before they grew up.



Mountain mourners gather at Aunt Elizabeth's farm, some to help with the livestock, others to keep watch by the corpse. For two days the little house was filled with women-folk who came with hams, cakes, pies and canned stuff.

Their men sat outside, silent under a gray desolate sky. Below: at Howard's Quarter Consolidated School, where the formal funeral services were held, relatives bedew the bier with many a tear. The old lady at the far left is a sister.



Funeral cortege includes hearse, three cars, one truck with 20 standees. On ridge above, dogwood is coming to bloom.

Life Goes to a Mountain Funeral

Mrs. Elizabeth O'Dell is buried deep in the hills of Tennessee

Of all the ceremonies with which men accent great moments in their lives, none is more stylized or solemn than a funeral. To cynics and unbelievers its ritual often seems an empty shell, to echo sighs and catch vain tears. For the devout its symbolism is filled with beauty. This week LIFE attends a funeral with simple God-fearing fundamentalists in Tennessee's clay hills—the funeral of Elizabeth Clark O'Dell who died peacefully in her bed on the night of April 28. She was 84 years old.

Matriarch of the mountainside community of Howard's Quarter, Aunt Elizabeth had lived her whole life within one mile of the house where she was born. Thirty years ago her husband died, but she continued to plant his fields, tend his stock, feed his fowl. When her son Andy was shot in a "roadside meeting," she took in his widow and five children. Near her live two other sons, daughters, 21 other grandchildren and 29 great-grandchildren. With all these she shared the fruits of her 100 acres, her cow and 15 chickens. She was a fine Christian woman.



"We have lost a friend and a mother," the Rev. Ewin Spradling intones. Aunt Elizabeth had known him for many years.

Beguiling Debs with Beaux to spare take this Woodbury Facial Cocktail



says
Cholly Knickerbocker
NOTED SOCIETY COMMENTATOR

"A flash from Cupid's Bureau advises me that certain society glamour-debs have the pass key to men's hearts. With a Woodbury Facial Cocktail at 5 P. M., they keep their complexions enchanting... and their beaux under the spell of their beauty."



Skin wan with fatigue? Quick! Drench it with a rich, skin-enlivening lather of Woodbury Facial Soap!

This thorough skin-cleansing clears away dirt, weariness. Woodbury's skin-invigorating Vitamin peeps up skin vitality.

Now you're ready to step out looking fresh as peach blossoms in Spring! A feast for a man's adoring eyes!

MOONLIGHT... a tall handsome man by your side. No debutante lets such a chance slip by. When the tag-end of day leaves skin bereft of its glamour, smart debs take a Woodbury Facial Cocktail.

A skin-invigorating Vitamin in Woodbury Facial Soap helps whip up the skin's radiant vitality. Get Woodbury today!



"FOR THE SKIN YOU LOVE TO TOUCH"

Mountain Funeral (continued)



High on the hill Aunt Elizabeth is borne through a drizzling rain, past the blossoms of a flowering dogwood thicket, to a grave beside her husband and her murdered son.



Deep in the good earth of Howard's Quarter go Aunt Elizabeth's remains. Undertaker Harry Haynes clamps down the lid and covers the casket with heavy boards.



Dust returns to dust as prayers end, hymns and sobs are stilled. With a heavy pole Aunt Elizabeth's mourners rake the rich red Tennessee clay into her filling grave.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 109



SCHENLEY "SWALLOWS" SING:

*"Get a 'Line' on Finer Flavor!
Melding Does Your Drinks a Favor"*

If you're casting about for better spirits, better buy SCHENLEY Black Label or Red Label light-bodied whiskies. They're unexcelled because we "meld" . . . an improved and exclusive blending method . . . creating better spirits by permitting their weight reduction without flavor destruction. Buy the best.



Better Taste
SCHENLEY *Light-Bodied* **WHISKIES**

SCHENLEY Black Label, 65% grain neutral spirits. SCHENLEY Red Label, 72 1/4% grain neutral spirits. Both BLENDED WHISKEY and 90 Proof. Copr. 1940, Schenley Distillers Corporation, New York City.

QUICK response...

STEPPED-UP 1940 **FIRE-CHIEF**

With *STEPPED-UP* 1940 Fire-Chief gasoline in your car you will find you can depend on it more than ever. You'll have:

QUICKER STARTS... just a *hint* from the starter pedal and you're off.

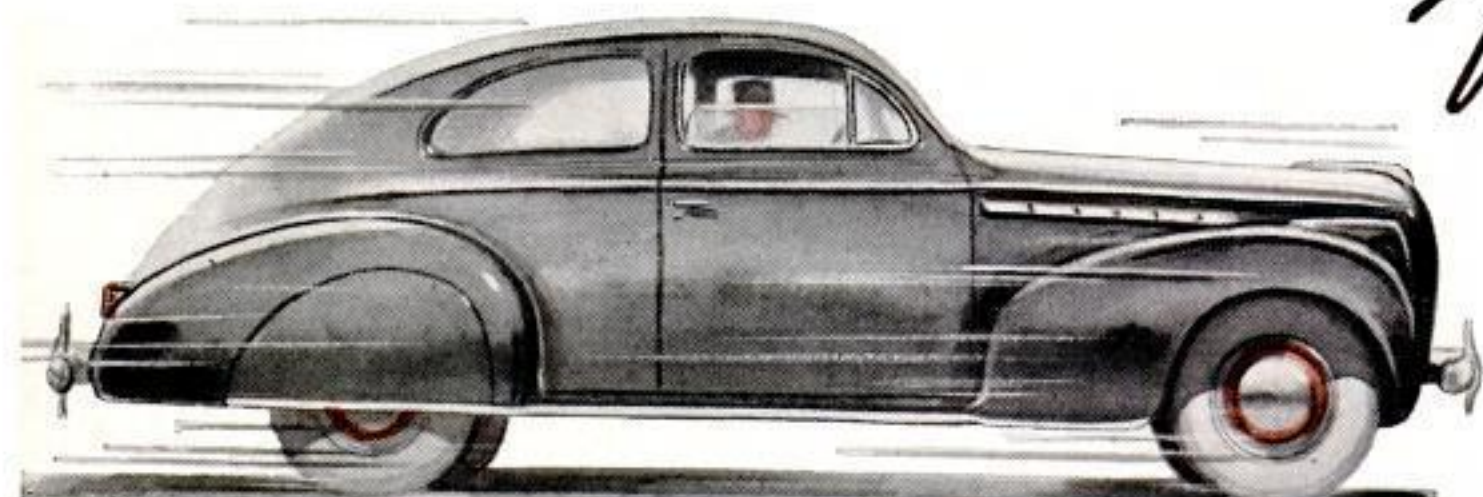
QUICKER WARM UP... smoothness instead of stuttering during that "first half mile" when engines tend to buck.

And, on the road... smooth anti-knock performance... full lively power... instant throttle response... more miles per gallon... all combined to give you outstanding performance.

See your Texaco Dealer. Try *STEPPED-UP* 1940 Fire-Chief today.



at **TEXACO DEALERS**
Now

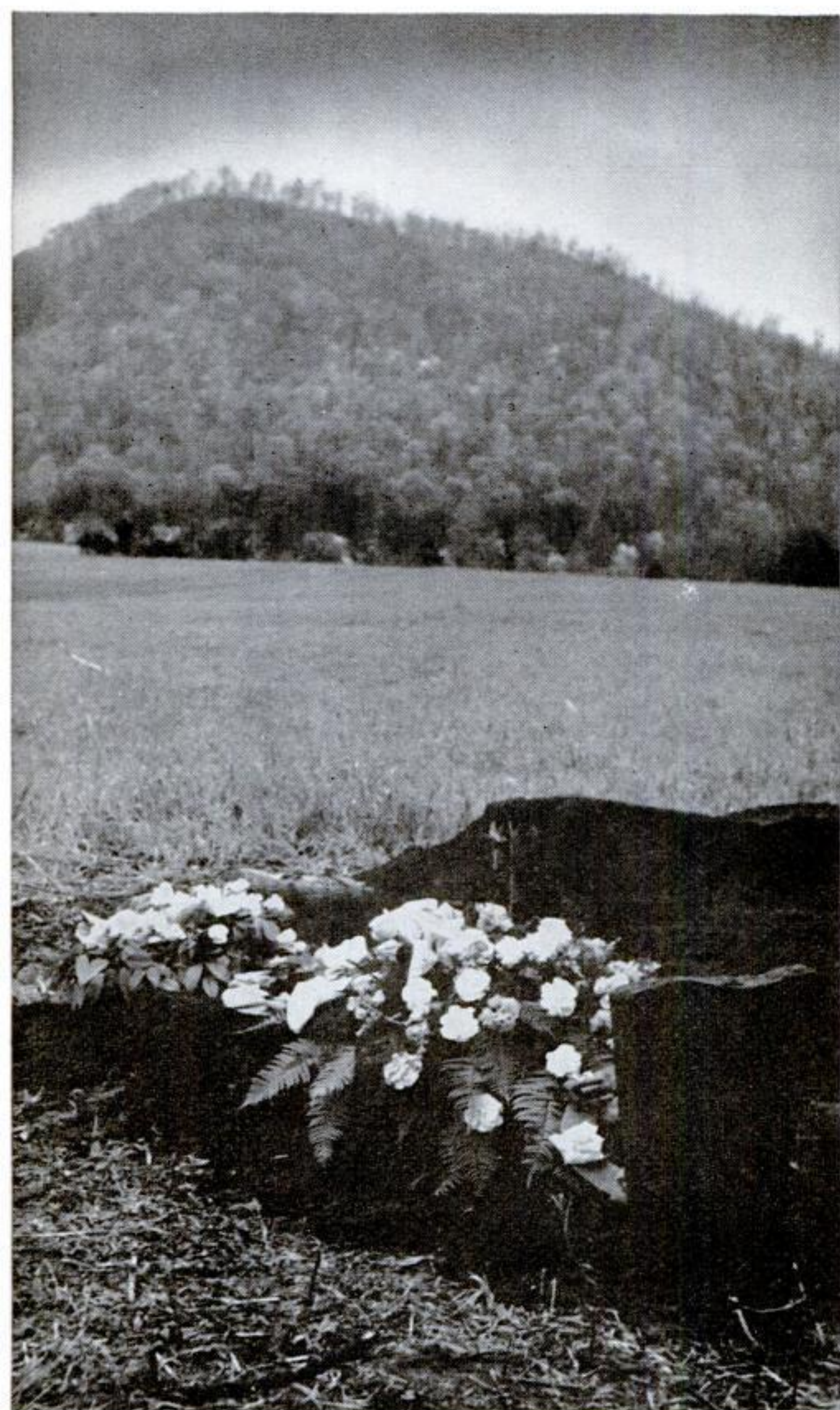


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by The Texas Company

TEXACO DEALERS INVITE YOU to tune in The Texaco Star Theatre—a full hour of all-star entertainment—Every Wednesday Night—Columbia Network—9:00 E. D.T., 8:00 E. S.T., 8:00 C. D.T., 7:00 C. S.T., 6:00 M. S.T., 5:00 P. S.T.

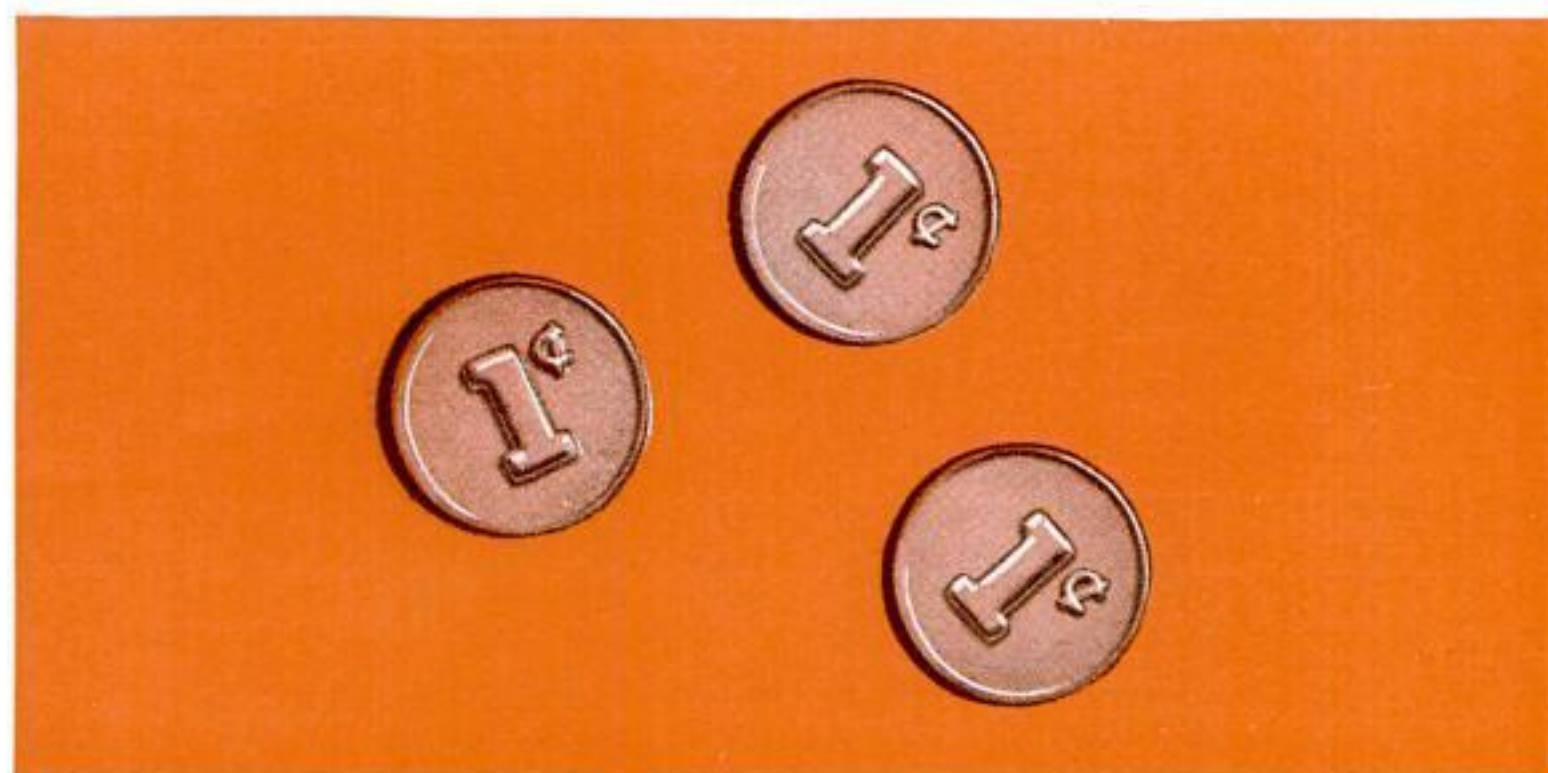


With melancholy eyes the Rev. S. A. Howerton and the Rev. Ewin Spradling watch as the limestone slab is set in place, the loose fill rounded and smoothed into a mound.



In the shadow of the hills she knew so well, Aunt Elizabeth sleeps. Three fragrant wreaths of lilies and carnations were included in undertaker's over-all fee (\$100).

$\frac{2}{3}$ rds of a highball for 3 cents



Two-thirds of your highball is the mixer. 3 cents is all it costs you to make that mixer White Rock, if you use the Large Party Size. Yet you get a keen *mineral* spring water.



White Rock is not a carbonated local tap-water. That's important, if you really want to improve the flavor of your whiskey and make all your long, tall drinks taste better.



It's filtered through 1400 ft. of sandstone. Has over 4 times the mineral contents of tap-water. That's why good whiskies deserve White Rock and all other whiskies need it.

What does this mean? → **White Rock** *Means it tends to counteract the acidity of long drinks*
ON THE ALKALINE SIDE

Refreshment ahead...

a cool
April feeling,
a wonderful
breeze-swept
sensation . . .



Something to look forward to every time you brush your teeth **with Squibb Tooth Powder!** It's brisker, it's fresher, with a tangy flavor to help you **re-awaken April freshness** in your mouth.

It cleans and polishes gently, and there's Squibb Magnesium Hydrate in it, to help **neutralize** bacterial **acids** when it comes in contact with them . . . acids that might **harm teeth**.

You can rely on its safety, too. The Squibb control number recorded **for your protection** on every container is your assurance that Squibb Tooth Powder has **passed the exacting Squibb tests** for purity and safety before it is offered to you. Another good reason to specify Squibb every time you buy.

SQUIBB DENTAL CREAM also contains a new taste thrill and the same acid-neutralizing properties. It is attractively packaged in a smart cream-and-sepia tube.



★ Taste and feel the refreshing difference!

SQUIBB Tooth Powder

ART



Wedding fountain at night goes full tilt under a battery of spotlights. Above stands the groom holding a water lily, followed by a band of roistering male water sprites.

SCULPTOR MILLES WEDS TWO GREAT RIVERS IN NEW ST. LOUIS FOUNTAIN

The strangest wedding in America was celebrated last month in front of Union Station in St. Louis. Bride and bridesmaids wore nothing, and the groom held the bridal bouquet of one water lily. Over 3,000 guests, including Mayor Bernard Dickmann, were present.

The 19 members of the wedding party were made of bronze by Sweden's great sculptor, Carl Milles. Installed in Aloe Plaza they constitute a fountain group called *The Wedding of the Rivers*, symbolizing the confluence of rivers at St. Louis. The 12-ft. groom represents the turbulent Mississippi, while his bride, standing discreetly apart, personifies the blonde Missouri.

Chief sponsor of the fountain is Mrs. Louis P. Aloe. She suggested that Milles design it to decorate the plaza named after her husband who was a leading St. Louis citizen, and she gave \$12,500 to help pay for the job. Last winter when the bridal pair arrived in St. Louis they were denounced for being too nude. But at the May unveiling art experts said the fountain was one of the nation's handsomest monuments, and Mayor Dickmann happily called it "a perpetual advertising medium for the city."

At dedication ceremonies Sculptor Milles implied that his bride and groom might not stand apart all night when he addressed them thus, "To you boys and girls in the pool: Behave well . . . enjoy life, but remember that at every sunrise you have to be here."



Mrs. Aloe talks with **Carl Milles** after pulling the string that unveiled his fountain. He designed it while teaching at Cranbrook Academy of Art near Detroit.



Here comes bride perched on a dolphin's back with her hair flying like Botticelli's *Venus*. Behind her in spray is a retinue of frisky female sprites with fishlike tails.



Waiting for the unveiling, 3,000 art lovers gather in front of the Union Station in St. Louis where Carl Milles' fountain stands. Its two chief figures are draped in sheets.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

SHAVES IN 90 SECONDS



ONLY REMINGTON RAND
HAS A DUAL SHAVER



AN IDEAL GIFT FOR
GRADS AND DADS

"Blade-close shaves in 90 seconds," reported the United States Testing Company after a series of tests of the Remington Dual on all types of beards. What makes this speed-shaving possible? Simply the fact that two heads are better than one. The new Remington Dual has more than double the length of cutting edges of any other shaver. And the two heads tauten the skin between them, stand the hairs on end ready to be cut. Here is the perfect Graduation and Father's Day gift. See the new Remington Dual at your dealer's today. General Shaver Division of Remington Rand Inc., Bridgeport, Conn.

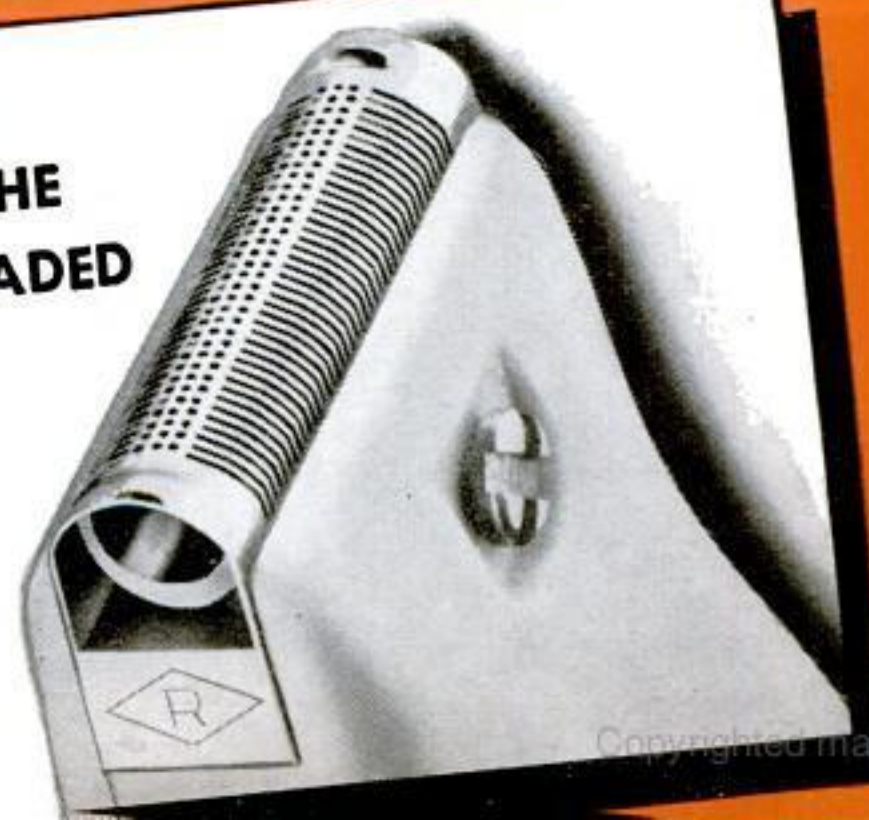
\$15 ⁷⁵
AC DC

NEW

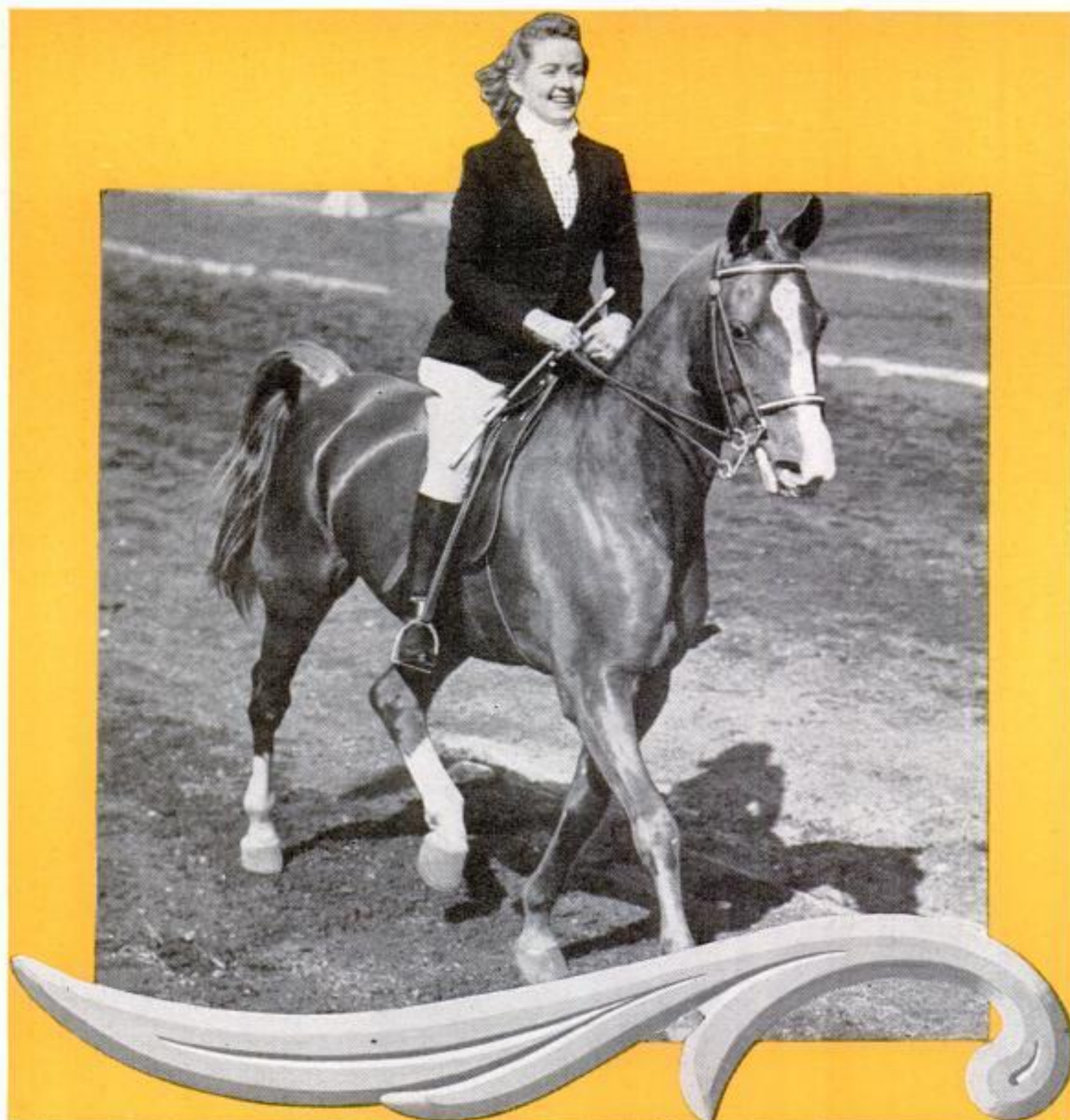
REMINGTON DUAL CLOSE- SHAVES

**P.S. . . . AND THE
BEST IN SINGLE-HEADED
SHAVERS FROM**

\$7 ⁵⁰ UP



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IN KENTUCKY, THE THOROUGHBRED LEADS
IN MILWAUKEE, BLATZ LEADS

HERE'S the best beer testimonial you ever read. A testimonial not from just one person—not from several persons—but from *an entire city*.

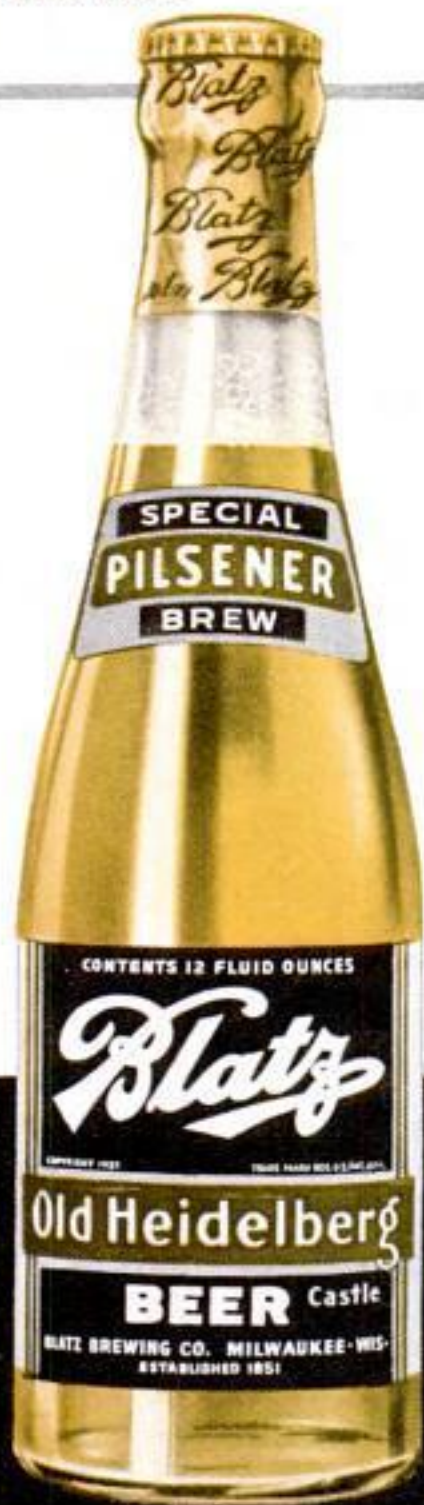
And that city is *Milwaukee*—renowned all over America as the home of fine beers. Milwaukeeans themselves prefer Blatz bottle beer to any other brand. This significant fact is verified by the independent survey of a great newspaper.

You, too, will like the mild, mellow Pilsener flavor of Blatz Old Heidelberg Beer.

BLATZ BREWING COMPANY, MILWAUKEE, WIS.

89 Years of Brewing Experience

"FOR THOSE WHO WANT THE BEST"



Blatz

OLD HEIDELBERG
BEER



Copyright 1940, Blatz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

Milles fountain (continued)



A good place to sit is the edge of the Milles fountain, appreciated alike by these art lovers and loafers. In upper-left corner are the bride's legs before the unveiling.



"Water, please," commanded Milles at the end of his dedication speech, whereupon spray shot from 96 nozzles as you see it here among a convention of bronze nymphs.



Getting a wetting, this boy had the approval of Milles who once said: "The fountain will not be complete until little colored children are climbing on the figures."

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

FISHERMAN

Sirs:
Here is Paul Stoffel and his 7-year-old son, Paul, on their way to fish for trout. The elder Stoffel, having no boat and nervous lest his son wade too far out into

the water, concocted the idea of making himself a walking boat. Attached to his boots and shoulders is a circular raft which flattens out in the water so that his son can sit on it.
CHALMER D. SINKEY
Seattle, Wash.



FATHER ADJUSTS BOOTS WITH METAL FLIPPERS TO GIVE HIM PADDLE-POWER



FATHER LAUNCHES HIMSELF INTO STREAM WHILE SON PREPARES TO EMBARK



WHILE FATHER FLOATS IN POND, SON SITS ON RAFT-LIKE CONTRAPTION

*Look! We can afford
a new car right now!*

Glad We Sent for That Chart!
See, It Costs Less Than We Thought!

THE only way to be sure about automobile time payments is to get all the facts—and figure the cost yourself! ★ You can do that easily with the General Motors Instalment Plan “figuring chart” which shows, in dollars and cents, just what you pay for financing and insurance. Shows that you get exactly the insurance protection that you want and need. ★ And it’s so clear, you can figure your own “deal”—based on the amount of time you want, and the amount you wish to pay monthly! ★ Send for your free chart today! See for yourself that the low cost General Motors Instalment Plan saves you money!

GENERAL MOTORS
You know what you get *You know what you pay* **“Open Book”**
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1775 Broadway, New York C-6
Please send copy of the GMAC Payment Chart
for car checked below.
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This plan is available only through dealers in
CHEVROLET, PONTIAC, OLDSMOBILE,
BUICK, LA SALLE and CADILLAC cars.

CALOX MOVIE QUIZ... No. 7

His Sparkling
CALOX SMILE
thrills millions...

WHO
IS HE?

Star of
the Universal Production
"IF I HAD MY WAY"



CLUES by Sheilah Graham
Famous Movie Reporter

1. Who is 35 years young yet a millionaire?
2. Who got his first break as a "crooner" with Paul Whiteman's Orchestra?

3. You heard his gifted voice and saw his flashing Calox smile in "The Star Maker." What's his name?

(Check your answer below. Star's name is at bottom of page*)

TRY THIS
FINGER-NAIL TEST
—PROVE CALOX
POLISHES
SAFELY



Try this famous test: pour a little Calox Tooth Powder on a nail buffer, then rub your finger nails well. Now look at the result,—how they sparkle with a *high polish*. Here's proof Calox contains no harsh abrasives;—it will not harm the softest tooth enamel.

For Calox Tooth Powder boasts not only 1 or 2, but FIVE CLEANSING AGENTS—scientifically blended to attack ugly film and surface stain. Like a flash, the surging foam of Calox goes into split-second action. You can feel the new, high polish on your teeth with the tip of your tongue as Calox helps you win that "Hollywood Sparkle." Give Calox a 30-DAY TRIAL! Discover how you, too, can have teeth naturally brighter... a smile bright, lovely, and gay.

CALOX TOOTH POWDER

Try Calox Antiseptic—Refreshes
the mouth, sweetens the breath



Helps your "Teeth shine like
the stars" by bringing
out natural lustre

*Bing Crosby

Read how Jane won that "HOLLYWOOD SPARKLE"!



1 **Bob:** "Something's wrong when you pass up one of my *Cherry Whips*!"
Jane: "You'd be blue, too, if a director told you everything was okay except for your smile."



2 **Bob:** "Still trying to get on the stage? Well, here's a tip. Plenty of our customers use Calox Tooth Powder because its 5 *Cleansing Agents* help dull-looking teeth sparkle!"



3 **Producer:** "Who's the knockout you've got in the front line, Mac?"
Director: "All I know is I gave her a chance and she said something about 'thanks to Calox'!"

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS (continued)

MARKINGS

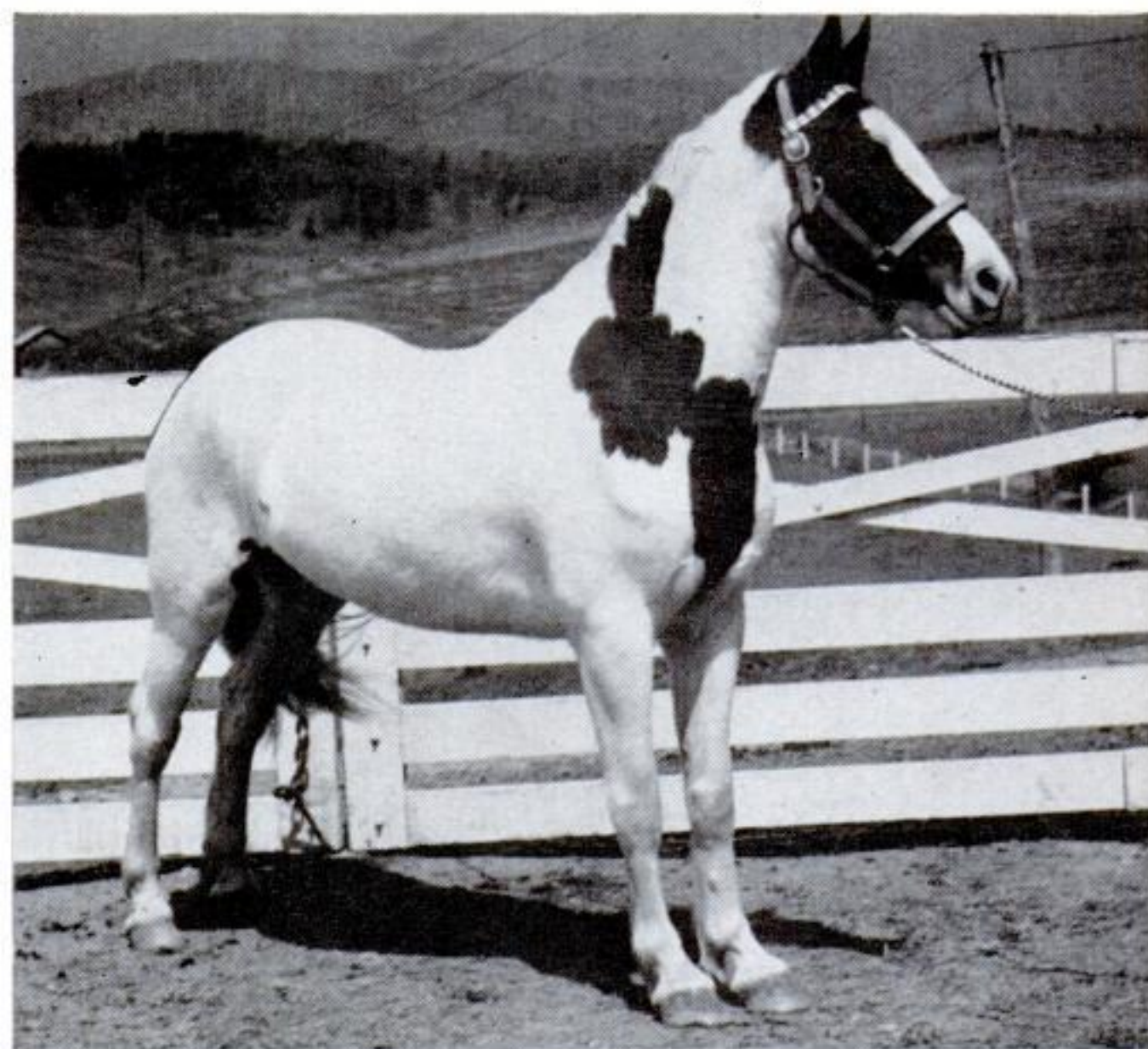
Sirs:

This horse, the property of a Ford dealer in Craigsville, Va., has peculiar markings on his head and neck. A perfect Indian head appears on his neck and the dark skin of his face resembles a Scotch

terrier, with the Scottie's ears represented by the horse's ears. In the two smaller pictures (below) these markings are shown in greater detail.

CHARLES C. PEARSALL

Ford Dealers News
New York, N. Y.



PEACOCK EYES

Sirs:

While covering the pre-blitzkrieg spring fashion show at Balenciaga's in Paris, I placed two peacock feathers

before the eyes of this pretty Parisian model. The beautiful, if weird, effect made the model look as if her eyes were those of a peacock.

JULIET LASSERRE

Paris, France



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NO MOTH HOLES
IN MY
TUXEDO
THIS YEAR!



•Di-chloricide's powerful vapor penetrates every square inch of fabric — kills unseen mothworms that do the damage—protects suits, coats, sweaters and blankets from costly damage. When used as directed, Di-chloricide is economical and effective.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST for Di-chloricide today. A pound protects an average trunkful of clothes. Merck & Co. Inc., Manufacturing Chemists, Rahway, New Jersey.

MOTHS
Die IN
Di-chloricide
A MERCK PRODUCT

FOR HIS HEALTH and COMFORT
GIVE DAD

EXPANSO®

the belt that
Automatically Expands
and Contracts
in Action
and Relaxation



Belt cut to show
hidden springs

Know the
EXPANSO

the BELT with the BUCKLE that BREATHES
AT THE BEST BELT COUNTERS \$1 UP

*U. S. Pat. No. 2137796
KNOTHE BROS. CO., INC., 24 WEST 40th STREET, NEW YORK

ROSES full of BUGS?

Kill them with Red Arrow Garden Spray. It's quick, simple, sure, inexpensive. Kills insects that harm roses, other flowers and shrubs. Also ants in lawns. Safe to humans, birds, pets, when sprayed. 35c bottle makes several gallons. Easy-to-follow directions on label. Buy Red Arrow Garden Spray where you buy garden supplies.

FREE Send post card to McCormick Sales Co., Baltimore, Md., for Garden Insect Control booklet No. 2E6.



PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

WINSTON CHURCHILL

Sirs:

In 1876 my paternal grandmother was given this baby picture of Winston Churchill, then not quite 2 years old. Comparing this picture with that of Churchill today which you published on the cover of LIFE on April 29, you will note that he has the same determined expression and straightforward look as a baby that he now has as a leader of men.

LOUISE HARDY-BROWN
Anganguo, Michoacán, Mexico.



SHADOW MEN

Sirs:

This picture was taken in Arnstadt, Germany, several years ago. My friends and I placed our hats on the ground and stepped backwards so that our shadows would fall into place with the hats "covering" our heads.

HENRY PILLWIN
Brooklyn, N. Y.



FIRST IF BY LAND
FIRST IF BY SEA

Sacony

SEAWORTHY SACONY of Ciella, the heavenly fabric. Soft dressmaker bathing suit with front-gored skirt, bust-flattering shirred surplice, convenient side zipper, 6.95



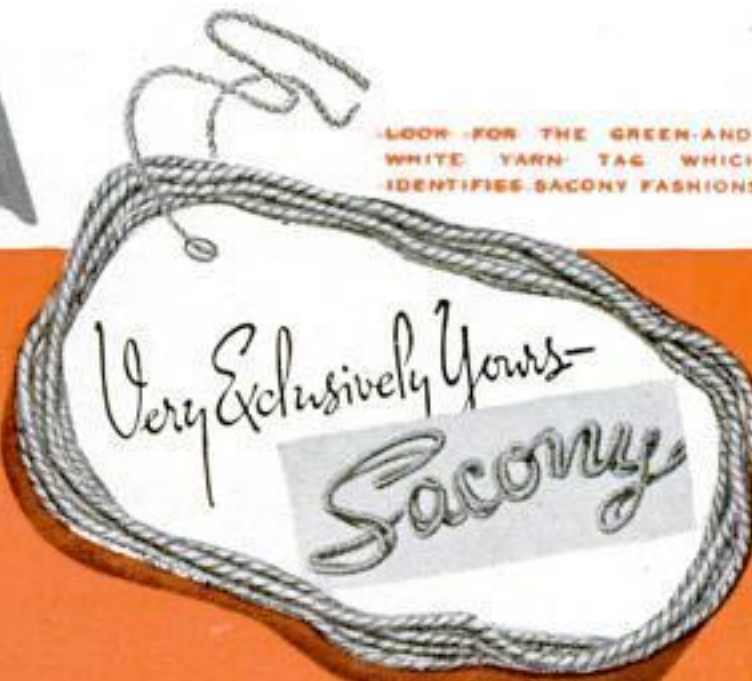
JUST FOR FUN, play in this Sacony fashion of exclusive Ciella, colorful ribbed waistband, kick-pleat shorts, shirred-for-action top and button-down swing skirt, 12.95



FREE AND EASY. A Sacony casual dress, featuring unpressed pleats, soft-drape tailoring, full-action shirring, colorful ribbed waistband, 12.95



SEE the new
1940 Sacony
models, at the
better stores
everywhere.



Write!

S. AUGSTEIN & CO., 1384 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

Please send me your 1940 folder "By Land or By Sea—Sacony."

NAME.....ADDRESS.....

Pioneer presents
BLUE RIBBON GIFTS
for Dad

**FATHER'S DAY
JUNE 16th**

Of course he's YOUR "blue ribbon" Daddy and you'll want to give him something he'll use and enjoy. For Fathers of all ages, Pioneer has designed smart and practical Father's Day remembrances. Surprise and delight him on HIS day.

REVERSIBLE—Bridle Ply (stitchless) Belt in White-and-creamy Eggshell in the season's smart narrow width \$1.00

COMBINATION SET of summer Braces and matching Featherweight Garters. Cool, light, comfortable \$1.50

BELT AND BUCKLE SET—Initialed gilt-finish jewelry buckle. Fine quality cowhide belt in creamy Eggshell, lined with White—Beautiful jewelry box, \$2.00

PIONEER
Braces • Garters • Belts • Buckles
PHILADELPHIA

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

LITTLE WILLIE

Sirs:

Guicel Camper, called Willie, is 17, weighs 511 lb. and is 8 ft. 7 in. tall. Born in Memphis, Tenn., he is now touring Australia in side shows. His parents and sister and brother are all normal size and Willie was a regulation size until he was 9. At 11 he had to leave school

because he was too big to sit at a desk.

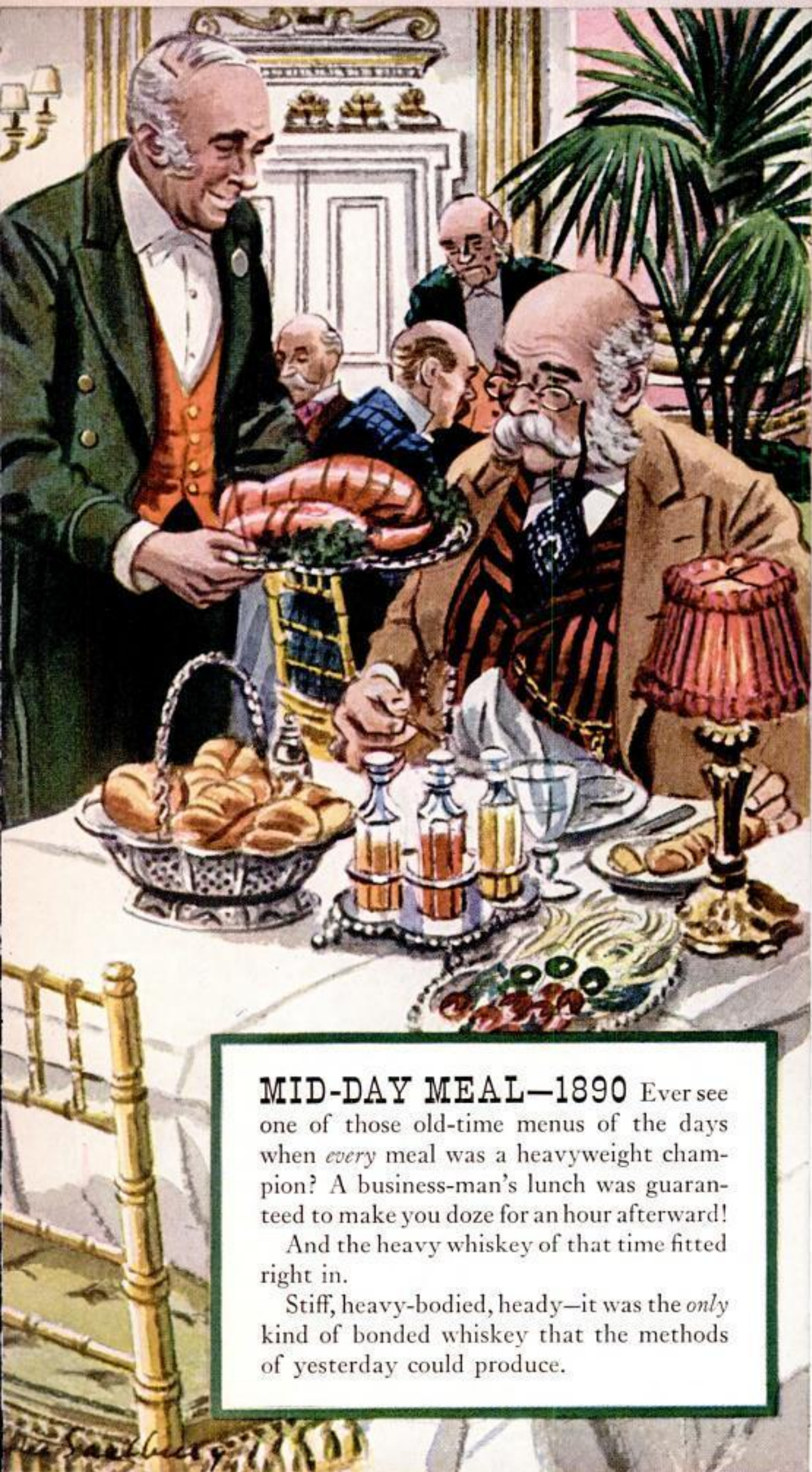
Twenty-four apples fit comfortably into each of his shoes, size 22. He can hold a dozen eggs in his hand and he eats as much as four ordinary men. In this picture two girls of normal height and size are almost completely obliterated by Willie.

FRED GAWLER

Sydney, Australia



Your TASTE, too, has changed!



MID-DAY MEAL—1890 Ever see one of those old-time menus of the days when *every* meal was a heavyweight champion? A business-man's lunch was guaranteed to make you doze for an hour afterward! And the heavy whiskey of that time fitted right in. Stiff, heavy-bodied, heady—it was the *only* kind of bonded whiskey that the methods of yesterday could produce.



TABLE FOR TWO—1940 "Not enough food to keep a bird alive!"—judged by Grandpa's standards. But tastes have changed—and wisely, too. We like lighter foods, lighter meals...and *lighter* whiskey. That's why moderns prefer Signet. It's *light*—distilled for lightness—then aged in aged wood. Taste its glorious, mellow flavor—try Signet, *the first bonded whiskey of its kind!*

Delightfully light... because
It's Aged in AGED Wood

Signet

First Bonded Whiskey of its kind

WHAT AGED IN AGED WOOD MEANS

SIGNET is distilled for lightness. It is then aged in charred casks that have been pre-mellowed by repeated prior use. Scotch and Canadian whiskeys and rarest French brandies are also aged in casks that have been thus pre-mellowed.

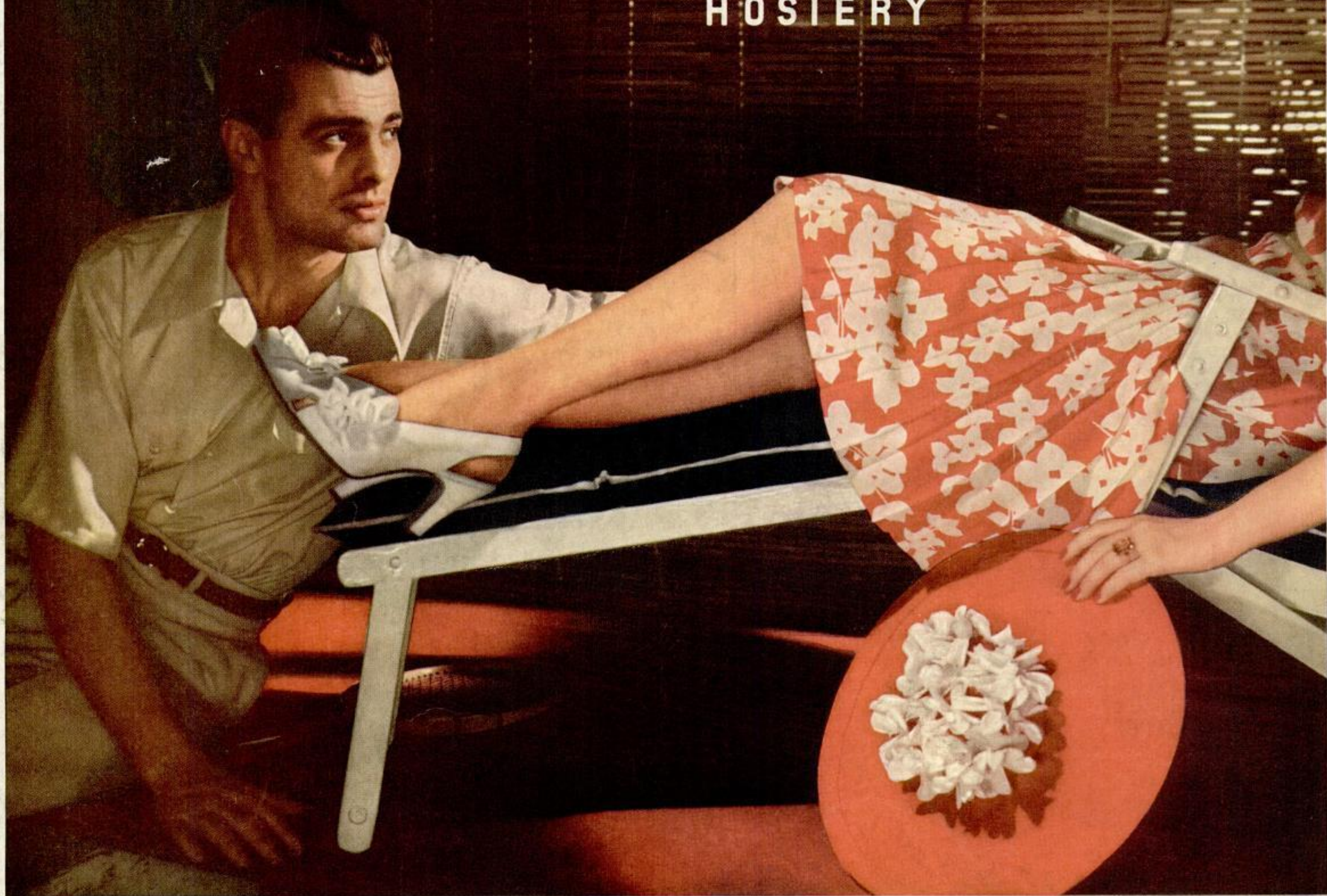
Hiram Walker



*This whiskey is
4 YEARS OLD
100 proof*

COPR. 1940
HIRAM WALKER & SONS INC.
PEORIA, ILL.

It pays to wear
REAL SILK
 HOSIERY



HOYNINGEN-HUENE PHOTO

SHOES BY DELMAN

Every mailman knows this package. It comes from a Government post office right in our mills.



Vacation Service by Realsilk—Don't get caught without the stockings you need on your vacation. Realsilk's direct method of delivery means your Realsilk hosiery can beat you to your vacation destination, or come while you're there. Realsilk goes anywhere you and the U. S. Mail go—to either Fair, east or west, to mountains, to seashore, to cottage at the lake. Phone the Realsilk office in your city for this special service.

Copyright 1940, Real Silk Hosiery Mills

Vacation time is here, and if you'll pardon an obvious but very practical suggestion—

"Why not take a vacation from hosiery worry with the stockings that are famously free from worry—Realsilk?"

You worry less about snags and runs because of their snag-resistant thread—Grenine.

You worry less about ankle wrinkles and untidy appearance because of Realsilk's famous Personal Fit Service

(you order by length and width as well as foot size). Proper fit also increases wear.

You worry less about appearance because Realsilk hosiery is dyed to stay true even after many launderings. It keeps its rich, glamorous appearance with none of that limp and sleazy look.

Call your Realsilk representative. He'll do your vacation shopping for you. Listed in your phone book under "Real Silk Hosiery Mills."

Territories available for men and women of character. Write Dept. L, REAL SILK HOSIERY MILLS, INC., Indianapolis, Indiana. Branch sales offices in 200 cities.

from mill to millions